

Heavenly Pastime.

Or,

Pleasant Observations on all the most
remarkable Passages through-
out the

Holy Bible,

Of the OLD and NEW
TESTAMENT

Newly ALLEGORIZED

In *Comic* Outlandish
DIALOGUES,
POEMS,
SIMILITUDES, and
DIVINE FANCIES

By JOHN DUNTON

Author of *The Serious Fugue*

The Second Edition.

LONDON

Printed by JOHN DUNTON, at
his Room, in the Corner of Pall Mall
and Grosvenor Street, near the Theatre



*The Effigies of
M^r. John Dutton
Late Minister of Aston Church.*

Second Edition

OF

Fluorine Operations on all the most
important parts of the
body

Early Essays

OF THE OLD AND NEW



BY JOHN DUNTON.

Author of The System of Medicine

The Second Edition.

LONDON:
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The Epistle to the READER.

Candid Reader,

THy courteous and ready reception of those three well known and delightful Treatises entituled *The House of Weeping, &c. Dyeing Pastors last Legacy, &c. And Pilgrims Guide*, with the Addition of the *Sick-mans Passing-Bell*, in a pleasant Allegory, &c. (All of them in a few Months coming to several impressions) hath encouraged me now a fourth time to present thee with another very useful Piece, bearing my Father Duntons Name, Entituled **HEAVENLY PASTIME, &c.** Which is on purpose digested into Dialogues, Poems, Similitudes, and Divine Fancies; as being most easy and taking to the meanest capacity, and which to an ingenious fancy cannot but be welcome, here being the pith and marrow of many Voluminous Authors of that Bulk and bigness, that many People have not time to read them, more have not Money to buy them, and therefore by that means seeing the tediousness and chargeableness of attaining to knowledge break off their Journey at the beginning of their race, and despairing of attaining to the end, begin not to run at all.

A 2

To

The Epistle to the Reader.

To help then those who are desirous to learn and mind true knowledge this Reverend Author hath taken the pains with the Bee, to extract Honey out of the Flowery Writings of several Authors, taking only that, which was most conduceable to his purpose, and which he imagin'd might draw the Reader on with delight to his own profit.

What his Endeavours have been herein, you will find in the peruseall thereof.

All that I shall desire of thee (Gentle Reader) is to read seriously, judge candidly, and censure rightly, and I make no doubt but when thou hast done, thou wilt for the present thankfully accept of what is here offered, (till something more of this Authors can be transcribed fair for the Press, which will now be very speedily done) and remain a Cordial well-wisher to thy most obliged

Friend and thrice Hum-
ble Servant,

JOHN DUNTON.

THE

THE INTRODUCTION

To this Book, by way of *Question*
and *Answer*.

Quest. **W**hat is the Chief end of Writing
Books?

Ans. For instruction and information; whereas idle Books are no other than corrupted Tales in Ink and Paper; or indeed Vice sent abroad with a License, wherein two are guilty of evil, he that Writes them, and he that Reads them; being in effect like the brutish sin of Adultery, wherein two are concerned in the same sin; and therefore his Resolution was good who said, That for bad Books he would write none, lest he should thereby hurt others in the Reading of them; nor would he Read any of them, for fear the Author should answer for his sin, by being corrupted by them.

Quest. What Book of all others is the best?

Ans. The Holy Scriptures, contained in the Old and New Testament, wherein the Mysteries of our Saviour are contained, being the Book of all books, and in comparison of which no book is Comparable.

Quest. Of how many Chapters doth this Book consist?

Ans. In the Old Testament or Bible, there are 777. In the New Testament 260. In the Books of Apocrypha 173. The total being 1210. And for the number of Verses in the Old Testament, the Jewish Rabbins have computed them thus: In the Books of the Law, Verses 5845. In the Prophets, 9294. And in *Haggai* 8064. Total 23203.

Quest. Are there no other Books mentioned in the Old Testament, but those which we have now at this day?

Ans. Yes, there were the Books of *Iddo* and *Gad* the Seers; besides, *Solomon* wrote three thousand Parables,

INTRODUCTION.

Parables, and five thousand Songs, with a Book of the Nature of all Herbs, Trees, and Plants, from the Cedar to the Hyssop upon the wall. *Samuel* also writ a Book of the Office and Institution of a King. There were also Chronicles of the Kings of *Judah* and *Israel*; besides those we have in the Scripture, being, as is judged, written far larger; all which were supposed to be lost in the Jewish Captivity at *Babylon*.

Q. What was *St. Augustine's* answer to one who demanded what God did before he made the World?

A. That he was ordaining a Hell for such kind of Enquirers. Where the Scripture hath not a Mouth to speak, we ought not to have a Tongue to ask.

Q. What was the greatest Love that ever was shown in the World?

A. The love of God to poor Sinners, who gave this only begotten Son to dye for us; of which one thus writeth.

God is my gift, himself he freely gave me,

Gods gift am I, and none but God shall have me.

Q. What Book next to the Holy Scripture would you chiefly desire, the rest being taken away?

A. *Theodore Baza* being asked this question, answered *Plutarch*, an excellent Author for his *Lives* and *Morals*. Another said *Seneca*, whose divine Sentences in his Book are so squared by the Rules of Christianity, that *St. Hierom* concluded him amongst the Catalogue of Divine Writers. Another preferred the *Thesaurus Historiarum*; being a Compendium of most Histories and worthy Examples; and that Ornament of History; a worthy Person giveth the prehemineny to *Sir Walter Raleigh's* History of the World, which he calls *Primus in Historia*.

Heavenly

Heavenly Pastime,

Or,

Pleasant Observations throughout
the Old

TESTAMENT.

CHAPTER I.

*Giving an Account of the Birth of the Uni-
verse.*

Gen. 1.

*In the beginning God makes Heaven, and Earth,
To Sea, to Light, to Stars he gives a Birth,
Fishes, Fowles, Beasts, and Worms he doth Create,
All which Gods pow'r and might do intimate.*

THough God was what he is, and in the perfect fruition of his *Grandeurs*, before his omnipotent hand had drawn the Creatures out of their Nothing; yet his Nature required Hommages, his Majesty Servitudes, his Glory Admirations, his Goodness Acknowledgments, and his Beauty Hearts and Affections. It was needfull, though he were independent of all beings, immense in his extent, Eternal in his duration, and infinite in all his perfections, that he should cause himself to be seen and felt by Emanations out of himself.

The sighs of Nature. And here I represent unto my self how that Nature sigh'd even without Tongue or voice, before she had a being: Methinks I hear her silence, and that she speaketh thus to God before her Creation;

Speak then, O speak (Great God) stretch forth thy arm and cast thy looks out of thy self; issue forth of thy Luminous Darkness, which forms thee a day without Night, and a Night more resplendent then the day. Give some little passage to those Ejaculations and Flames which from all Eternity are inclosed within thy Bosom, and which frame therein a Circle of Light and Love. The least of thy Irradiations will dissipate the shadows, and open that abyss, in which they are buried. In fine thou art a God of Love, and this love would be Captive, if it had not Sallies, and Ejaculations. It was not satisfied to remain in thee by eminence, and as it were in the source of beauty and goodness; but having made its folds within its self by numberless revolutions, it must descend upon external objects, to attain that effect and property, which is natural to Love.

Well then, Creatures, come forth of the Mass in which you lye confused, Heaven, Earth, Sea, Stars, Trees, Fishes, Furnaces of Fire, and

The first Flames, vast extents of Air, Clouds, *Altarum of* Abysses, Precipices, listen to the voice and Command of God: But in fine, this glorious and happy moment, which saw the birth of times and seasons being arrived. From that instant the World was chosen as the blank Table, whereon God resolved to draw the first strokes of his goodness.

First Heaven, Earth, Water, and Darkness appeared in an instant as the Field on which all the effects of a most Amorous and sage Wisdom and Providentiality were to be displayed. It was before any other thing, that this tenebrous Compound, this con-

confused Medley and this heap of Water and Earth, was the object of him who alone was able to chase away its shadows, and convert its dust into Gold and Cristall. This is the Throne on which the Title of Sovereign Monarch and Lawgiver shall be seen ingraued; But what! This Theater is too obscure to behold therein the Birth of the World; we must expect the Aurora and the rays of the day.

But by the way Kind Reader let me tell thee that:

*The World is a Book in Folio Printed all;
With Gods great Works in Letters Capital,
Each Creature is a Page, and each effect
A Fair Character, void of all defect;
But as young Trévants trying in the Schools
Instead of Learning, learn to play the Fools.
We gaze but on the Babies and the Cover,
The gaudy Flowers, and Edges Gilded over;
And never further for our Lesson look,
Within this Volume of the Various Book:
Where learned nature modest ones instructs,
That by his Wisdom God the World conducts.*

CHAP. II.

*Giving an account of the Work of the six
dayes; Of the Creation.*

Nature awake, it is time for the World
to rise, the Night hath proceeded,
and twelve hours are as it were already
past since Heaven and Earth have been in
obscurity. Behold the break of day; and the
light.

lightfull Colours, which play upon the Waters, are the Companions of that light, which in *Palestine* hath already opened the Doors and Windows of the East, and is going to spread it self upon another Hemisphere. Nevertheless to finish this Carriere, to perfect this course, and to round the whole Globe twelve hours more are required; and then counting from Evening till Morning, and from Morning till Evening, you shall find all the Moments, which form the first day, a glorious day, a day illustrious for having first received the light, which gives glory and splendor to all dayes.

The second Day. The second day was not less glorious: For it was that in which God chose to raise up the Firmament, like a Circle of Brass, or rather like a Globe of Gold and Azure, which might serve to divide the seven Orbes of the Planets from the Emperial Heaven.

The third Day. The next day God descended from Heaven upon Earth, and it was on this day, he marked out bounds, and limits to Rivers, Streams, Seas and Torrents, so that the Waters retyring some on one side, and some on the other, just as they were shut up within their Banks, Clifts and Channells, the Earth appeared, and immediately her sides were found pierced with Caverns, and her back loaden with Mountains and Rocks which rais'd her in a stately manner. Instantly her entrails were filled with Stones and Metals; and whilst those four great portions of the Earth which divide the World, and all the Islands of the Ocean and Seas were Levelled to serve for Empires and possessions of men, the hand of God as just as liberal, did in the bosom of the Earth uphold the Arches of her Prisons and Dungeons, to the end that if the Paradise of *Eden* was a Garden of delights and pleasures, Hell on the contrary might be an abode of dread, horror and Misery. It was likewise

very

very convenient that as God had mixed Light with Darkneſs, he ſhould create Wild places and deſerts to render the Gardens, Fields and Meadows more delightful; and finally having the very ſame day given Plants, Herbs and Flowers for an Ornament to the Earth, his wiſe Providence mingled Thorns with Roſes, and the moſt wholeſome Herbs ſprung out of the ſame ſoyl with the *Mandrake* and *Aconite*.

The fourth day, having bin as it were the Chariot of the Sun, Moon, Stars, and Planets which ſhine in the Heavens, may in ſome manner be called the day of days, ſince it hath bin the Origin of the fires brightneſs and flames, which are the Soul of the Day.

The Fourth Day.

Then were the frozen and condenſed waters gathered together with more light and heat to form the Body of the Planets: Next the Sun, Moon and Stars began their courſes, periods and revolutions, and took the tracks and ways which were traced out to them from *East to Weſt*.

Let us turn them upon the *Fift day*, wherein God created the Birds which fly in the Air, and the Fiſhes which swim in the Water: One muſt hear repreſent unto his thoughts *ſome fair Summers day*, and imagine that he ſits in the cool upon the ſhore of ſome Iſland, from thence he muſt liſt up his eyes towards Heaven, and behold over head thouſands of little feathered bodies, cleaving the Air with their wings, piercing the Clouds, and mingling with their flight the ſweet Harmony of their warblings; He muſt afterwards behold at his Feet a River full of Fiſhes armed with Scales, ſome of which cut their way neer the ſurface of the water, and others through the miſt of the waves; ſome swim aloſt againſt the ſtream and Current, others are carryed down at the pleaſure of the winds, and by the favour of ſo ſweet and rapid an Element.

The Fifth Day.

Seare

The first Day. Scarce had the Morning brought news of the arrival of the *Sixth day*, but at the same instant the Earth opened her eyes unto her Sun, and her ears unto the voice of her God. This dull heavy and insensible Mass not satisfied to have brought forth Flowers Plants and Trees, yet farther displaid it self to produce all sorts of *casts* and Animals, behold the World in her Cradle, and Nature in her Infancy; the unmoveable Earth round about her Center is sown with Flowers, tapistred with Turf and Vardures, beautified with Woods and Forests; she is stately in her Mountains, pleasant in her Valleys, delightful in her Meadows: She is rich in her Metals, fertill in her Fruits, and plentiful by her Rivers and Seas which inviron her on all parts, and form her a thousand liquid transparences. The Air incompasses her on all sides, and serves her for a veil to temper the over-humed Influences of the Moon, and the too ardent Rays of the Sun. The Heavens like pendent Roofs and rowling Arches are strewn with Flowers, Emeralds and Rubies. What both remain after all these Prodigies of Power, and all these works of Love? O Power! O Love! I cannot condemn his fancy who said that Love produced Heaven out of a Chaos, and the World in six days out of a confused and undigested Lump.

*Not but God could have in a moment made
This Flowry Mansion where Mankind doth Traile;
Spread Heav'n's blue Curtens and those Lamps have
(Burnisht,
Earth, Air, and Sea with Beasts, Birds, Fish have
(Furnisht.*

CHAP. III.

Wherein you have an account of the Creation of Adam.

Gen. 2.

*Yet still there wants a Creature which may
Over these Senseless Beasts have Rule and Sway:
God then makes Man with Face towards the Sky,
He's the true likeness of the Deitie.*

GOD now deliberates upon the enterprise of a Noble Work, and the Council is held in the Conclave of the most holy Trinitie, the three Persons are assembled; Power, Wisdom, and Love take their seats near the Paradise of Eden.

And it is concerning Man and his Creation, and not concerning those proud and Rebellious Spirits, whose shamefull revolt have justly expel'd them from the Heavenly Jerusalem; that the decree is past; it is on him God Reflected, and it is he who must be substituted in the place of Angels. It is this Act which makes the World behold Gods Master-piece, the object of his Favours, and the most glorious term of his Power. *O Sun stop here thy Course and be witness of his Birth who hath bin the cause and end of thine.*

It was as I conceive about high Noon, when the Earth was resplendent with Light, that this Animated Sun was born. *The time of Mans Creation.* It was, by the Light of Natures greatest Bonfire that God vouchsafed to stoop so low as Earth to take Clay, out of which he formed the Body of the first Man.

*Now of all Creatures which God did make,
Man was the last that living breath did take.*

Not that he was the least, or that God durst
 Not undertake so Noble a Work at first,
 Rather, because he should have made in vain,
 So great a Prince, without on whom to Reign,
 A wise Man never brings his bidden Guests
 Into his Parlour till his Room be drest,
 Garnish'd with Lights, and Tables neatly spread,
 Be with full Dishes well nigh furnished.
 So our great God, who (bounteous ever) keeps
 Here open Court, and th' ever-bountlesse-deeps,
 Of sweetest Nectar Onus still distills,
 By twenty times ten thousand sundry Quills.
 All the admirable Creatures made beforen,
 Which Heaven, Earth and Ocean do Adorn
 Are but Essayes, compared in every part,
 To this Divinest Master-piece of Art,
 Therefore the supream Peerlesse Architect,
 When (of meer nothing) he did first erect
 Heav'n, Earth, Air and Seas, at once his thought
 His word and deed all in an instant wrought:
 But when he would his own selfs Type Create,
 Th' Honor of Nature, th' Earths Sole Potentate:
 As if he would a Council hold, he Citeth
 His Sacred Power, his Prudence he inviteth,
 Summons his Love, his Justice he adjourns,
 Calleth his Goodnesse, and his Grace returns,
 To (as it were) consult about the Birth,
 And building of a second God of Earth;
 And each (a part) with liberal hand to bring,
 Some excellence unto so rare a thing.
 Or rather, he consults with's only Son,
 (His own pourtrait) what proportion,
 What Gifts, what Grace, what Soul he should bestow,
 Upon his Vice-Roy of this Realm below.
 When th' other things God fashi n'd in their kind,
 The Sea t' abound in Fishes he assign'd,
 The Earth in Flocks, but having man in hand,
 His very self he seemed to Command.

*He both at once both life and Body lent
To other things, but when in Man he meant,
In Mortal Limbs immortal life to place,
He seem'd to pause, as in a weighty cause,
And so at sundry moments finished,
The Soul and Body of Earth's glorious head.*

And now *Adam*, and *Eve* too (who was yet to be formed out of one of *Adams* Ribs) must be the causes of our Good or Evil, and on their good or bad Fortune ours must wholly depend.

CHAP. IIII.

Giving a Pleasant account of the Terrestrial Paradise or Garden of Eden, in which Adam was first plac'd: together with the miraculous manner of Eves production, with the supposed manner of Adams first nuptiall addresses to her, and of their joyfull Marriage.

Gen. 2.

*In Edens Garden full of fruitfull Trees,
Adam is placed, to tast all Fruits he sees;
Except the Fruit of one Tree, which if he
Do tast, the forfeit is that he must die,*

Scarce was *Adam* created but he found himself in a Paradise; and he even from the Morning of his birth, was placed under the most happy and delightfull Clymate that Nature did afford.

Goe then Adam, it is God who both calls and conducts thee. Enter happily this Garden of Eden and Paradise into which he leads thee; put thy self under the

the shelter of this Tree : For it is the Tree of Knowledge and immortality, which he hath Planted for thee : Divert thy Eyes upon these Tulips, upon these Gilliflowers, upon these Roses, upon these Purple Violets flowers, and upon these Lillies ; walk thou over the Daffidill, over the Thyme, over the Camomyle, and over this green Tapestry, which is so odoriferous ; be not affrighted at the sight of these Tygers, these Leopards, and of all these more furious Beasts : For God hath given thee power to Rule them, and there is not one in whom thy Innocence begets not respect. Take then the Rod into thy hand, and Govern all these Flocks and Herds, impose Laws on them, and Give them what Names thou pleasest,

*Doubtless, when Adam Saw our Common Air,
He did admire the mansion rich and fair
Of his Successors, for Frosts keenly Cold
The Shady Locks of Forrests, had not pos'd ;
Heav'n had not Thundred on our Heads as yet ;
Nor given the Earth her sad divorces Writ :
But when he once had entred Paradise,
The Remnant World he justly did despise :
(Much like a Boor far in the Countrey Born,
Who, never having seen but Kine and Corn :)
Oxen, and Sheep, and homely Hamlets Thatcht ;
(Which found, he counts as Kingdoms, hardly matcht)
When afterwards he happens to behold
Our wealthy London's wonders manifold :
The silly peasant thinks himself to be,
In a new World, and gazing greedily ;
One while he, Art-less, all the Arts admires ;
Then the fair Temples, and the Top-less Spires :
Their firm Foundations, and the massed Pride
Of all the sacred Ornaments be fide.
Anon he wonders at the differing Graces,
Tongues, guests, Attires, the Fashions & the Faces ;
Of busie-buzzing Swarms, which still he meets,*
Eb-

Ebbing and Flowing over all the Streets:

Then at the Signs, the Shops, the Weights, the Measures,

The Handy-crafts, the Rumors, Trades, and Treasures.

But of allSights none seems him yet more strange,

Then the rare beauteous, stately rich Exchange.

Another while he marvels at the Thames,

Which seems to bear huge Mountains on her Streams:

Then at the fair built Bridge, which he doth judge

More like a Dreadfull City than a Bridge;

And glancing then along the Northern shore,

That princely Prospect doth Amaze him more.)

For in this Garden Adam delighted so,

That (rapt) he wist'st not if he awak't or no:

If he beheld a True thing or a Fable;

Or Earth, or Heav'n, all more then admirable.

For such Excess his extasie was small,

Not having Spirit enough to muse withall,

He wist him hundred-fold redoubled Senses,

The more to tast so rare sweet Excellencies:

Not knowing, whether Nose, or Ear, or Eyes,

Smelt, heard, or saw, more Saviours, Sounds, or Dies.

Immediatly after God resolved to give him a Companion, for it was not convenient that Man should be all alone: For this end he closed *Adam's* Eye-lids, and charmed his senses by a Heavenly Sleep, which the Major part of the Greek Fathers, according to the Translation of the Septuagint, call an extatick and ravishing repose. This man then thus rapt in his Extasy felt not Gods hand, which gently and without pain plucked out a Rib, whereof he formed the first Woman, who was immediatly brought unto *Adam* to be his Companion and his dear Moity.

Scards

Scarce had Adam cast his Eyes on her but he cryed out, Ah, these are Bones of my Bones, and this Flesh was drawn out of my Flesh; just as if he had said, Come O my Love, the dearest portion of my self, you shall be from henceforth my Wife, and I will be your Husband. We will be but one Heart in two Bodies; And though we have two Souls we will have at least but one Mind and Will.

Now after this profound and pleasing trance,
No sooner Adams ravish'd Eyes did glance,
On the rare beauties of his New-come-half:
But in his Heart he gan to leap and laugh,
Kissing her kindly, calling her his Life,
His Love, his Stay, his Rest, his Weal, his Wife,
His other-self, his help (him to refresh)
Bone of his Bone, Flesh of his very Flesh.

Adams Source of all joyes, sweet He-Shee coupled
one.

Epithalamium, or
Wedding
Song.

Thy Sacred Birth I never think upon,
But (ravish'd) admire how God did then,
Make two of one, and one of two again.
O Blessed Bone! O happy Marriage!

Which dost the match 'twixt that and us preface:
O chaste Friendship! Whose pure Flames impart,
Two Souls in one, two Hearts into one Heart.
Oh Holy knot in Eden instituted,
Not in this Earth with Blood and wrongs polluted;
This done the Lord commands the happy pair,
With chaste embraces to replenish fair,
Th' unpeopled World; that, while the World endures,
Here might succeed their living Portraictures.

An excellent lesson for
Husbands
and Wives.

Wives and Husbands, learn then from
hence a lesson which teacheth you the
Laws of Conjugall Love, and what powerfull
Motives you have to live in Unity,
and in a most perfect and holy Union.
Let Man remember that he is the Mast-

er, but not a Tyrant. Let Women also never forget their own extraction, and that they were not produced out of the Head as Queens, nor out of the Feet as Servants and Slaves; but out of the Side, and near the Heart, to the intent they may spend all the time of their Marriage in a most sweet Intelligence, and in a most inviolable society: To which Love having given a beginning, nothing but Death alone is able, or at least ought, to Dissolve it.

But now, the Nuptials of Adam and Eve being past, nothing remains but the Banquet. The Tables are already furnished, and they need but choose amongst all the Dishes of the World, that which shall appear to them the most Delicious. They are Masters of all that Flies in the Air, of all that Swims in the Water, of all that Creeps or Walks on the Earth; Briefly of all Fruits that are in the Terrestriall Paradise they have the choice, and amongst all the Trees which God had Planted there, he only reserved the use of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, of which he Expressly and upon pain of Death forbids these two guests to gather any Fruit.

In this Conjunction of time the Moon began to assemble her shadows, and God finding all his Works perfect entred into his repose with the Seventh Day.

Adam and Eve enjoy then at present, all that their Hearts can desire. They possess the Monarchy of the Universe for their Inheritance and Government: Their Empire extends over all out-bounds and limits, the Winds do not blow but at their pleasure, the Rivers and Streams do not Rowl along but at their Command; the Birds do not tune their Warbling Notes but to afford them delight.

In a word, they are as it were the Gods of the Terrestriall Paradise, and partake in a manner of all the delights which can be tasted in Heaven.

And now therefore we may suppose Eve thus to bespeke her Husband, or better self in the following manner. Wherein you have a brief account of what befell them after their Fall, viz.

1. Eves

1. Eves first addresſes to *Adam*, and her Industry in making a Garment for her Husband.

Sweet-heart, quoth ſhe (and then ſhe Kiſſed him)
My Love, my Life, my Blis my Foy, my Gem,
My Souls dear Soul, take in good part (I pribee)
This pretty Preſent that I gladly give thee.
Thanks my dear all (quoth Adam then) for this,
And with three Kiſſes he requites her Kiſs.
Then on he puts his painted Garment new,
And Peacock-like himſelf doth often view;
Looks on his Shadow, and in proud amaze,
Admires the hand that had the art to cauſe,
So many ſeveral parts to meet in one,
To ſhion thus the quaint Mandilion.

2. *Adam and Eves Winter Sutes.*

But, when the winters keener breath began
To Criſtallize the ballick Ocean,
Our Grand-ſire, ſhrinking, gan, to ſhake and ſhiver,
His Teeth to Chatter, and his Beard to quiver.
Spying therefore a Flock of Muttons coming,
Whoſe Freeze-clad bodies feel not Winters numing;
He takes the faireſt, and he nocks it down:
Then by good hap, finding upon the Down
A ſharp great Fiſh-bone (which long time before,
The Roaring flood had caſt upon the ſhore.)
He Cuts the Throat, ſleyes it, and ſpreads the fell,
Then dries it, pares it, and he ſcraſes it well,
Then Cloathes his Wife therewith; and of ſuch
Hides
Slops, Hats, and Doublets, for himſelf provides.

3. *Their Lodging and firſt Building.*

A Vaulted Rock, a hollow Tree, a Cave;
Were the firſt Buildings that them ſhelter gave;
But, finding th' one to be too-moiſt a hold,
Th' other too narrow, th' other over-cold,

Like Carpenters, within a Wood they choose,
 Sixteen fair Trees that never Leaves do loose;
 Whose equall front in quadran form prospected,
 As if of purpose Nature them erected,
 Their shady bows first bow they tenderly,
 Then enter braid, and bind them curiously;
 That one would think that had this Harbor seen,
 'T had been true, Seeling painted-over green,

4. At length they get better Habitations.

After this triall, better yet to fence,
 Their tender flesh from th' Airy violence;
 Upon the top of their fit-forked Stems,
 They lay across bare Oken boughs for Beams,
 Then these again with Leavis boughs they load,
 So covering close their sorry Cold abode,
 And then they ply from the Eaves unto the Ground,
 With Mud-mixt Reed to wall their Mansion round,
 All save a hole to the East-ward situate,
 Where frait they clapt a Hurdle for a Gate;
 (Instead of Hinges banged on a With)
 Which with a slight both Shuts and Openeth.

5. Their first Invention of Fire.

Yet Fire they lackt: but lo, the Woods that whistle,
 Amidst the Groves, so oft the Lawrel justle
 Against that Mulberry, that their angry Claps
 Do kindle Fire, that burns the Heath bower Cops.
 When Adam saw a ruddy vapor rise,
 In glowing Streams; as turnd with fear he flies,
 It follows him, untill a naked Plain,
 The greedy fury of the flame restrain:
 Then back he turns, and coming somewhat nigher
 The kindled Scrubs, perceiving that the fire
 Dries his dark Cloathes, his Colour doth refresh,
 And un-benums his Sinews and his Flesh:
 By th' unburnt end, a good big brand he takes,
 And hying home a fire he quickly makes.

And

*And still maintains it, till the Starry Twins,
Celestial breath another Fire begins.*

*But Winter being come again it grieved him,
T' have lost so fondly what Relieved him;
Trying a thousand wayes sith now no more,
The gustling Trees his damage would restore.*

*While (else where musing) one day he sate down
Upon a steep Rock craggy-forked crown,
A foaming Beast come towards him he spies;
Within whose Head stood burning Coals for Eyes:
Then suddenly with boisterous Arms he throws
A knobby Flint, that hummerth as he goes;
Hence flies the Beast, th' ill-aimed flint shaft grownd-
(ing*

*Against the Rock, and on it oft rebounding,
Shivers to Cinders, whence there issued
Small sparks of fire no sooner born then dead.
This happy chance made Adam leap for Glee;
And quickly calling his cold Company:
In his left hand a shining Flint he locks,
Which with another in his right he knocks.
So up and down, that from the coldest stone,
At every stroke small lively Sparkles shone.
Then with the dry Leaves of a withered Bay,
The which together handsomely they lay:
They take the falling fire, which like a Sun
Shines clear, and smok-less in the Leaf begun.*

6. *Eves Mouth at first serves in stead of a pair of
Bellows.*

*Eve, Kneeling down, with hand her head sustain-
ing,
And on the low ground with her Elbow leaning,
Blows with her Mouth; and with her gentle
blowing,*

Stir

Stirs up the heat, that from the dry Leaves glowing ;

Kindles the Read, and then that hollow Kex
First fires the small, and they the greater Sticks.

CHAP. V.

Wherein you have an account of the Disasters and Banishment of Adam and Eve out of Paradise; with a supposed Dialogue between Adam and Eve, and likewise between Eve and the Serpent.

Gen. 3.

The Woman's tempted by the Serpents whiles,

To eat the Fruit, she strain the Man beguiles.

A Cherub chaseth them with Sword and Fire,

Out of fair Edens Garden in great Ire.

Adam and Eve are happy, but how long will this happiness endure? Doth Adam remember that he is a Man, and a Man of Earth? Doth Eve well understand that her Sex is more Light, more frail, and less constant? Adam art thou ignorant that nothing is more flattering, and more cunning than a Woman, when her mind is excited by some passion? Beware then Adam of this Woman; for my own part I imagine to have in a manner seen her behind a Tree, and to my thinking I have heard her speak something unto a Serpent.

The Serpent if I mistake not first beginning to Dialogue with her after the following manner, viz.

Serp. Not eat? Not tast? Not touch? Not cast an Eye?

Upon

Upon the Fruit of this fair Tree? And why?
 Why eatest thou not what Heaven ordained for
 Food?
 Or can'st thou think that bad which Heav'd call'd
 Good?
 Why was it made if not to be enjoy'd?
 Neglect of Favours makes a Favour void:
 Blessings unus'd, pervert unto a Waste,
 As well as Surfeits: Woman do but tast:
 See how the Laden Boughs make silent suit
 To be enjoy'd: Look how the bending Fruit
 Meet thee half way; Observe but how they crouch
 To kiss thy Hand; Coy Woman, Do but touch:
 Mark what a pure Vermilion blush has di'd
 Their swelling cheeks, and how for shame they
 hide
 Their Pallid Heads to see themselves stand by
 Neglected: Woman, do but cast an Eye,
 What bounteous Heav'n ordained for use, refuse
 not;
 Come, pull and Eat: Y' abuse the thing ye use not.
 Eve, *Wifest of Beast, our Great Creator did*
Reserve this Tree, and this alone forbid;
The rest are freely ours, which doubtless are
As pleasing to the Taste, to the Eye as fair:
But touching this, his strict Commands are such:
'Tis Death to Taste, no less then Death to Touch.
 Serp. Pish, Death's a Fable: Did not Heav'n in-
 spire
 Your equall Elements with Living Fire:
 Blown from the spring of Life? Is not that breath
 Immortall? Come, ye are as free from Death
 As he that made you. Can the flames Expire
 Which he has kindled? Can ye quench his Fire?
 Did not the Great Creatours voice proclaim
 What ere he made (from the blew Spangled frame,
 To the poor Leaf that trembles) very good?
 Blest he not both the Feeder and the Food?

Tell

Tell, Tell me then, what danger can Accrue
From such blest Fruit, to such half Gods as you
Curb needlesse fears, and let no fond Conceit
Abuse your freedom; Woman take and Eat.

Eve. 'Tis true, we are immortal; Death is yet
Unborn, untill Rebellion make it debt,
Indeed, I know the Fruit is good, untill
Presumptuous disobedience make it ill.

The Lips that open to this Fruit's a Porrall,
To let in Death and make immortall mortalls.

Serp. You cannot die. Come Woman, tast and fear
not:

Eve. Shall Eve transgress? I dare not, O I dare not.

Serp. A fraid? Why draw'st thou back thy tim'rous
Arme?

Harm only falls on such as fear a Harm.
Heav'n knows and fears the virtue of this Tree,
'Twill make ye perfect Gods as well as hee.
Stretch forth thy Hand, and let thy fondness ne-
ver

Fear Death: Do, Pull, and Eat, and Live for
ever.

Eve. 'Tis but an Apple, and it is as good
To do, as to desire. Fruit's made for Food:
I'll pull, and tast, and tempt my Adam too,
To know the Secrets of this dainty. Serp. Do.

EPIGRAM.

Unluckey Parliament! Wherein at last,
Both Houses are agree'd, and firmly pass;
An Act of Death confirm'd by higher powers:
O had it had but such Success as ours.

And now Eve being thus seduc't by the Serpent, we
may suppose Adam Advancing up to her, bespeak-
ing her after the following manner, viz.

Adam. From whence dost thou come, and why do-

est thou leave him all alone, who is the heart of thy heart, and the soul of thy soul? Where can be the Members without the Head, & the Head without the Members? What, dost thou not know, that I am to be witness of all thy Actions, and that I must give an account unto God, for what thou shalt doe? what fruit is this, that thou hold'st in thy hand?

Eve. Ah my Son, my Friend, my dear Husband, would you did but know what hath happened since I was absent from you? Not far from hence I met a Serpent of a Prodigious and extraordinary shape, he also spake to me, contrary to the use of Beasts. For my part I did believe that he was a Prodigy of Heaven, and an Angel which God sent me under the form of a Serpent. He shewed me the Tree of Life, and promised me, that if I would Eat of it's Fruit, I should become like unto God, and have a perfect knowledge of Good and Evil; I told him, that God had forbid it us upon pain of death; but he protested to me, that on the contrary this fruit hath the Juice of Life and Immortality. For my part I have gather'd it, I have eaten of it, and I intreat you to taste as little of it as you please.

O God! how eloquent is the malice of a Woman, and what powerfull charmes and perswasions hath she? Her Lips and Mouth distill at once both Honny and Poyson; her Tongue shoots forth Arrows of Death and Life; her very looks are so many Lightnings, which she minglcth with the darts of her Passions.

This is that which destroyed the Angel of the Terrestrial Paradise, the Monarch of the World, and the Father of all Mankind. He chose rather to disobey God, than contradict his Wife: For it was from his own Wife's hand he took this fatall Apple, which would choak his Posterity. O wretch! What hast thou done? Open a little thine Eyes, and blush rather at the sight of this Crime, than at thy Nakedness. Adam what hast thou done; why dost thou hide thy self?

Adam

Adam, where art thou? God calls thee, thou must Answer, thou must appear; in vain is it to seek out shades and groves, to oppose the Word who gives speech to the Dumb, and those Eyes whose least glances make the day to break in the darkeſt Dungeons and greateſt obſcurities.

Adam, what anſwe'reſt thou? Alas, haſt thou no pitty on thy ſelf, and all thy Children.

In conſequence Adam layes the fault on his Wiſe, the Woman accuſeth the Serpent, and inſtead of accuſing themſelves, to ſweeten the indignation of the Judge, they make excuſes to inkindle his Wrath, and to render themſelves unworthy of Pardon. Ah! How far more prudently had both of them done, if with bended Knees on the ground, with tears in their Eyes, with ſighs from their Hearts, and confeſſion from their Mouths, they had ſaid unto God, Lord take pitty on us, and upon all our poor Children? But alas, they are wholly inſenſible, they cannot acknowledge their offence, wherefore no Clemency, no Pardon.

Go then Serpent accuſed of God, go creep upon the Earth, and with ſhame trayl thy Body and thy ſcales, byting the Earth with thy Teeth. It is thou that haſt unhappily ſeduced the firſt of Woman-kind; and therefore War ſhall be eternally inkindled between thee and the Woman.

As for thee O Woman, who wert the Origine and ſource of Evil, know that thy miſeries ſhall daily find explicable increaſes: Moreover thou ſhalt conceive with pain, and ſhalt not bring forth thy Fruit but amidſt the ſtrivings of a painful Labour. In ſine, thou ſhalt be under the Command of Man: And he ſhall be not only thy Maſter, but ſometimes thy Tyrant.

As for thee, O Man! Remove far from this ſecluded aboad: Go ſeek thy Bread at the price of thy ſweat and Blood; go follow the Plow and Cart, to be the Companion of Beaſts, and to cultivate the

Earth, which thy pride hath swollen up with Winds, and covered with Thorns, Brambles, and Bryers. Go whether thou pleasest: but know that thy life shall be but a large course of misfortunes, and a disastrous list, where thou must continually wrastle with all Creatures, and be the fatall mark of all sorts of accidents and mis-haps, which in fine will give thee no repose till thou shalt return into the Bosom of the Earth. For dust thou art, and to Dust thou shalt return.

Gen. 3.

*Poor banisht Adam plows with sweat and pain,
The barren Earth, and there in soweth Grain:
Eve fares as ill, her Children she doth bear
In grievous pain, and nurses them in fear.*

Scarce were these destroying Thunder-bolts dardied upon the head of Adam and Eve, and consequently on all Mankind, but an Angel invironed with Fire and Flames, seized on the gate of Paradise, and shut it for ever against these miserable and exiled Persons. Alas! why would not the Earth have rather swallowed them up? And why would not that beautiful Garden, which had been the Throne of their Innocence, become at least the Sepulcher of their Sin?

"But seeing it was not so, Ah! Poor Children of Adam, pittyful Reliques of an unfortunate Father, let me addresse my self to you, behold then your Patrimony, the Rights of your Families and what Adam and Eve have left you for Legacies. Let no Man hereafter be astonisht to see you

wandring about Countries like Adams legacies to all his children. "Pilgrims, and going from door to door in Cities, with Tears in your Eyes, sighs in your Hearts, with

dusty Hair, and Sun-burnt Faces "Let no Man be any more astonished to see you bare-Headed, and bare-Footed, a Wallet on your

"Shoul

“Shoulders, and a Staff in your Hand: for these
 “are the portions of Sin. Miserable Mortals, the
 “Earth from henceforth shall be to you but a Dark
 “Prison, Life but a Gally, and the World but a
 “great Chain of Misfortunes. The Elements shall
 “joyn in Arms against you. The Fire shall inkindle
 “frightfull Comets over your Heads; The Air
 “shall dart forth mercileſs Thunder-bolts upon
 “your Houses; The Sea shall raise its Billows
 “against your Towers; and the Earth shall be
 “the Theater of Wars, the Meadow in which the
 “Plague shall Mow, and the Field of Battail, where
 “all the powers of the World, and Hell it self
 “shall deliver you up to Tragick Combats. In fine
 “your Bodies shall be Subject to all sorts of Mala-
 “dies, and your minds to all kinds of Passions.

But Heark! Heark! Methinks now I hear already
 Envy grumbling and murmuring in the Heart of
 Cain. I hear methinks the cry of Abel. Let us there-
 fore observe a while what passeth.

C H A P. VI.

*The Murder of Abel, and the Despair of
 Cain, together with a supposed Dialogue
 between Conscience, Tyrant Sin, Cain and
 Abel.*

Gen. 4.

Cain and Abel after Sacrifice;
 God accepts Abels, Cain's be doth despise;
 Cain enraged his Brother Abel slayes,
 For which God Scourgeth Cain all his dayes.

ABEL was from his Birth, of so sweet and fa-
 cile, so plyant, and tractable a disposition, a

Adam and *Eve* were even enforced to bestow on him their most tender affections. *Cain* on the contrary, who was his Elder Brother, appeared to be of so fierce, and imperious a Nature, that at length to sweeten it, they resolved to oblige him to cultivate the Earth, that his spirit might learn how to soften the hardest of Elements, and to temper the harshness of his Courage.

Abel at the same time employed himself in keeping Sheep, and guiding his Fathers Flocks amidst the Pastures: His mind in repose, and amidst the silence of the Fields, began to take his flight to Heaven.

Upon which we may now suppose the Sin began his first cruel & monstrous Tyrant Sin setting forth on his first Travels into the World, *Apollyon* following him close at his heels, to see him do his business effectually, and to assist him in every enterprize; and so it fell out, just as he began his Journey, *Cain* and *Abel* were offering Sacrifices; and having intelligence of both their Dispositions, he made up to *Cain's* door, and there lay couching down, like a hurtful Beast, ready to devour; and secretly whispering in to his Ear, to spare the best of his substance to enrich himself; and also intimated to him, that all that he offered to the Lord was lost, and would never be rewarded; and Faith not being in *Cain's* House, he harkned to this cursed stranger, and did accordingly; yet he brought his Offering, least he should displease his Father *Adam*, who, 'it is thought, at that time, was high Priest, which Office, afterwards, fell to the First-born in the Family. But when *Cain* saw his Offering was not excepted, and his Brothers was, this Enemy being near, knocked at his door.

Cain. Who is there?

Sin. Have you, Sir, any Room for a Traveller.

Cain. What are you?

Sin.

Sin. A Friend, one that loves you dearly, and am troubled to see how you are abused and basely dealt with, by your younger Brother. Can you bear the thoughts that he should be in the favour of his Maker, and be the only Darling of his Father, and you slighted and contemned in this sort?

Cain. By this, I cannot but think thou art indeed a Friend, and dost bear good will to me; pray come in:

And he presently lodg'd him in the best Room he had: neither do I read of any opposition made against him, by any in the House.

He had no sooner receiv'd him, but immediately (by secret instigations and Instructions from *Apollyon*, who was glad to see him entertain'd) he applyed himself to him after this manner:

Sin. Let this Villain *Abel*, be the object of thy hatred: never speak friendly to him more in love; but let thy Wrath out against him to the uttermost: shall he be accepted; what's he; art not thou better than him? He will ere long (though thy younger Brother) be come thy Lord and Master, and Rule over thee; and thou shalt be made a meer Underling.

Cain. I am truly of your mind; my Father and Mothers Heart, I find already is taken from me, and set upon this cunning Supplanter.

I hate him as I hate a Toad, neither can I endure to see him: Thus *Cain* was fill'd with Wrath, and his countenance fell; *i. e.* he shewed himself full of Rage and Discontent.

Sin. Most Noble *Cain*, Heir of the World; I have a Business of great Importance to impart to thee.

Cain. Sir, what is it?

Sin. I am a Servant to a mighty Prince, whose Power and Kingdom, 'tis like thou hast not heard of it: And he hath a dear and cordial love for thee,

and hath sent me to thee, with certain instructions, to put thee in a way to be rid of this your Canting Brother; and I will assure you, 'tis high time, for he is now at Prayer, and begins to grow more and more in favour, &c.

Cain. I am Glad to hear this News: But which way can the thing be done?

Sin. Sir, you will never be at Peace, nor have any Ground to conclude your Father will make you his Heir; or indeed ever regard you, untill he be rid out of the World: But if this be once done, all is your own.

Cain. But how shall I do to get rid of him?

Sin. Why, since there is none you can employ secretly, to do it; do you kill him; and then declare he murder'd himself, being overcome with melancholly, or blown up with Pride and self-conceit upon his late ambitious thoughts, in aspiring after Rule and Government. Ill warrant you Sir, this will hide the Fact and you shall never be discover'd.

Presently upon this motion, *Conscience* stept in; and spoke after this manner:

Conscience. Sir, do not this evil Deed; he is your only Brother: and his Blood will cry for Vengeance.

Sin. What dost do my *Cain*; why dost thou make a pause?

Cain. I am hinder'd by a timorous Fellow in my House, whom I know not: some Body I think hath sent him hither, on purpose to be a Plague to me.

Sin. Regard him not, I will undertake to stifle him, and spoil his telling Tales. Go call thy Brother forth, and walk together in the Fields. Be sure carry it lovingly to him, lest he mistrust thee: and I warrant you he will talk with you about Religion, and condemn your way of Worship: and though he be your younger Brother, yet will undertake to teach

teach thee : and if thou wilt be a Fool, and suffer it, do.

Cain. I will try that, so far I am resolv'd to take thy Counsel.

And immediatly, away he went and call'd his Brother forth; and they walked together in the Field.

Cain. Brother, what a vast Fabrick is here? This World in which we are placed is full of great Wonders and excellent Rarities; and all after our Father *Adam* is dead will be ours; all the Riches, I mean, and Glory thereof: and my Heart Brother, is wonderfully pleas'd with the thoughts of it: I desire no greater Glory, nor Happiness; though I have heard my Father talk of a Future State beyond the Grave, that exceeds all things here below.

Abel. Brother, this World, and all the Wonders we do behold, doth shew forth the Glory and handy Works of *Jehovah* our Blessed God and Creator; whose we are, and whom we should serve: for he is a jealous God; and executes Righteousness and Justice in the Earth: and is a Rewarder of all those who diligently seek him.

Cain. You are a Fool; I do not believe there is any Reward for Justice and Righteousness, nor Vengeance for Ungodliness.

Abel. Brother it grieves me to hear you speak after this manner, for I have had evidence of his Mercy, and favourable Acceptance already. I am afraid, truly, you are misled by some Enemy; The way you go in Brother is not good; Think upon the World to come.

Cain. Wisdom is only with you: I see how you are swola up with Pride; and what you aim at; leave off your talking of a World to come, for I believe none.

Abel. Brother, you shew a very wicked, naughty, and unbelieving Heart; I am ashamed to hear your Discourse.

Some things of this Nature, 'tis rationally suppos'd they might discourse of: And *Cain* being afresh mov'd to Wrath thereby, took the Devils counsel, and rose up and murdered him,

- See Reverend Mr. *Answorth* upon this Matter :

Thus this Tyrant and Monster prevail'd ; and in a second attempt, over came the Fourth part of the World. But see how *Sin* and the *Devil* deceiv'd *Cain* : The Murther was soon discovered ; for lo, on a sudden, a mighty Cry was heard ; *Vengeance ! Vengeance !* God, who is the searcher out of Blood, cries, *Where is Abel thy Brother ?* Nothing can be hid from his Eye: Murther shall not go unpunished : *The Voice of thy Brother's Blood cries to me from the Ground.* Guilt follows his *Sin*, with the dreadful Wrath of God ; And now thou art cursed from the Face of the Earth, &c.

At this stroke the Heart of *Cain* becomes a little sensible, and the hardness of his Soul, although too late, begins to soften.

Alas Lord ! (said he) my Iniquity is greater than thy Mercies, and my Sin is too enormous to hope for Pardon. I confess it, and from this very moment I depart from hence like a banished Man to wander day by day without peace or relaxation. Besides, my Brothers Ghost pursues and torments me, with too much severity : Even thy self, O my God, and my Judge, chasest me away far from thy Countenance, and far from the pleasing glances which issue from thine Eyes. Ah then let the Sun and Moon cease to enlighten the World, and let me for ever wander amidst the Murtherous shades of Abel, and let my life pine away in obscurity : Otherwise I fear (saith he) that at the first sight and encounter, some one may kill, and treat me according to my deserts.

No no, *Cain*, saith God, nothing of what thou fearest shall happen to thee ; and if any one be so rash to attempt on thee, I will make him feel the
excess

excess of my Wrath. For this effect God imprinted a sensible mark upon his forehead, which served him for a safe-guard against all the Assaults of his Enemies. *This done*, the poor wretch went away all alone, pale, trembling, pursued by the stings of his Soul: And after some wandrings arrived in the Land of Eden, lying Eastward. It was under this Clymate, and near unto Mount Libanus, that this fugitive at last made his retreat: There it was, where he built a City, and had by his Wife a very numerous posterity.

*And now Mankind with Fruitfull Race began,
A little Corner of the World to Man.*

C H A P. VII.

Wherein you have an Account, both of the Building of Noahs Ark, and of his manner of entring into it: Together with a Description both of the Deluge and Drowning of the old World, and of Noahs descent out of the Ark, and his Sacrifices on the Hills of Armenia.

Gen. 6.

God for Mans sins intends the World to drown,
With Men, and Beast, and all that's in it found:
But he in the Ark saves Noah, and his Seed,
With pairs of all kinds which on Earth did breed.

THe Decree is now given, and I see not that is able to with-hold an arm wholly is the

God.

God repents himself for having created Man, and bestowed on him all his labour, and affection; he repents himself, and his Heart riseth at the sight and thought of this Object: In fine, being no longer able to restrain his Wrath and indignation, *I swear by my self, saith he, that I will destroy Man, and efface his name and memory over the face of the Universe. I will not spare even Beasts and Birds: To the end, that what hath been a witness, complice, or even a slave of his crime; shall also be the Companion of the pain and punishment which is ordained him.* This said and done: Of so many men, who then lived upon the Earth, and of so many Families, that only of *Noah* deserved favour, and was freed from Shipwrack.

God then calls this Holy Man, and great Patriark, to advertise, and communicate his whole design unto him.

Friend, saith God, the World is in its agony, and my Justice shall put an end to this Work, which my Love began. All my patience and delays have only served to make way for evil; and my clemency is converted into rigour; after all, my goodness is tired, and I am resolv'd to open all the Torrents of my Wrath; that the World being no longer but a great Abyss, and a vast Sepulcher, may be drowned in it self, and that there may never be more mention of it.

Go then Noah, and build an Ark of Timber and Planks: Make small apartments in it, and pitch it both within and without. Let it be three hundred Cubits in length, and fifty in breadth, and thirty in height: Make then a Window a Cubit high, and in the side contrive a door to go in and out; dispose also Chambers therein, and be carefull, that the whole be divided into three Stories, to the end the Body of this large structure be the more commodious, and better proportioned. And towards I will make my accord and pact with thee: thou shalt presently enter in with thy Wife, Children,

dren, and Cattle. Besides thou shalt conduct into this Sanctuary all sorts of Beasts and Birds; with this distinction, that amongst the clean thou shalt choose seven of every species; and of the unclean, two only: Pairing alwayes the Male and Female, that they may repair the Earth and Air by their Copulations.

This good Man performed exactly all that God had commanded him; he is already in the Ark, and he busieth himself in disposing and nourishing all these different Species of Beasts, and Birds.

Seven dayes were spent about these preparations, and in the miraculous inclosure of this new House. At the end whereof the Heavens opened on all sides, and the Sun, Moon, and Stars, seem'd to be chang'd into Sources and Channels, the Air and Clouds became a Sea, and all the Elements joyned together to make of the whole World an Ocean without Shoars, without bottom, without Haven, and without limit.

Gen. 7.

*The highest Hills by Waters are o're spread,
Mountains, Trees, Towers, in Floods lye buried,
Men, Women, Beasts, and Birds are quite destroy'd,
Waters possess'd all that the Land enjoy'd.*

Mean while, where are you the unhappy Inhabitants of the City of Enos? Poor Heirs of Cain, Children of Men, effeminate Spirits, wanton Souls, where are you? The Heavens fall on your Heads, the Air stifles you, the Water swallows you up, and the Earth vanisheth away. Fathers, Mothers, Children, Husbands and Wives, Brothers and Sisters, Kindred, Friends where are you? I behold, I behold your Towers buried under the Waves: I hear your cries, your sighs, and your voices notwithstanding the Tempest; in fine your floating Bodies and your dying Souls acknowledge but too late the excess of your Sins.

Ah sin, sin, these are thy spoils, and this is the tem-

tempest thou hast raised; sin do'st thou discern the state into which thou hast reduc'd the World, the Air, the Earth, and the Heavens?

O God! Must all the Elements weep forty dayes, and as many Nights: And in fine must all Nature be in Mourning, or rather in Tryumph? Since every where she erects Trophies, and Mountains of Water to swallow up the most shameful, and most insolent of all Vices.

During this Triumph, and mourning, *Noah* steers his Vessel, his Family, and Troops, upon the Billows. This holy man enjoys a Calm, and sayles securely over these Storms and Billows. He beholds the Day in the midst of Night; and the Tempest, which sinks the whole World even as low as Hell, listeth him up even as high as the Heavens.

Range then *O Noah*, range upon the Waters of the Deluge, and expect the day and moments, when God shall land thee in the Haven. And thou O Ark that carryest the World, and its Spoils, behold how the Sea makes a halt at thy approach, and keeps back its suspended Waves as it were out of complacency, and an orderly respect. *Holy House of God; Fortunate Sanctuary of all Mankind!* Float on without Oars or Sayles, float on, for it is the Spirit of God, and the hand of the justest of men which directs and Guides thee.

In effect, scarce were the Forty days expired, when in an instant the Heavens dried up their sources; the air appeared most serene; and the great drops of Rain were turned into Pearls and Dew as it were to give notice of the return of the Sun and Morning. At length, after seven Months contest and conflict, this wandering Island, which carried *Noah* and his Family, landed upon the Mountains of *Armenia* expecting till the tenth Month, when the other Hills shew'd their heads & tops: Forty dayes after which, this most Holy and wise Pilot, who had almost spent a whole year in the pleasing

pleasing obscurities of his prison, still victorious and triumphant, *resolv'd at last to open its window to give flight and passage to a Crow, which indeed went forth but never returned,* There needed then a purer and more faithfull Messenger: Noah chose a Dove amongst all the Birds; that she might discover whether the waters were quite retired. *But this innocent Creature, and amiable Spye,* finding no resting place clean enough, returned presently into the Ark and advertis'd Noah that the waters of the Deluge were not wholly decreased. It was this news that obliged Noah to expect yet the space of Seven dayes, after which he took the Dove again and instantly gave her leave to take her Liberty and Flight.

Noah in expectation, stands one while himself, another some one of his Children, at the Window to see whether this Angel of peace would return or no.

Behold good news, the Dove is returned; I have a glimpse of her with the Olive-branch she carries in her Beak.

Noah *what say'st thou?* Make hast I pree-thee: Receive this little Legat, and take from his mouth the earnest of peace; And if thou hast a mind to have more certain assurances, the term of seven dayes will put a period to all thy desires.

And as soon as the seven dayes were expired, Noah cast out again the Dove to the mercy of the Waters, of the Air and Earth, where having at last found footing, she resolv'd to abide.

Gen. 8.

*The Heavenly Flood-Gates are shut, and the Wind
Dries up the Waters, the Dove, Land doth find;
The Ark's aground, Noah doth come a Shore;
God promiseth to drown the World no more.*

Noah

Noah seeing what had passed uncover'd the roof of his Ark, and presently perceived the Earth, the Islands, the Haven, the Fields, and the dryed up wayes. He heard God also commanding him to depart out of the Ark with all his Company, that he might re-people the universe. And here I leave it unto the curious to imagin what pleasure *Noah* had at the opening of his Cage: when he saw Eagles, Vultures, Aufridges, and all Birdſ take their flight, following the track which was to carry them unto their own Climate; God knows also how the Sheep fled far from the Wolfe, the Lyon from the Cock, the Hare from the Dog, which nevertheless by secret and devine charms, held in the Ark a Correspondence without Noyse, War, or Enmity.

In fine, during this Fayle-delivery, and these separations, Noah was carefull not to do like Seafaring men, who during the Storm and Tempest, invoke all the Saints of Paradise, and make a thousand vows unto them, which nevertheless they perform not in the Haven, and calm, but by an infinity of Blasphemies, and by the continuati-on of their Impieties.

Scarce was this eminent Man (chosen by God for the conservati-on of the World) descended out of the Ark, but he instantly built an Altar, on which he offered Holocausts and victimes in honor of him who had so sweetly, and by such marvellous wayes, conducted him to the shore and harbour.

It is then peradventure for this cause God promisseth unto men and *Noah*, that the Earth shall be no more accursed for their sake: He assures them that his revenging hand shall never take the Rod so universally to scourge all sinners: that from henceforth Winter and Summer, Cold and Heat, Day and Night, shall have their courses, periods, motions, and vicissitudes, with order, and by regular intervals.

*In all the compass of our floating Inns,
Are not so many Planks, and Boards, and Pins:
As Wonders, Strange, and Miracles that ground,
Mans wrangling reason, and his wills confound.
And God no less his mighty power display'd,
When he restor'd, then when the World he made.*

C H A P. VIII.

*Giving an account of the Rain-Bow in the
Heavens: Which God promised should ap-
pear after the Flood, as a sign that he
would drown the World no more.*

GOD resolving to confirm the Oath, and Covenant he had made with Noah, was so good and gracious as to imprint the Seal of his contract in the Clouds, to the end the malice of men might never be able to efface it, and that on the contrary he might be oblig'd never to make war against them, when he should see between him and the World, those illustrious characters of Love, and those magnificent Articles of truce, pardon, and peace. Moreover this sign, which appeared in the Heavens, was but a Bow without Arrows; it was a resplendent Arch, and a Circle beset with Diamonds, Emeralds, and Rubies; it was a chain of Gold, Silver, and Pearls; it was a Scarf interwoven with the most lively splendors and the most sensible lights of the Sun and Day. It was the portraict of Peace which appeared under feign'd and imaginary colours, or to express in a word all that can be thought, and said when we cast our Eyes on this wonder of the Air; it was the Diadem which St.

John

John discover'd on the Head of Almighty God : and which therefore was to be for all eternity the Crown of a God, who can never change, but will everlastingly conserve this Garland and Diadem of peace.

From henceforth fear no second Flood, that shall Cover the whole face of the Earthly Ball.

CHAP. IX.

Giveing an account of Noahs being over taken with Wine.

Gen. 9.

*Naked and Drunk a sleep Cam, Noah saw,
He mocks and jeers him against natur's Law;
Sem and Japheth cover his nakedness,
Cam he doth curse, Sem and Japheth doth blefs.*

IT is true, that Men were never more at Peace, the Earth never more pure, and Heaven never powred down so many favours as it shed upon the Earth and the Children of *Noah*. Nevertheless in the mid't of Pleasure, Peace, Concord, Love, Joy, and all sorts of Benedictions, this poor Man, whom all the Waters of the World, and of the Deluge, could not vanquish, was drown'd at last in a *Glass of Wine*.

O God! What scandall, what shame, what disorder, and what disorder in the Family of *Noah*? This good old Man, fell cold and stiff on the ground, and it is not known whether he be dead or alive. His Children run presently to help him, but as if the fume of the Wine, which their Father had taken

taken too inconsiderately, had dazeld and blinded the youngest of them ; instead of casting ashes, and Water on the Flaming Coals, which consum'd his poor Father, he made a Bone-fire of Mirth, and scorn about his Nakedness : And with an unparalleled impudence discover'd to the Eyes of all his Brethren, what Nature hath concealed. His Brothers nevertheless were more respectfull, and prudent than himself : For immediatly Piety cast veyls over their Eyes, and Love, though Blind, found out Artifices to cover an Object which was neither decent nor Lawfull to behold. It was in recompence of these chaste duties, that *Noah* being returned out of that Abyss, into which Wine had precipitated him, open'd the Eyes of his Body, and Soul, and afterwards perceiving the unnatural impudence of *Cham*, he darted forth the Thunder of his malediction against his Son. *Canaan*, beseeching likewise God to bless, and fill *Sem*, *Japhet*; and all their Progeny, with his Graces. It was from their Posterity all the Generations of the World are descended ; and they were the Persons who laid the foundation of *Sodom*, *Ninivie*, *Salem*, and *Gomorrha* ; as also of so many other Famous Cities, from whence afterwards Arts, Republicks, Policies, Governments, and all the Empires of the Universe took their Rise.

*Noah being willing to beguile the rage,
of bitter griefs that vext his feeble age ;
To see with Mud so many Roofes o're grown,
And him left almost in the World alone ;
One day a little from his strictness shrunk,
And making Merry, drinking over Drunk :
An' silly thinking in that Honey-call,
To drown his woes he drowns his wits and all.*

His Head grows giddy, and his Foot A descrip-
indents, tion of a Drun-
A mighty fume his troubled brain ken Man.
tormen's, *His*

*His idle poattle from the purpose quite,
 Is abrupt Suttering all confusd' and light,
 His Wine stufst Stomach wrung with Wine he feels,
 His trembling Tent all topsey turvey wheeles;
 At last not able on his Legs to stand;
 More like a foul Swine then a sober Man;
 Opprest with Sleep, he wallows on the Ground,
 His shameless snorting Trunk so deeply dround:
 In self Oblivion that he did not hide,
 Those parts that Cæsar covered when he dy'd.*

CHAP. X.

*Giveing a full account of the Building of the
 Tower of Babel.*

Gen. 11.

*To Build up Babel, Adams Race decree,
 As high as Heaven what pisseth there to see;
 God gives them Diverse Tongues their thoughts to
 cross;
 One calls for Morter, and one bringeth Masse.*

SO it happened not long after this that the Inhabitants of the Earth feeling the Justice of their own Consciences, and they not calling upon God, they feared the comming of another Deluge, so they resolv'd to build a Tower, and raise the top of it even as high as the Clouds. The chief Undertaker of this famous Structure was the Gyant Nemrod, Grandchild to that Repröbate Cham, who discovered his Fathers shame. This Architect was of a proud Nature, and of a Capricious humour, believing that his enterprises, and his designs, were to be executed without the least opposition.

In

In effect, never was any work undertaken, and advanced with more Expedition, nor with more Ardor, Zeal, and Submission. But the Grand designer of the World, the Architect of the Universe, and the generall Producer of all things, who takes delight to confound the Wisdom of the Wise, and to overthrow the Plots, and Enterprises of the most Powerfull, beholding these Fortifications rais'd neer mid-way, and being able no longer to endure this Audacity, and these presumptuous Attempts, resolv'd at last to overturn all these Forts, and to cast a generall confusion of Tongues amongst the Carpenters, and Masons.— This made a Tower of *Babel*, that is to say of Disorder, War, and Confusion. This Stately Building, this lofty Cittadell, this impregnable Fort, was but a Labyrinth of deaf and dumb people, who spake without hearing one another, & cry'd out when it was not in any mans power to help them.

*Bring me quoth one a Trowel, quickly, quick;
One brings him up a Hammer: Hew this Brick
Another bids, and then they cleave a Tree;
Make fast this Rope, and then they let it flee;
One calls for Planks, another Mortar lacks,
They bring, the first a Stone, the last an Ax;
One would have Spikes, and him a Spade they give;
Another asks a Saw, and gets a Scive:
Thus crossly-cross't they prate and point in vain,
What one hath made, another Mars again.
Nigh Breathless all with their confused yawling,
In bootless labour now begins appawling.
In Brief, these Masons seeing the Storm arriv'd,
Of Gods just Wrath, all weak and Heart depriv'd,
Forsake their purpose, and like Frantick Fools,
Scatter their stuff; and tumble down their Tools.*

Behold the Enterprises and Designs of the World:

Behold the Structure of the Gyants of the Earth, and the Sanctuary of their Pride.

Vanity of this World! Glory of a few dayes! Phantasms of the Earth! seeming beauties! Men, what doe you think? and why I beseech you, so many Houses, so many Castles, Cities and Villages? cast your Eyes on the Tower of *Babel*, and dread at least the fate of the like disaster. Finally then make your Wills, Ingrave your Epitaphs, seek out six or seven Foot of Earth, and from henceforth think only on erecting your Tombs. Go, consult your Ancestors, your Fathers, and Masters; cast your selves at their Feet, enter into their Sepulchers, search into the bottom of their Monuments, and be not affrighted to behold so many ravell'd Crowns, so many broken Scepters, and so much Purple serving only to cover Worms.

C H A P. XL

Giveing a full account of Abrahams departure out of his Territoryes, and his entring into the Fields of Moreth, where he erected an Altar, and where God appeared to him a second time,

Gen. 12.

Abraham to obey the Lords Command,
Forsakes his native Soyl, for Canaans Land,
His Parents leaves likewise, and takes away
With him, Wife, Servants, and Lot without stay.

The calling of Abraham. **N**OW it was, by the Favour and Splendor of conquering Lights, and Victorious voices, that *Abraham* was

was chosen amongst Men, as the Person who would be the most obedient, most faithfull, and most conformable to the will of God: And now it was as we may suppose by means of an Angel cloathed with an humane Body, that *Abraham* heard distinctly the Voice of God, which said unto him,

Abraham, It is time to leave thy Countrey, and Kindred, and to abandon thy Fathers House.

Follow me then, and repair unto a Land, and under a Clymate, which I will shew thee; every where I will be thy Star, thy Pole, and my Eye shall serve as a Guide, and Torch to conduct thee to thy Haven and Landing-place.

Well then Abraham, get thee out of thine own Countrey, leave all thy Friends, and break those many ties, which Blood hath woven in thy Veins and Heart. The Milk thou hast suck'd is from hence forth no other than poyson, the Nourishment thou hast received from thy Parents doth but sustain thy Body, and stifle thy Soul: In fine the Light and Brightness of Heaven cannot be seen amidst the Shades and Smoak of thy Countrey.

But what! must poor *Abraham* leave himself? O my God! why dost thou oblige him to forsake his beloved *Chaldea*, and why wouldst thou have him separate himself from his near Kindred and dearest Friends. He wants nothing at home, and it may come to pass, that every thing will say him amongst Strangers.

*Alas! said Abraham, must I needs forgoe
These happy Fields where Euphrates doth flow:
Here I have spent the best part of my Age:
Here I possess a plenteous Heritage:
Here have I got me many Friends and Love,
And by my Deeds attained a glorious Name:
And must I hence, and leave this certain State,
To Roam uncertain (like a Runagate)*

*O're fearfull Hills, and thorough forreign torrents,
 That rush down mountains with their roaring current
 To seek a countrey (God knows where and whither
 Whose unknown Name hath yet scarce sounded hither
 With Staff in Hand, and Wallet on our Back :
 From Town to Town, to beg for all we lack ?
 T' have (briefly) nothing properly our own
 In all the World ; no, not our Grave-place known
 Is't possible, I should endure to see
 The Sighs and Tears my Friends will shed for me :
 O ! can I thus my native Soil forsake ?
 O ! with what Words shall I my Farewell take ?
 Farewell Chaldæa, dear delights adue :
 Friends, Brothers, Sisters, Farewell all of you.*

But now these were motives too weak to break
 the Desires, and designs of a Soul which God court-
 eth. *It is a delicious thing to leave the streams for
 their source, and to forsake our selves and Friends, to
 give our selves unto our Maker.*

Abraham understood all these veryties from the
 very morning of his vocation ; and at the first over-
 ture of the favours which God imparted to him, he
 took a Staff in his Hand, and became a Pilgrm in
 the World, sufficiently discovering, that the life of
 Man is but a Pilgrimage, and that a Man shall first,
 or last, reach to the Port.

And now methinks the Sun doth not rise, but to
 present unto him a thousand Portraictures of those
 whom he hath left behind. The Moon, and the
 Stars, shew him by Night, and in his sleep, nothing
 but the Images of those whom he hath abandoned,
 and he awakes a Thousand times with sighs from
 his Heart, and tears in his Eyes, to embrace the
 shadows, and Phantasmes of his dearest Friends.

And now this poor man is not gone a Musket-shot
 from the City, and scarce hath lost the sight of his
 steeple, but he presently resumes his former wayes,
 and

and returns with an intent to build his Tower, or rather his Tomb, on his Chimney's Harth.

March then *Abraham*: Carry with thee that happy *Sara*, who makes up the moiety of thy self; and till God shall please to give thee Children, let *Lot* be the Son and be thou a Father to him.

Farwell then for ever dear Land of *Chaldea*; And you *Lot*, *Abraham*, and *Sara* go joyfully unto *Canaan*.

They are already gon, and I see them departing out of the Territories of *Sichem* to advance directly unto the plains of *Moreth*, there God a second time appeared to *Abraham*, and there also he gave him both the promise, and possession of the Land of *Canaan* for himself and his posterity.

*God in Mans shape appear'd to Abraham,
As he sought shelter from the Suns hot Flame.
Abraham feeds God with what good cheer he could,
That Sara should bring forth a Child, God told.*

Is not this a most admirable draught of Gods sage prodigality and illustrious Magnificence, who in exchange of a foot of ground gives intire Worlds? He will have the Heart, and for the Heart he gives himself, and in him the Creator of Souls, and the Soul of all Hearts. Alas! what is a corner of the Earth compared with the Land of promise? What is a Countrey and City in respect of the Firmament? And where shall we find Brethren, Kindred, or Friends, without pretension, interest, or any suspicion of deceit, as are found in Heaven?

It remains then for all those, who he hath taken by the hand, as he did *Abraham*, and led them over the banks of *Jordan*, and through the shades of *Hermes*, to build there an Altar on which they might offer sacrifices of Love, and Acknowledgments, as *Abraham* did.

CHAP. XII.

Giving an account of the Voyages of Abraham and Sara into the Land of Egypt.

Gen. 12.

*Abraham marcht on, and 'tho the Age
And Death of Terah slow'd his Pilgrimage;
The rest of his he doth conduct in fine,
To Canaan (since called Palestine.)*

ABRAM now leaving his own Countrey, instantly cast up his eyes, and well resolv'd to follow God every where, who served him for a Master, a Conductor, a Sanctuary and Countrey. He left then the plains and vallies, to ascend the Mountains, as still desirous alwaies to make new progresses, and to advance without any intermission.

It is he then whom I see spreading his Pavillions on the top of a Mountain, and erecting an Altar to invoke the name, and assistance of God his Conductor.

Listen a while, and hear from his Mouth the thoughts of his Soul!

A farewell Great God! I have forsaken all for thee, and at the first command I received, I obeyed the voice of thy most amiable providence; at length behold me bere out of my Countrey, far from my own Possessions, and severed from my dearest Friends: I am ignorant, where I am; but I only know that I am with thee. It sufficeth me, O my God, all my desires are pleased, and my Soul is fully satisfied. Farewell all my Kindred, farewell my Friends, farewell my Countrey. O my God! me thinks at every step I make, I Conquer a Kingdom, all my
Guest

Guests are Kindred, the little Hills are my Dungeons, the Fields my Cities, and all that the day discovers to me of Earth, of Rivers, of Air, and of Seas, is my Countrey, my House, and my place of Entertainment

And now without further delay I leave the east to advance unto the South.

Now I no wayes doubt, but our Pilgrim in his journeys, towards the South feels also more resplendent ardors, and more infired lightnings, which inflam'd him with more violent, and more lively desires and designs.

Mean while a general Famine came over all the Land of *Canaan*; in so much as our happy Traveller is enforc'd to take a farther journey, and to descend into *Egypt*.

This Man Wholy inlightn'd by God, and who carried in the Bosome of his faithfull moity, the purest, and most holy flames of his Love, beheld a far off the smoak of a most dangerous fire, and fearing least his dear *Sara* should be there either by mishap or force surpris'd, he thought it fit to say unto her in the manner following:

Abraham. *Dear Wife, we are here on the Confines of Egypt: But yet I am afraid, lest these Souls a thousand times more black than their Bodies, lay not some blemish on thy chastity. Tell them then I pray thee, that thou art my Sister, and that I am thy Brother, to the end I may escape by this amiable Stratagem.*

All these forecasts were not grounded on a vain fear, and some erroneous Judgment; for scarce were these two Doves of *Chaldea*, these two Turtles, and these two chaste Lovers entred into *Egypt*; but instantly the Princes of *Pharaoh*, who were the Ministers of his impurities, carried away the chaste *Sara*, and brought her to Court; which was a *Saraglio* of luxurie. But however courage! courage *Abraham*, and no wayes doubt but the fidelity which thy *Sara* hath vow'd unto thee will be proportionable to that

thou rendrest unto God. Lay aside therefore now all thy fears, and thou also *Sara* do the like, for thy Heart is a Sanctuary of Peace, and a Temple of Love, of which God alone, and *Abraham* keep the Keys.

And now let us return to *Pharaoh*, who was really constrain'd to stifle his unlawfull loves in the Ocean of his miseries, and who at last restor'd to *Abraham* the flower, which had been cruelly wrested from him.

CHAP. XIII.

Giving an Account of the agreement of Abraham and Lot, upon the controversy between their Shepherds.

THO Holy *Abraham* seemed to have some just cause to commence a sute, and to wage war against *Lot* for the preservation of his rights, and authority, which might receive some prejudice by the strife, which arose between his Servants, and those of *Lot*, their design being to become Masters, contrary to Justice and reason. Which *Abraham* seeing, to prevent all the disorders which might ensue on this first design, he saith unto *Lot*.

Abraham. Nephew I pree-thee remember, that hetherto I have not treated thee as an Uncle, but rather as a Brother; what a scandal would it be, if we should begin to live together either like Strangers, or else as Enemies? I had rather lose all the goods of the World, than that of thy Friendship: But I see clearly that these Shepherds and mercenary Friends, are the Persons who endeavour to engage our passions with their interests: it would then be more prudently done to sever

our Flocks, than to disunite our minds, and therefore dear Nephew take what you please. Of thou goest to the right hand, I will take the left: and if the left, I will pass to the right. Oh let ther be no difference between thee and me, for we are brethren.

There wealth so grows that wantoniz'd withall,
 There envious Shepherds broach a cruel brawl.
 But lest this mischief by the Groomes begun,
 Between their Masters might. Unkindly run
 The Grave-mild Gran-sire of the faithfull there,
 And Ammons Father to cut off the fear,
 Of farther Strife, and to Establish rather
 Their Minds then Bodies in a League together;
 Divided duly with a deep foresight,
 Their Flocks and Herds in number infinite:
 Then pleas'd and parted, both go live apart,
 The Uncle kept the Mountain for his part:
 For's Nephew Chose the Fat and Flowry Plain,
 And even to Sodom stretcht his Tent and Train;
 And dwelling there became a Citizen,
 Among those monstrous nature Forceing men.

My God! These are generous, and heroic thoughts; to hear them, I conceive myself to be in those golden Ages when men carry'd their hearts on their Lips, Crowns of Olive-branches on their heads, bornes of plenty in their hands, their eyes in each part of their Body, and the Chains of a holy friendship as bracelets and collers of Gold; Finally where the goods of the Earth were troden under foot as common to all men. And this caused that plenty of all things was carry'd every where upon a Triumphant Chariot, casting Gold and Silver to all that would but take the pains to gather it. God himself Governed the Reigns of this fortunate Chariot, and as if he had a purpose to make every man a Monarch of the Universe, he said the very same to them

A pleasant
 description
 of the Gol-
 den Age.

*as to Abraham, when the love of Concord and Peace
had sever'd him from Lot.*

CHAP. XIII.

*Giveing an account of the Victories of Abraham,
and the assurances which God gave
him of many favours, and of a Posterity as
numerous as the Sands on the Sea, and the
Planets and Stars of the Firmaments*

Gen. 14.

*Abraham rescues Lot with Men and Spoils,
From diverse Kings whom he in Battle foils.
Melchisedeck brings Abra'm Bread and Wine,
And Abraham payes him Tents of Corn and Wine.*

BUT now who would have believed, that *Abra-*
hams humour, and courage, had been of a valour-
ous temper, when he was only seen to take *Lot* by the
Hand, and say unto him, that all his goods belong-
ed unto him, and that to avoid War he gave the
World for a Field of Peace, and for an assured testi-
mony, that he prefer'd a quiet Life before all pre-
tensions whatsoever.

Nevertheless when news was brought him, that
the King of *Sennay*, the King of the *Elamites*, the
King of *Pontus*, and he that was commonly called
the King of Nations, were become Masters of the
Field, and of the *Sodomites* Countrey, (who were
his confederates,) and that even after the taking of
Sodom, poor *Lot*, who fell into their Hands, was
lead by their command into a sad captivity; at the
very same instant this peaceable Traveller, instead
of

of a Staff, took Arms into his Hands, and having selected three hundred and eighteen of his bravest Servants, he went foraging the Country, and so courageously pursued his Enemies, that afterward being come to the confines of *Judea* near the Fountains of *Jordan*, and finding them still wholly puffed up with the success of their Victories, and loaden with their booty, he set upon them with so great courage, and dexterity, as at last he put them to a shamefull rout, and gave them so general a defeat, that he brought back both *Lot*, and all his Goods, with the remainder of the spoils of all the *Affyrians*, who were all either dead or put to flight.

After this defeat *Melchisedeck*, who was King of *Salem*, and also high Priest of the most high, offered Bread, and Wine, as a thanksgiving for the Victories he had gained: Afterwards he gave his benediction to *Abraham*, who also presented him with the tenths of his spoils and of his whole booty.

The King of the *Sodomites* too sayled not to render his duties unto this Conqueror.

After this God made *Abraham* come out of his *Pavillion*, and then not satisfied with having promised him a Posterity numerous as the Sands of the Sea, he shewed him the Heavens, with promise that the number of his Children should equal the Planets and Stars of the Firmament. Adding to him afterwards, that suddainly he should have a Son by his dear *Sara*, who should be the Heir of his possessions, and the Ornament of his Family.

Notwithstanding all these Assurances and promises *Sara* who felt her self Barren permitted her Husband what the Law and Custome of that time allowed; and much more, for this chaste Wife humbly intreated, that *Agar* though a Servant, might share with her in his Bed and affections: But *Agar* was no sooner become a Mother, but she would be at the same time also a Mistress.

So *Agar* having been disgracefully driven out of *Abraham's* and *Sara's* House, when her wandering heart had leasure to entertain more humble and mild thoughts; God who hath fatherly tenderneſſes for thoſe who place their whole ſtrength and Conſolation in Meekneſs and Humility, immediately ſent an Angel to her, who promiſed her a favourable return; and beſides, gave her aſſurances that ſhortly ſhe ſhould have a Son, who ſhould be called *Iſhmael*: In effect, ſhe conceived, and was delivered, as the Angel had ſaid, *Abraham* being no leſs than fourſcore and ſix years old or near upon.

But what! was it not ſufficient to have even run for the ſpace of Ninety and Nine years, and been in a Continual journey during the whole courſe of his life? Was it not time to make a halt, when he ſaw himſelf near the ſhore, and that his life was arrived almoſt in the Haven?

It imports not (*ſaith God unto him*) *it is I that ſpeak, and thou muſt obey*: On then *Abraham*, paſs farther, I will be a Spectator of thy Voyages, and of the Progreſſes thou ſhalt make in the way of perfection.

Preſently after, as if this fortunate and glorious Name had been the Seal of the Contraſt, and of the Alliance which God made with *Abraham*, he would render it more ſenſible, and add to theſe Cyphers of Love an Impreſſion of Grief, and a Character of Blood.

*Commandement
for Circumciſion*

Then was Circumciſion commanded not only for *Abraham*, but for all his Children, and Servants, and in general for all thoſe that ſhould be numbred amongſt his Generations; provided nevertheless they were Males; for Women were exempted from the Law: Concerning the time prefixed for the accompliſhment of this precept, it was not to paſs the term of Eight dayes; and the propoſed end was.

was no other than mens accord and peace with God.

C H A P. XV.

Giveing an Account of the Charity of Abraham towards Pilgrims, and the Tenderneſſ of God towards him.

GOD gives himſelf entirely to *Abraham*, and *Abraham* hath nothing which he gives not for his ſake.

He made this evidently appear, when being in the Valley of *Mambre* at the opening of his Tents, about high Noon, he ſaw three Pilgrims tann'd with the Ardors of the Sun, and tyred at leaſt in appearance with the pains and toyl of their journey: for immediately this magnificent, cordiall, and devout Man, who bore God and men in his heart, prevented theſe travellers, and his Soul which allwayes diſcovered truth amidſt ſhadows, ador'd the Majeſty of one God hidden under the habit of theſe three Pilgrims. Afterwards he offered them his Table and Houſe and not ſatisfied with theſe proſers, he treated them in words and deeds, and then to render his duties more perfect he mixed them with ſo much ſweetneſs, ſo much cordiality, and ſo much reverence, that afterwards he would needs waſh their feet, honouring them not only as gueſts, but alſo as Maſters of his Houſe.

This Heavenly practice is in a word, as Solomon ſaid, to caſt ones Bread upon the torrent of Waves to receive it in eternity.

In effect, theſe three gueſts whom *Abraham* received into his tents with ſo much affection, zeal, and

and reverence, made a Paradise under one Pavillion; these were also Angels of Heaven; having only the shape and countenance of Men; from whence I gather, that under Ragged Garments, and a skin torn with Ulcers, and eaten up with Cankers, God and his Angels often conceal themselves; but to proceed when the crimes and execrations of *Sodom* and *Gomorra* pressing upon Gods Justice, and when the blackest vapors of these horrid sinks ascended even as high as Heaven, this most absolute Judge, who makes his definitive decrees without dependence or counsell demeaned himself as if he durst not doe it without the advice of *Abraham*.

Ab what! saith he, can I conceal my designs and thoughts from my dear Abraham, who is to be the Pillar, of the World, and the Father of so many Nations? No certainly, but I must discharge part of my displeasure into his bosome, that he may share with me in my designs as well as in my contentments.

Hearken then *Abraham*, dost thou well understand, saith God, what passeth? For my part I hear a confused Noise. which daily sounds louder and louder; it is surely the Voice of my Justice which requires vengeance against the Inhabitants of *Sodom* and *Gomorra*, which have rendred their Cities an Abyss of horrors and abominations. Dost thou not hear these impure Mouths, these poysonous Tongues, these bewitched Hearts, these fleshy Souls, these Soul-less Bodies, and these ungodly Men without Faith, without Law, and without Honour?

Abraham, But what my God! hast thou not Eyes which pierce from the highest Heaven, even into the center of Hell? And is not the least of thy glances able to dissipate all the shadows of the Night. Why dost thou then say! how wilt descend into Sodom, and see in person what passeth before thine Eyes. But now when Abraham himself at last beheld the Lighted Torches which were to be the Instruments of this sad Incen-
dium,

dium, the Sanctity and freeness of his Heart permitted him to say.] -

Ab! What great God! Could it possibly happen that thy indignation should be Blind, and that thy Thunderbolts should equally fall upon the Just and Sinners? God of Goodness canst thou behold the innocent in the midst of punishments, without some touch of Compassion? Alas Lord! Wilt thou not pardon this Criminall City, if in case but fifty-innocent Persons be found in it; is not this a Motive powerfull enough to invite thee unto Commiseration? Ab! Let it be never then said, that thy just providence, which extends it self over all the Empires of the World, hath stifled Vice and Vertue under the same Ashes.

Is not this an innocent freedom, and capable of moving even the Bowels of Gods mercy? Indeed God promised him to deliver all those that were invelaped in that crime, in case there were found not fifty, but ten only worthy of pardon.

But it seems the iniquity of Men is so much the more enormous, as the goodness of God is immense and admirable. And who would believe that Vertue and Piety are in such sort banished from the Earth as some good Men may not be found in it? It is then for this cause God advanced towards Sodom, to chastise their Vices, and to extinguish the lust of their Women with a Deluge of Fire.

CHAP. XVI.

*Giveing an Account of the firing of Sodom
and Gomorrha, and the deliverance of
Lot.*

Gen. 19.

*In wrath approaching God shews mercy here,
Sole righteous Lot must leave his Country dear:
Warn'd by two Angels which the Almighty sent,
Thereby escapes Sodom's sad punishment.*

AND here behold the Portraict of Gods Justice, her Scepter hath not been seen hitherto in the Land of *Sodom* and *Gomorrha*, but upon the Wings of a Stork, that is to say, by Clemency and Meekness. But too long have the horrors of *Sodom* irritated and provoked God: The night already approacheth, and there remains no day but to behold two Angels in the habit of Pilgrims, who seek out *Lot* even at the Gates of *Sodom*; observe how welcome they are, and certainly, they have met with an Heart who perfectly understands the rights of Hospitality; observe what haste he makes to them, how he casts himself at their Feet, how he conjures them to spend at least one night in his House: In fine, after some refusals and Compliments, he inforceth them by his charitable importunities to shelter themselves in his Lodging; they enter into it, and nothing but Feasts and congratulations are seen in this House. But they were no sooner risen from the Table, and preparing to take some repose, when immediatly *Sodomites* came from all parts like enraged Wolves howling and trembling as if they had already felt the Agony of Death, and the

the Flames which were ready to devour them.

Mean while *Lot* is very much afflicted; for these *Cyclops* of Hell are come out of a Furnace of obscurities with Hammers and Iron Bars in their Hands to break his Gate in a thousand pieces, to destroy Fathers and Children, Masters and Servants.

Mean while the night slips away, and from the break of day, as if the Sun should have served to inkindle the Pyle of *Sodom*, two Angels delegated for the preservation of *Lot*, taking him by the Hand with his Wife and two Daughters; constrained them to depart together out of the City, advertizing them that to preserve their lives, and to enjoy the benefit they had received, they must seek out a refuge upon some high Mountain, without turning their Heads or Eyes towards the unhappy *Sodom*, least some Whirlwind of Flames should chance to surprise and devour them.

Behold then *Lot* much astonished: Nevertheless he conjures these amiable Spirits to afford him a retreat in a little Town not far from thence; the Angels granted all he desired, and the Village assign'd him for a Sanctuary was also freed from the Flames for his sake.

But as there is nothing weaker and more wavering than a Womans mind, *Lot* had not power enough to hinder her Head, which was filled only with Wind, from moving at the sight of the first Lightnings which preceeded this Storm; so in testimony of her inconstancy she was transformed into a Pillar of Salt, as if God intended by this exemplary punishment to leave unto overlight Souls a Tragick monument of inconstancy, and a dreadfull effect of Temerity.

Mean while the Heavens are no longer but a lively source of Flames and Fires: The Sun, Moon and Stars are so many Channells through which God powres down upon *Sodom* and *Gomorrha* all the Thunderbolts of his wrath. The Clouds are the
Tor-

Torrents of Thunder which makes a hideous noise which tears the Skyes and carries away all without pitty; nothing is seen in the Air but Flaming obscurities and ardent shadows heaped upon one another, which form a Hearf-cloath to cover the shamefull Reliques of these loathsome Coals.

The Earth on the other side is an invivified gulph of burning Coals, which vomit forth so many Fire-brands and Torches, as at length one would believe that the Air, the Skyes, the Clouds, and the Earth were no other than a Hell. Nothing is heard there but Clamors, Sobs, Rages, Blasphemies and roarings out.

What a spectacle is it to see Men and Women with Bodies all on fire running through the Streets, their Hair flaming, their Eyes sparkling, their Mouths burning, and their Hearts filled with Sulphur? What a Monstrous Spectacle is it to behold an Infant in his Mothers bosom, and in his Nurses Arms like a lump of Sulphur which is consumed with the flash of a Torch? Who hath ever heard that the World was watred with a rain of Sulphur, with a Deluge of Fire, and with an Inundation of burning Coals and Flames? What Thunder, what spoyl, what desolation of Wood-piles, of Houses, and Furnaces? Beds, Tables, Cubbords, Gold, Iron, Marbles, and Diamonds turned into Fire-brands? Alas! where are the Heavens? Where is the Air? Where is the Sea and Earth, when the whole World is on Fire? Ah poor *Lot*! What is become of thy Wife, and where are thy Kindred, and what may thy Daughters think beholding the smoak of that Fire which devours the Bodies of their unfortunate Husbands.

Me thinks I see him with his Daughters in the foulds of a Mountain, where he endeavours to shelter himself from these frightfull inundations, which burn and desolate all his Country. But with what grief

grief will *Abrahams* chaste Heart be touch'd when he knows that the Daughters of *Lot* are consumed with another Fire, and they inkindle such black Flames, as even hinder them from knowing their own Father, or at least from treating him with that respect which Nature and piety required?

Gen. 19.

*God Sodom and Gomorra burneth quite,
Lot and his Wife do save themselves by flight.
Yet Lot doth burn with a Flame far more wild,
For he gets his own Daughters both with Child.*

None but *Abraham* remains constant in his sincerity; he is still in the same place where God spake to him with so much tenderness and privacy.

*Faithfull Friend of God, Father of all Nations,
support of men, Vice-King of the Earth, Abraham;
canst thou behold this dreadfull fire without Sighs and
Tears? Weep then Abraham, weep to quench these
Flames; but rather inkindle some pile to swallow up
these Monsters which infect the World by the con-
tagious shafts of their incestuous brutalities.*

CHAP. XVII.

*Giveing an account of the Birth of Isaack,
and of the Banishment of Agar & Ishmael.*

Gen. 21.

*Poor Agar's banish'd from Old Sara's Face,
With Ishmael, the wildest of his Race;
Through unknown Paths they Range, till by a Spring
Sitting, Gods Angel to them Joy doth bring.*

IN fine, Heaven hath heard the vows and prayers of *Arakam*: *Isaack* is born, and *Sara* is so much ravish-

ravished at the sight of this happy prodigy that she can hardly believe what she sees.

What a wonder is it to see this Child of Tears and Desires become an object of a ravishing Joy. *Sara* art thou afraid that the life of thy Son will bring thee death, and that the excess of a joy so little expected, will even melt thy heart? For my part I already apprehend lest the pastime of *Isaack* and *Ishmael* prove the occasion of a quarrel, and that at last either the Mother or Child must be chased away: In effect, *Sara* could not endure the sight of *Agar* and *Ishmael*, she intreats *Abraham* to put both of them out of his House. But *Abraham* who hath the tenderness of a Father for *Ishmael*, cannot condescend to her desires. It seems to this good Man that the severing of *Isaack* and *Ishmael* would even cut his heart in two. There is a necessity Nevertheless of obeying the request of *Sara*; for God commands *Abraham* in this occasion to execute all his injunctions, with promise that notwithstanding all contrary appearances *Isaack* and *Ishmael* shall be the first Seeds of a most ample and happy posterity.

What pitty was it to see this poor Handmaid enter with her Son into a solitary and uninhabited Desert, and leave a plentiful House, where she had ever lived as a Mistress?

What pitty was it to see *Agar* and *Ishmael* in the deserts of *Bertheba* with hunger and thirst, and in a general want of all the conveniencies of Nature, will not men believe them to be as it were dead in the World, and alive in a Tomb? What hope is there amongst Stones and Rocks? What society in the midst of Woods, where nothing is heard but cries, and roarings of Monsters? What succour amidst Wild places, and out of the Road of men? What light under the shades of Pits and Caverns, where the Sun dares not approach? What means of Livelihood, where all Animals are dead? Where nothing but frightfull Dens are seen, but aride sandes, and some old Trunk
of

of a Tree, without Branches, Leaves, or Fruit?

What then will *Agar* doe, she hath no more Water nor Bread? And mean while her life, her Love, and hear dear *Ishmael* can no longer endure the torments of hunger and thirst; he is already constrained to stay at the foot of a Tree, and there to cast forth loud cryes; Distressed Mother, what will you do? What a happiness would it be for you to die first that you might not die twice? *Sara* what have you done? *Abraham* where are you? Ah God! What grief is it unto a Mother to see between her Arms the Tomb of her Son?

Ishmael hath now lost his speech, he is without hope, and *Agar* abandons him as no longer able to live, seeing her heart half dead before her Eyes.

Farewell *Ishmael*, farewell poor Orphan, farewell all the affections and hopes of *Agar*.

And when any Man shall chance to pass by this solitary place.
we open this Trunk, that here *Agar* and her Son found their exile, their Death, and at length their Monument.

Gen. 21.

Why Weep'st thou *Hagar*, 'tis not lack of Love
To thee, or thine; *Jehova* from above,
Hath so Commanded, *Agar* be content!
That's Destiny, which thou deemest Punishment.

Agar what do you say? Is this the hope you repose in God? And are these the promises he made unto *Abraham*? Ah! do you not know that Heaven hath Eyes alwayes open to Innocency, and the least of *Ishmael's* sighs is able to draw God into this Desert?

In effect, when *Agar* was removed a flight shot, from *Ishmael*, as she sent forth her Cryes after the Moanings of her Son, an *Angel* called her by her Name, and said unto her,

Goe *Agar*, and return to thy Son, take him by the hand

hand, and reanimate this little dying Body. O God! who will not admire thy sage Providence, and the miraculous conduct of thy Designs.

A Dialogue between Abraham and Sara, &c.

The Argument.

Sarah's rebuk'd for Laughter and repents; Admiring with her Lord the great Events Of Heavenly Blessings, and resolves to be No more in Love with Incredulitie.

Abraham. Now now tis with my *Sarah* as our glorious Guest presaged, how then my Love, my Life, my Sole delight; how cou'd it be that you durst doubt the great decree of Heaven, and with a smile, as at a tale Incredible, reflect upon omniscience.

Sara. My Lord, I own I could not believe what now I find true as the Eternal Oracle that speak it, and therefore blush with much confusion, that I gave no more belief to so much Veritie.

Abra. Even so you ought, and with unfeigned Tears bewaile the unadvised Laughter, you deny'd and prostrate on the Ground, implore his pardon for so great a crime.

Sar. That I have done long since, and learn'd to know I am but Dust, not worthy to dispute his will who made me and the World of Nought, and with his Word is able to reduce all things to their Original.

Abra. 'Tis well resolved, nor ever must we dare displease that Majesty under whose feet bright blazing Thunders burn. The God whose presence melts the Mountains, and whose Looks dries up the deep, who holds the winds in the hollow of his hand, and makes Creation tremble at his Word.

Sar. If not for fear, through Love we ought with low Submission to revere that tremendous Majesty who has done such wonders for us.

Abra.

Abra. Wonders indeed, and past our numbring, for who can count the Endless Blessings he with plentiful hands has showr'd upon our heads, since first we left *Urr* of the *Chaldees*; nay with what favours does he Load us still.

Sar. 'Tis true my Lord, his bounty has compleatly stored us with what ever we could wish to gain in high Esteem amongst the Nations of the East; so dreaded and renowned has his signal blessings rendered you that at your sight the Suple Knees of Pagans bend, and scepter'd Monarchs court your Smile, making your Friendship the highest hopes of their Ambition.

Abra. Nay more, he by his power inclines the roughest Nations to such Mildness for our sakes, that even *Abimelech* the truest of Men, having snatch'd you from my Arms, return'd your unstained beauties without War, repenting the rash deed and begging my devotion.

Sar. Happy, even wonderful happy are all they that put their trust in him, who takes such care of those that love his Name; therefore O that Men wou'd praise the Lord.

Abra. 'Tis just they should return him with unfeigned Lips, tribute of Praise, and ever more be thankfull for the many mercys they receive, nor will we or our Children be wanting in this Duty.

Sar. Indeed we ought not, for a thankfull heart is all the mighty King requires for all he gives to Mortall Man.

Abra. 'Tis that indeed beyond all ceremonies that can please him most, but see the Glorious Sun declines, and Night with her Sable Mantle waits at the portals of the Eastern Skie to cloath the World in Darknes; Therefore let us to our Tent, and there ere Slumber close our Eyes; pay our vows to him that is our Sovereign protector.

Sar. My Lord, I am all obedience, for so it still becomes a Wife to be to him whom Heaven appoints her head.

The

The Application.

*Thus reader may you see a happy pair,
Whom Heav'n's high favours in abundance share;
Laying all doubts aside that so they may,
Their great Creators will in all obey,
Which should induce us so to imitate
Their ways, that we may reach their blessed state.*

A Dialogue between Lots two Daughters.

The Argument.

*Lots Daughters burn with lust and lay a Plott,
To take incestuous Wine inspired Lot,
The Plott takes right, and from each pregnant Womb,
A Brother and a Son at once does come.*

First Daughter. How is the famous Sodom sunk
with cataracts of Fire? How dreadfully the flaming
Storm on fearfull Wings decended, and how
narrowly we escaped the sad Destruction?

Second Daughter. 'Tis true we escaped by Miracle,
the Firey Clouds began to drop Ciconian Sulphur
e're we reacht the Gate, nor could we escape to Zoar
e're Sodom and Gomorrha lay in Ashes.

1. Daughter. It grieves me much for those of
our relations that we left behind, but for our Mother
more whose curiosity to see her Habitation
blazing turn'd her to a Monument to stand the gaze
of all that pass the plains.

2. Daughter. Our Father now is all the comfort
we have left, and now are we again become exiles,
and must still wander in strange Lands without any
fix'd abiding place.

1. Daughter. 'Tis true, yet me thinks had we
entered into Nuptial bands, and in our pregnant
Wombs

Wombs contained the dear pledges of Conjugal Love, it would have been the greatest comfort we can think.

2. Daughter. *You can not more desire that happiness than I, O methinks I long to see a little smiling Boy upon my Knee! The very thoughts of such a blessing transports me,*

1. Daughter. There is but one way seeing we are in a strange Land and Husbandless.

2d Daughter. *And what is that? O let me hear it! My Heart leaps at the sound of such a Sentence.*

1. Daughter. You know our Father to drive strange cares from his aged Heart, addict himself to Wine, and we out of pretence of kindness may urge him to take excess, and in the night when horrid shades o're casts the World, one of us may steal into his Arms, and with warm beauty charm him into youthfull Vigor.

2. Daughter. *But he's our Father and can that be Lawful. Know you not 'twas sin that sunk the flaming Cities and disobedience that reast us of our Mother.*

1. Daughter. But that this is sin I am not well assured, however there is a necessity of raising up posterity, or else our names will be forgotten.

2. Daughter. *If I thought Heavens anger would not burn against us, I could joyfully comply with what you say.*

1. Daughter. Trust it for once, and see our Father with weary steps returning from the Field, no better night then what insues to put our design in practise, the first night is mine the second shall be yours, nor will he when his Heart is merry and his senses stupefied remember that my Mother is lost, but as we slide into his Arms think he embraces her.

2. Daughter. *Well you shall rule me, and as you direct I'll steer my course in this lov'd longed for and so important business.*

1. Daugh

1. *Daughter.* Then let us hast to meet him,
and bid him well-come-home.

2. *Daughter.* Go and I'll follow with as much
delight as when I traced the Streets of Sodom, and
grew proud to hear my beauty praised by every bream
above the Daughters of the Land.

Conclusion.

Lot in a Drunken Mood is twice defil'd,
A Father gets his Daughters both with Child.
Their charming words and burning kisses move
A fire in Age, and charge it with strange love.
So in our dayes too often it is seen.
Preposterous Loves have most bewitching been.

C H A P. XVIII.

*The manner of Abrahams Sacrificing his Son
Isaack, together with the remarkable Try-
all, both of his Constancy and Fidelity,
with a supposed Dialogue between God and
Abraham, and Abraham and Isaack.*

Gen. 22.

God Abraham commands to slay his Son,
(To try his heart) for an Oblivion:
He's ready to strike, but Gods Angel spake:
Hold thy hand Abrah'm, spare thou Young Isaack.

THE Faith of Abraham is excellently well de-
scribed of by an eminent Minister of Christ
now with God, saith he.

Abraham feared God, but was not afraid of God:
his Faith was all tried, but not at all tired but he re-
joyced

joyced as a strong man to run his Race; which is the more to be admired, if we consider what seeming reasonable Objections and fair Excuses Abraham might have made, when God tempted Abraham, and said,

God. Abraham my Servant, my Friend: where art thou? Come forth, attend to execute my Commands.

Abraham. Behold, here I am, speak Lord, for thy Servant beareth; I am wholly at thy Command and Service, do with me and mine what seemeth thee good; if thou bid me go, and if thou bid me come I will come; whatsoever thou bidst me do I will do it.

God. Go then, saith God, take now thy Son, thine only Son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee to the Land of Moriah, and offer him there as a Burnt-Offering upon one of the Mountains which I tell thee of.

Abraham. To this he did not, but might have pleaded: Why Lord, thou art Blessed in thy self, and needest not any thing; thou desirest not Sacrifice, else would I give it thee; and thou delightest not in Burnt-Offerings: 'Tis true Lord, thy Sacrifices are a broken and a contrite Spirit, and that I will willingly offer; do not despise but accept thereof.

God. But saith God, Offer thy Son.

Abraham. Lord if thou wilt have an Offering, all my Herds and Flocks are at thy Service: Behold (as long after this Araunah said to David) here are Oxen for Burnt Sacrifices, and Threshing Instruments, and other Instruments for Wood: all these things will I give unto the King, and the Lord my God accept it.

God. No saith God. I will take no Bullock out of thine House, nor Hee-Goats out of thy Flock; for every Beast of the Forrest is mine, and the Cattle of a thousand Hills; and I know all the Fowls of the Mountains and the Wild Beasts of the Fields are mine: If I were an hungry I would not tell thee for the World is mine, and the fulness thereof: Will I
eat

eat the Flesh of Bulls, or drink the Blood of Goats? No Abraham, no, but offer thy Son.

Abraham. Lord, it's true, thou art above these things, and he that offers thee Praise, honours thee; and therefore thou callest upon us to offer unto God Thanksgiving, and to pay our Vows to the most high; and Lord I am willing to pay my Vows in the great Congregation; accept of my thanks; and I will thank thee the more; receive these Vows as part of the Debt, and I will vow and pay thee more.

God. No, saith God, nothing but thy Son, offer Abraham, offer thy Son.

Abraham. Lord if thou wilt have the Flesh of Man to be Sacrificed, and his Blood to be poured out, then take one of my Servants: Do not call my sins to remembrance and slay my Son; Good Lord spare my Son.

God. No, saith God, offer up thy Son.

Abraham. Lord if thou wilt have a Son, take Ishmael; spare mine Isaac, Lord spare mine Isaac.

God. No, saith God, take thy Son, even Isaac.

Abraham. Lord he is my only Son; he hath not a Brother, nor are there any more in Sarah's Womb: Lord I beg only this, spare mine only Son.

God. No, saith God, take thine only Son,

Abraham. Why Lord, I have had him but a little while; if thou wilt take him, yet good Lord let mine Isaac and I rejoyce together yet a while.

God. No, saith God, take him now.

Abraham. But ah Lord I love him, and so to take Isaac, is to take my Life; which is bound up in the Life of the Lad; and if thou take him away, thou wilt bring down my Gray Hairs with sorrow to the Grave.

God. Well, said God, I know thou lovest him, but must not you love me better: Offer up this Son, this only Son Isaac whom thou lovest.

Abraham. But Lord, though thou art righteous, when I plead with thee, yet let me talk with thee of thy Judgments: what will the wicked say, when they shall hear that

that thou delightest in Blood, and that thy Servants must offer their Children to the Lord; who will serve thee at this rate?

God. Well, but, saith God, is not all the Earth mine own, and may not I do with mine own what I please; I that give may take: and therefore mind not you what the World will say, but what I say; and I say offer thy Son.

Abraham. *But Lord hast thou not commanded me to do no Murther, and must I now embrue my Hands in Blood and in mine own Blood too: Oh happy me, might my Blood go for his: Oh! Isaack, Isaack, my Son Isaack; my Son, my Son, would to God I might die for thee: Oh! Isaack, my Son, my Son. Lord how can this stand with the Law that thou hast given me?*

God. Abraham, saith God, such things are not first just, and then willed by me; but willed by me, and therefore just. Abraham, Do not you know that I can repeal or make exceptions? 'Tis I that say it, therefore do it: Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge? Gird up now thy Loins like a Man; smite him, kill him? Have not I commanded thee? be courageous, and a Son of valour: Go offer thy Son.

Abraham. *But good Lord, thou hast made this exception when thou didst shew Man what was good and pleasing in thine Eyes; thou wouldst not that he should give his first-born for his Transgression, nor the fruit of his Body for the sin of his Soul; but to do justly, and to love Mercy, and to walk humbly with his God: To obey (thou sayst it) is better than Sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of Lambs.*

God. Well then, saith God, hearken and obey: this is to do Justice, this is (oh wonder) to shew Mercy, this is to walk humbly with thy God.

Abraham. *Seeing I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord, I will yet say; Lord he is the Son of the Promise, in whom thou hast said, that all the Nations of*

the Earth shall be blessed: Now Lord if he die, and die a Child without Children; where is then the blessedness thou speakest of: what will become of the Blessing?

God. Well Abraham, saith God, perform what I command, and I will perform what I promise: what! will Abraham, who was once not weak in Faith, and considered not his own Body, nor Sara's, when twice dead, who staggered not through unbelief at my Promise, but was strong in Faith, and gave me Glory; who was fully persuaded that what I promised I was able to perform, and was not disappointed of his Hope, though against Hope: Will this Abraham now call me in question? Hast thou known my Name, and wilt thou not trust in me? Am not I the Lord which change not? Have I said it is, and shall it not come to pass? Is there anything too hard for God? Am not I able even of Stones to raise up Children unto Abraham? Cannot I say to dry Bones Live, thou hast received him from the Dead in a Figure; and were Isaac in the Grave, could not I, who am the Resurrection from the Dead, say, Isaac come forth, arise and walk, that thy Father may receive thee with double joy; saying, Isaac my Son, who was dead, yea, who was twice dead, is now alive? Therefore Abraham offer thy Son.

Abraham. My dear Lord, seeing I who am but Dust and Ashes, have taken upon me to speak unto thee, Ob let not my Lord be angry if I speak once more: If I may not prevail (oh that I might prevail) to save Isaac alive; yet let me intreat thee that I may not be the Priest; let not mine hand be upon him: Can I see the death of the Child? Good Lord let some other do it: Surely I cannot lift up my Hand, or if I do, shall I not wither, or be turned into a stone? Will not these Eyes run down with Rivers of Tears? Oh Lord! I can speak no more; my heart will break, my hand will shake. send by whom thou wilt send, but let not me, Ob let not me go.

God.

God. Yes *Abraham*, thou, take him thou, and go thou, and offer him thou, none but thou.

Abraham. *Ab Lord!* Yet once more, but this once more and I have done. I am old and full of dayes, past Travail; spare me a little, let me not go so far as the Land of *Moria*; let it (if it must be done) be done at home.

God. No *Abraham*, Take now thy Son, thine only Son *Isaack*, whom thou lovest, get thee into the Land of *Moria*, and offer him there, no where but there.

He is then all alone upon the way with his Son and his two Servants, and he advanceth directly to Mount *Moria* as to the appointed place.

My dear Reader, I leave unto thy imagination what passed for the space of three dayes this journey lasted; represent unto thy self, I beseech thee, that thou art with him, whom thou dost love above all men, thou seest him, thou speakest to him, thou drinkest to him, and sleepest with him, how will it be if at thy departure thou must see him die? And if thou thy self must present him the Poyson which is to frisle him? Husbands and Wives, Fathers and Mothers, Brothers, Kindred, Associates, Friends, what Torments? What despairs? What punishments? When you stand at the Beds Feet, where you shall behold your dearest affections, and your most pleasing delights in the Agony of Death, what combats, and what Duels. *Duel of* of Love, and Grief? What strength and *Grief and* resolutions to receive the last words and *Love.*

Sighs of a dying Mouth, to which a thousand and a thousand chaste kisses have been given, and whose least breath was able to wipe away all sorts of sorrows? What Prodigy of constancy to close with your Hands two Eyes which served as Suns in the saddest obscurities of Life, which is but too much intermingled with mourning and pleasure?

sure? In fine, how can we see with out dying, an other self at the point of death?

Martyrdom Nevertheless, this was but the
for three image of a dying life, which *Abraham*
dayes. led for the space of three dayes; one would swear that God had undertaken to make him dye ten thousand times upon this sad way; every glance of *Isaack* was a mortal Javelin, which pierced his Heart, and yet he must have him three times four and twenty hours before his Eyes; there was a necessity of eating, drinking, and speaking with him: were not these entertainments, and Feast of Death? He was constrained during the night to lay on his Breast, and in his Bosom, that Head he was to cut off with his own Hands: was not this a murdering sleep and a cruel repose? In fine, he must render all the duties of a Father to so amiable a Son, before he was to be his Executioner, and he must needs hear almost every moment the voice of *Isaack* calling him Father, who went to murder him.

My God! What Preludes of death? What preparation to a Martyrdom, what Dialogue of Passions? What affections, what dissimulations, what sorrows, what pleasures, what hopes, and what despairs? A Father, a Son, a Priest, a Victim, Wood, Fire, a Sword. Isaacks Eyes and Heart are fixed on his Father, and Abraham lost not the sight of Isaack but to behold his God. At every step this poor old Man sends a sigh to Heaven to evaporate grief, which being shut up redoubles the more.

Surely my Heart even bleeds upon the bare thought of this pittifull object. Alas! How could Abraham look on the criminal Sword which was to give the stroak? Where did he carry this Instrument of Gods Justice? Me thinks I hear Isaack at every step saying, My Father: and Abraham answering Son, take courage, let us go my dear Child, we draw near to Moria. O

Surely my Heart even bleeds upon the bare thought of this pittifull object. Alas! How could Abraham look on the criminal Sword which was to give the stroak? Where did he carry this Instrument of Gods Justice? Me thinks I hear Isaack at every step saying, My Father: and Abraham answering Son, take courage, let us go my dear Child, we draw near to Moria. O

O God ! what vision and what approaches ? Mountain of *Moria* hast thou no compassion, will not thy Tops, thy Rocks, and thy Stones mollifie rigours, at the sight of so tragick an act, and which seems so unnaturall ? Mountain of *Moria* become thou a plain rather than put this poor old Man, and this young Child to the trouble of ascending thy Top, where they are going to erect an Altar ; and hew a Tomb.

But what ! Nature cannot be sensible when her God deprives her of feeling, and *Moria* must not have greater tenderneſſes than the Heart of *Abraham*.

Let *Abraham* then perform resolutely the Office of God the Father, and let not *Isaack* be ashamed with his own Blood, to mark out the way unto *Jesus*, (of whom he was an Image and Figure) Let *Abraham* take his Sword to strike off *Isaacks* Head, and let *Isaack* take the Wood on his Shoulders which was provided to consume him.

A Dialogue between Abraham and Isaack.

The Argument.

*Abraham long struggling with himself at last,
His bound dear Isaac on the Altar plac'd,
Acquaints him with Gods pleasure, nor denies
The Lad to be a willing Sacrifice ;
But the dread stroke is by an Angel staid,
When in his stead, a Ram's an Offering made.*

Abraham. In *Isaack* must my Seed be called, and yet here must be die ; strange thoughts perplex me, yet I must obey the will of him that gave me Being, and with relentless hand destroy the Son of my desire ; but God will have it so, and 'tis not for frail man to dispute his great Commands.

Isaack

Isaack. What means my Father by thus talking to himself! O how his Countenance dos often change! What cause can cause this mighty struggling in the Breast of *Abraham*, Father, dear Father speak, say whats the reason of this suddain Alteration: Where is the Sacrifice? You told me God would provide himself, is it through disappointment that you grieve? Nay Sir, why turn you from me, as displeased with him, you often call'd your joy, with him you use to dandle on your Lap, and seem well pleased, delighting in his Innocent discourse, smiling at the pritty pastime, and informing him that Kings and Princes should arise in his posterity.

Abra. O me! What shall I do, Heav'ns high command on one hand urges? and on the other Nature pleads, telling me *Isaack* is my Son, my unoffending Child, my Ages Solz delight, in whom alone I promised my self such store of true felicitie.

Isaack. Nay Father, Father, speak to me, and tell me what 'tis grieves you thus: What makes these Winter Clouds sit on your Brow? Why that Map of Sorrow in your Face?

Abra. O my Child, it is a dreadfull cause, thou the Sole comfort of my Age, must here be made a Sacrifice, my dear, dear, much loved *Isaack*, must become the sort of Crackling Flames, and have his Ashes scattered in the Wind.

Isaack. How must I die? O me! what have I done: Tell me, tell me, dear Father, have I conspired your Death, betrayed you to your Enemies, or with vile Slander spotted your Immortal Fame. Will you not speak? Why do's my Father thus severely turn away his Eyes, and with a fatall Knife threaten the Life of his poor helpless Son. O tell me, tell me but my Crime, that I may die contented!

Abra. Alas! there is no Crime in thee my Son: 'Tis Gods command that urges what I here intend, the Great
immense

immense Creator of the World, desires thee as a sweet smelling Savour to his Nostrils, that he free thee from the miseries to come, and take thee to himself.

Isaack. And is it Gods decree that I must bleed ? Then welcome Death. O Father fear not then to take my Life contentedly, I'll Bleed to be with him that gave me being.

Abra. O wretched Father, that I am, I now must do a deed at which the World will blush, and all those tremble who see no farther than Frail Natures Eyes permit ; but as for me, the Eye of Faith gives me a prospect of much Glory in't, and that Gods promise, that in Isaack shall my Seed be called, will never fail ; for though my Son expire now by my Hand, yet God can raise him soon to Life again, and Recollect his scatter'd dust, though driven into every Wind.

Isaack. Why does great Abraham pause thus ? Strike, Strike, my Father ; see my willing Throat's prepared to meet the stroak : Heavens Anger will kindle at this cold delay, and Burn like a Consuming Fire.

Abra. O Man me Faith ! whilst thus with averted Eyes, I strike the fatall stroak, that penetrates my heart ; mean while that wretched Isaack Bleeds, and wounds my Soul more deep than this destructive Steel can pierce. Yet God the mighty God of Abraham, must, must, be satisfied in Isaacks death ; and thus I prove my Faith. Ah ! why falters my trembling hand ? What whirlwind's this that thus disturbs the Air ? What Cloud, involving dazzling brightness is it that descends ? What power invisible restrains me from performing that which Heavens all glorious King Commands.

Angel. Abraham, Abraham.

Abra. How's this ? A voice in Thunder too : O dreadfull ! what amazement seizes me, and yet I'll Answer it ? Lord, here am I, thy Trembling Servant speaks.

Angel. Abraham, Abraham, lay not thy Hand upon

the Lad, neither do thou any thing unto him; for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy only Son from him.

Abra. *O Wonderfull! O Goodness all Divine! God, mighty, infinite, Omnipotent, and ever with sincerest hearts to be Adored. How, How, shall I express my self in praising as I ought; a Majesty Tremendous, that still beams his Loving Kindness on unworthy me. See, see my Son, thy Life is safe, Heaven will not let thee die.*

Isaack. Heaven's will be done; If the Almighty, the All-glorious King command my Breath without a murmur, I'll resign what his Bounty lent me to Improve for him.

Abra. *'Tis well resolved my Son, but see a Sacrifice prepared; who in thy stead shall Bleed? A Sacrifice our God has for himself provided; so in the dayes to come, the Blessed Messia bleeding for lost Man, shall purge his Sins and once more render fraile Mortality the favorit of Heaven.*

The Conclusion.

*The Ram is by Glad Abraham slain, and made
A Sacrifice, that pleases well his God;
Which done, with Isaack he returns to tell,
Unthanking Sarah all that had befell;
And has his Faith imputed Righteousness,
Call'd Friend of God, the chief in Faithfullness.*

Now Abraham is already at the foot of the Mountain, he commands his Servants away, he takes his only Isaack, he loads him with the Instruments of his punishment. Let us go my dear Child, let us go my Son, let us go my Isaack, my Joy, my Hope and my Love.

Father whither do we go, answered Isaack? Alas what is your desire? I indeed see the Fire and the
Sword

Sword which you carry, as also the Wood on my Shoulders, but where is the Victim, which must be offered as an Holocaust? My Son trouble not your self; for God will provide one.

So Abraham still persists in his fidelity to God, he makes ready the Altar, he sets the Wood in order, he kindles the Fire, he draws his Sword out of the Scabbard, he takes Isaac into his Arms, he placeth him near the pile, he ties his Hands, and puts the cover over his forehead; in fine, this innocent Lamb being on both his Knees, his Body half naked, and his Head bowed a little forward sighing sweetly without making the least complaint, or demanding any more why, expected the stroke of Death, when his Father (as it is very probable) began to acquaint him with the secret of his happy lot.

Isaac my most dear Son, thou didst ask me at the foot of the Mountain, where was the Victim of our Sacrifice, I answered thee, that God would provide one; his Paternal Goodness hath done it, and his will is that thou must be the Victim, and I the Priest: it is very true, that thou art the object of my sweetest hopes, and that I should look on thee as the support of my House; but it is in God we must place our only hope; it is he that serves for a Basis and Pillar to all fortunes, and it is his sage Providence, which holds in its hands good and evil, favours and disgraces, Life and Death. Dye then cheerfully my dear Child, and rest assured that I would willingly put my self in thy place, if God had so ordained. I adore his will, and I am too happy to serve as an instrument unto his commands? As for thee my poor Son, I had very constant proofs of thy sweet disposition, and if I had not often tryed how obedient and pliable thou art unto Gods will and mine, I should endeavour more efficaciously to perswade thee; but it would be fruitless, and it is from Gods goodness and thy constancy I hope for the Grace of being enabled to offer and immolate thee with my own Hands.

What can *Isaack* say to this? It is enough for him to assent and be silent; I yet frame in my imagination, that he besought his Father to give him his Sword, that he might kiss it as the rod of the wise Providence of Heaven. I believe also he bowed down his Head a little more forward to testify that his thoughts accorded with his Heart, and that his most real affections were ready to be immolated unto God and his Father.

In the mean while *Abraham* takes his Sword again into his Hand, and having bathed it with his tears, he lifts up his arm to discharge his blow upon the Neck of his Son.

But what will be the issue, will not all the Angels of Heaven who look upon this Sacrifice put some Victim, in Isaacks place? Divine Spirits, I call on you for Abraham and Isaack.

In conclusion, as *Abraham* had already lifted up his Arm, and was ready to dart the Thunder-bolt God had put into his Hand, the Voice of an Angel cries out, *Abraham, Abraham, I command thee from God not to touch the Child, and to pass no farther.*

Ah Lord, never was Love like thine;

And thy Love O God to me

Surpasseth that of Abraham to thee.

The word is out, poor Abraham must be gone,

Must take his Isaack, take his only Son:

The Son of his affections; him from whom,

From whose I left Loins so many Kings must come:

Even him must Abraham slay; Abraham must rise,

And offer Isaac a Burnt-Sacrifice.

God scorns the offers of our faint desires;

He gives the best, and he the best requires.

Abraham forbears to question, thinks not good,

To reason or converse with Flesh and Blood.

Begs not young Isaack's Life, nor goes about

T'object

To object the Law of Murder, makes no doubt.
 He rises, rises early, leads his Son,
 Hastes where this Holy slaughter must be done:
 When God bids go, that very Breath's a Warrant;
 We must not linger, for haste crowns the Errant:
 His Servants must no further, they must stay;
 Private Devotions claim a private way.
 They must abide with th' Asses, whilst th' aged Sire
 In one Hand takes the Knife, in th' other Fire.
 The sacred Wood of offering must be pil'd
 On the young shoulders of the innocent Child.
 Oh here mine Eyes must spend a Tear to see
 Thee bear the Wood, great God, that since bore thee:
 Mistrustless Isaac, seeing the Wood, the Fire,
 The sacrificing Knife, begins to inquire:
 But where's the Sacred Lamb that must be slain?
 Resolved Abraham, lest the Flesh should gain
 Too much on Nature; says, Not thou my Son
 Art he: But th' Almighty will provide us one.
 Where God commands, 'tis not enough to effect,
 But we must baulk the occasion of neglect.
 The Faithful Abraham now erects an Altar,
 Orders the Wood; what Tongue can chuse but falter
 To tell the rest? He lays his Hand upon
 His innocent Isaac, binds his only Son:
 He lays him down, raiseth his Priestly Knife;
 Up rears his Arm to take his Isaac's Life.
 True Faith is active, covets to proceed,
 From thought to action, and from will to deed.
 Before the strengthened stroke had time to fall,
 A sudden voice from Heaven cries bold, recall
 Thy threatening Arm, and sheath thy Holy Knife,
 Thy Faith hath answered for thy Isaac's Life.
 Touch not the Child, thy Faith is thoroughly shown,
 That has not spared thine own, thine only Son.
 How easie is our God, and Labour, who
 Counts it as done, what we have will to do.

CHAP. XIX

Giveing an Account of the Death of Sara.

THe most smiling prosperities often swim amidst Tears; the clearest and most serene dayes are followed sometimes by the most obscurest & dusky Nights: Bodies for Companions have their own shadows, Roses are mixed with Thorns, and even the Life of Man never ends but in Death. To see *Abraham*, *Sara*, and *Isaack*, after their deliverance, and the tryals God had of their fidelity, would not one have believed them almost immortall and exempted from all the miseries of Life? And yet scarce were they returned to their own home, but *Abraham* and *Isaack* met with a new occasion of grief for the Death of *Sara*. But so it is, the strictest unions must break, the sincerest friendships must have an end, and even Marriages themselves of which God was the sacred knot, must at length make a Tragick Divorce upon a Bed which is the most common Theater of the blind furies of Death.

We ought to confess nevertheless that it is a spectacle able to excite the constancy of a good Courage, when we shall behold this unmercifull Murtheress which snatcheth away Daughters out of their Mothers Bosoms, and Sons in the sight of their Fathers, and Wives between the Arms of their Husbands.

In such a case, if Nature had not some tenderness, she would be unnaturall, and we must have Hearts of Marble not to be touched with some sense of grief and pittie: *Abraham* had then just cause to testifie by his tears, the regret he had for his dear *Sara's* Death; and surely since he lost so rare a blessing, well might he disconsolately bewayl it.

This

This mourning was not yet blameable, and he was very carefull not to doe like those, who bury all their affections in the preparation of a Funerall pomp, and who have but a shadowed meen, or else not being able sufficiently to disguise their looks, strive to hide under the Veils and shadows of a Bed or dark Chamber, the shame of their insensibility.

Abraham shed more tears from his Heart, than by his Eyes, and in rendring all duties to Nature and his Wife, he most amply satisfied God, and his own piety: while he was a Pilgrim and stranger in the Land of *Canaan*, *Sara* being Dead in the City of *Hebron*, he went directly into the place where his Wifes Body reposed.

There he offered up his Prayers unto God, and kifs'd a thousand times those amiable reliques, watering them from time to time with his tears.

He presently intreated *Ephron* to sell him a double Cave which was close by the vale of *Mambre* to inter *Sara* in that place.

Ephron is willing to grant what he asketh; but being at last as it were inforced to take a sum of Money for the purchase of his Land, *Abraham* became Master of the Field and Groat in which he laid the Body of his dear moiety.

It is in this monument where the most generous Woman of her time reposes; and under this Rock of Diamond will be found a Diamantine Heart in the Body of Sara, who was a perfect pattern of Constancy and Fidelity.

CHAP. XX.

Giving an account of the Mariage of Isaack with Rebecca, and the Death of Abraham.

Gen. 24.

*The fair and chaste Rebecca comes to draw,
At a Well-Water, where a Man she saw,
Who gifts to her in Isaacks Name presents,
Which she accepts, and to Wed him consents.*

THis poor Man *Abraham* was in the Hands of God and Providence, as a feather in the Air, which serves for sport unto the Winds, and as a Planet in the Heavens, which never rests, or as a Wheel in the Water, which is alwayes turning and in a continual motion: God led him out of *Chaldea*, *Mesopotamia*, *Canaan* and *Egypt*; from thence he causeth him to return unto the *Cananites*, where he stays for some time in the City of *Sichem*, sometime in that of *Hebron*, afterwards in *Gerara*, and then in *Bersheba*, and again in *Hebron*, as if he could not live but in Travelling, during whose Voyages Heaven is pleased to afford him a thousand Combats, and as many occasions of Victory.

In fine, after the deliverance of his Son, and the death of his Wife, he feeling himself wholly broken with old age, and upon the point of following the happy lot of *Sara*, resolved to seek a Wife for *Isaack*, and for that end he calls one of the most Faithfull Servants of his House called *Eliezer*, and having commanded him to lay his Hand under his Thigh, he conjured him by the name of God to seek a match for his Son in the Land of *Haram*.

Which

Which being done, this wise Embassador chosen amongst the Domesticks of *Abraham*, began his journey to execute the designs and Commission of his Master, and departing from *Bersheba* he went directly to *Mesopotamia* carrying with him ten large Camels loaden with the rarest and most magnificent presents which were in *Abrahams* House.

Behold him then in the City of *Nachor* meditating with himself upon all the readiest and most facile means to expedite what had been given him in charge. What will he do?

First he departs out of the City and repairing where Women in their turns were wont to draw Water, he there rest his Camels, expecting untill Heaven should offer the opportunity he desired.

During this expectation he offered up his prayers unto God, saying, Lord God of *Abraham*, cast I beseech thee some propitious and favourable looks upon the designs of my Master.

*This Faithfull Servant will not feed untill,
He do his trust reposing Masters will.*

*There's many now that will not Eat before
They speed their Masters Work, they'l drink the
more.*

Great God take pitty of *Abraham* thy Faithfull Servant, it is by his appointment I am in these territories, I expect here but the hour when the Maid shall come to draw Water out of this Fountain; if then, My God, thou dost give me this advice, I resolve no' entreat the first which shall approach it, to afford me some Water to drink, if she grant me this favour, by this sign I shall presently believe, that it is doubtless she, whom thy holy Providence hath appointed for *Isaacs* Spouse.

Scarce had Eliezer ended his Coloquie, when a Maid called Rebecca appeared, fair and chaste as the Day,
who

who carried under her Arm an Earthen Pitcher to take up Water, *Eliezer* presented himself, humbly beseeching her to afford him some drink, to which *Rebecca* presently assented performing all that Curiesie and Charitie required.

The holy Scripture observes, that *Eliezer* very seriously contemplated all the actions of *Rebecca*, as being a Myrrour, in which he was to discern the marks of Gods conduct concerning *Abraham* and *Isaack*.

In fine, this prudent Man chose a fit time to present unto *Rebecca* some *Ear-rings* and *Bracelets*. Afterwards he informed himself of the conveniencies which were in the House of his Maids Parents who spake unto him. Being then well instructed concerning the alliances of *Rebecca*, and what was in her House, seeing also that all corresponded with his desires, he threw himself on the ground to render thanks unto his God, and to adore his ineffable goodness towards *Abraham*.

Mean while *Rebecca* hastens to her Parents to bring them the first news of what had passed, whereof her Brother whose name was *Laban*, having taken notice, he went presently unto the Well from whence *Rebecca* came.

Finding *Eliezer*, he most affectionately intreated him to visit his Fathers House, and having conducted him thither, he immediately gave Hay and Straw to his Camels, afterwards he washed his Feet, as also the Feet of those who came with him. Then *Eliezer* took occasion to publish the Commission which had been given him, and the artifices he had used to bring them to a Head, and to understand whether it were the will of God that *Rebecca* should be *Isaacks* Wife.

Eliezer could not doubt it, and *Rebecca* but too much testified by her silence that her desires consented thereunto. *Bathuel* and *Laban* were also of this

this opinion, and therefore they were to dispose themselves to the commands of God.

The promise then of Marriage being given on both sides; *Eliezer made presents to Rebecca* and her Brethren; after this there was nothing but Feasts and adieus to the Kindred of this new promise; briefly some Dayes must be spent in rendring those duties which Honour and Nature required.

At last *Rebecca* took leave of her Mother and Brethren, she with *Eliezer* and his Servants got up upon Camels, and they advanced with the best diligence they could to arrive at *Abrahams* House.

Isaack, who was allwayes in expectation, first received the news of Rebecca's arrival. I leave to your thoughts what Joy, what Kisses, and what Embraces. However it were, Rebecca is brought into the same apartment which Sara had while she lived, and immediately the Marriage of Isaack with Rebecca was accomplished according to the Ordinances of Heaven, and the desires of Abraham, who after this Marriage took a Wife called Ketura, by whom he had six Children, who served to carry their Fathers Name and Blood through numerous Generations.

But here by the way we may suppose *Isaack* to Salute *Rebecca* upon her first Arrival, after the following manner, viz.

A Dialogue between Isaack and Rebecca upon their first meeting.

Isaack. Welcome, welcome to my happy Arms, so made by this Embrace, my joy, my life, my love, my better part, how Gracious is the God of *Abraham*, in sending *Isaack* such a treasure.

Rebecca. Alas my Lord! you make me blush to see you transported at this rate, for one not worthy of Great *Abrahams* Son; some Queen with Kingdoms to her dowr had been more suitable than I.

Isa.

Isa. Not all the Queens the Eastern Countries yield, cou'd have been half so welcome to my Arms as my dear joy, my much loved and much admired *Rebecca*. O thou Phoenix of the World, let not so mean a thought enter thy Breast, as to conceive thine *Isaack* can esteem the Glittering honours black Ambition brings, or all the Glories that attend on pompous Majesty, comparable to the warm joys of Love, that fire his Heart when his *Rebecca* smiles.

Reb. *Alas ! Alas !* I blush to death, if you proceed at this rate, all I can afford you, indeed is Love, and that shall ne're be wanting ; my Arms shall still be open to receive you, and my Breast share your Cares, to do your will next his that made us, shall be the height of my Endeavours, never daring to dispute what you my Lord Command.

Isa. This Humility makes thee more lovely in my Eye than beauteous Morn, or Earth when decked with her Imbroidered Livery, Innameld with ten thousand different Frangancys.

Reb. O you value me at too high a rate, and I must make it the future business of my self to deserve such an Esteem.

Isa. Esteem ; Why words can ne're expresse the boundless love my Soul conceives, thy Name was pleasant and transporting to my Ravished Ear, e're I beheld thy pleasant Face, adorned with so much dazzling brightness that I scarce conceive my self on Earth : So soft, so kind, so charming, and so beauteous a Treasure, Sceptered Monarchs would be proud to gain, and count themselves in the possessions happyer than to command the Knees of supple Nations, when their wastfull Sword had brought the World into subjection.

Reb. O you overvalue me at such a rate, that you'll make me more indebted to your tender Love, than all the Service of my life can pay.

Isa. My Tongue cannot expresse thy worth, nor tell

tell the Limmits of my Love ; No more then, but
lets to our Bridal Chamber, that my Actions may
supply my Tongues defect, and there transported on
thy dear Bosome in soft Murmurs, breath my passi-
on forth till thy blest'd Womb grows pregnant with
the Issue of our Loves, and thou become the soft
kind Mother of a hundred Princes.

Reb. *My Lord I'm all obedience, what your will's
my Law, as now intirely yours to be disposed of at your
pleasure.*

Isa. Then thus we go a Heaven united pair,
To Reap the joys that past expressions are ;
From our chaste Loves, let all a pattern take,
Which must the Sons of Men thrice happy make ;
And be a means to lift their Souls above
The World, where all is Joy and sacred Love.

But to proceed amongst all the Children of *Abra-
ham*, *Isaack* is the Master of the House, and Heir to
all the possessions of *Abraham*.

I leave men to think as they please in what Ocean
of delights *Abrahams* Heart did Swim, seeing all the
Graces wherewith God had filled him, I am asto-
nished why he dyed not a thousand times for Joy at
the sight of *Isaack* and his dear Wife, who had no
affections but for God, for him, and for the gener-
all good of his family.

Abrahams But *Abraham* must render unto Nature
Death. the ordinary tribute due unto her. This
happy old Man, this Faiber of all the
faithfull, this King of Nations, this incompareable Pa-
riark, having lived like a Pilgrim upon Earth was obli-
ged at last to arrive at the Haven, and to die in the
Arms of *Isaack* and *Ishmael*, who buried him in the
same place where his Wife was interred.

When Natures health in *Abraham* was spent,
Death doth distraine his Life for *Adams* rent.

His

*His Sons do leave their Fathers Corps in Grave,
Under an Oak where stands a double Cave.*

CHAP. XXI.

*Giveing an account of the Birth of Jacob and
Esau.*

AT the earnest request of *Isaack* Heaven was obliged to grant that at last, which a long time before God had promised him; and in conclusion therefore, behold *Rebecca* great with Child and ready to lye down. But as the pleasures of the World are not durable, so she quickly feels the approaches of her labour; They are no other than pains and throws, and her Womb seemed to be a thick Cloud of Thunders, and a Field of Battle, in which two little Children begin an intestine War against each other, which cannot end but by the Destruction of the Mother, or the death of her Children.

However it were, she consulted God; and God answered her, that she bore two Nations in her Womb, and that two People should issue forth of her Bowels, one of which should Triumph over the other, and the Elder be slave unto the Younger. And *Jacob* though the Younger, supplanted *Esau* who was his Elder Brother.

For this reason *Jacob* received his name; for his Elder Brother was stiled *Esau* because his whole Body was covered with rough Hair; so *Jacob* was called *Jacob*, because at the issuing forth of his Mothers Womb he held *Esau* by the soal of his Foot to testify that he would supplant him?

Is not this an early beginning to War with each other?

other, since in their Mothers Womb they began the intestine Duel?

But what ever happens, *Jacob* shall be vanquisher; for Heaven is on his side, and the supplanting of *Esau* shall rather proceed from the Hand of God than that of *Jacob*.

But alas! What strife? What Victory? What Triumphs? When the Crowns we gain are but Roses strind with Blood, and Lawrels which wither in a moment, and transform themselves into eternal Thorns.

It is not for this prize *Jacob* fought in his Mothers Womb, but he assaults and supplants *Esau* for the purchase of Immortal Crowns.

CHAP. XXII.

Giveing an account of the Education of Esau and Jacob, and the shamefull sale he made of his Birth-right.

Gen. 25.

*The twin-born Brothers are of different minds,
Jacob loves Cattel, Esau pleasure finds
In hunting, whence returning home he doth
Sell his Birth-right to Jacob for Red-broath.*

WE need not be over much versed in Physiognomy, to foretell what *Esau* would prove; for in his Birth he gave so many evident signs, as we cannot be ignorant of his future inclinations. His Body Hairy like a Bear, could not be animated but by the Soul of a Beast.

Jacob on the contrary had only the qualities of a Dove, and his Heart had less Gall than a Lamb. He
went

went scarce ever out of the House, and shewed so much simplicity, sweetness, and moderation, as but to see him a Man was constrained to love him.

Notwithstanding *Isaack* had more violent inclinations towards his Eldest Son: And this Love was only grounded upon *Esau's* constant custome in bringing him every Day some piece of Venison.

However it were, the Liberty *Isaack* gave to *Esau* of running all the day long through Woods and Forests, was the occasion which brought him to his first misfortune: For this poor *Chaser* coming one day weary and Hungry from hunting, and meeting with *Jacob* who had caused some Pulse to be sod, he intreated him to give him a share of it; to which *Jacob* willingly agreeded, upon Condition he would yield up to him his right of Primogeniture.

Alas! I dye for very hunger answered *Esau*, what will this Right avail thee after my death? if it be so replied *Jacob*, take an Oath that thou wilt give it me; Well, in truth then I swear it (saith *Esau*) and I acknowledge thee in quality of my Eldest Brother: whereupon this poor wretch took immediately Bread and Pulse from his Brothers Hand, little valuing the loss he had made of the first advantage wherewith God and Nature had favoured him.

CHAP. XXIII.

Giveing an Account of the Dexterity of Rebecca to procure for Jacob the blessing of Isaac.

Gen. 27.

*Isaack Dim-sighted, Jacob takes to be
Esau, deceiv'd through his minds jealousy;
Jacob the Blessing gets, Esau returns
And marks the Cheat for which he Grieves and
Mourns.*

Isaack waxing old amidst many misfortunes, insensibly felt the approaches of Death, and as if his eyes abhor'd to serve as witnesses to the disasters of his old-age, they covered themselves with the Darkness of a lamentable Blindness.

Amongst these Accidents his Eyes being shut against all the Clarities of Life, his Soul went penetrating the shade and Night of the Tomb. He calls *Esau*, and sayes to him with a pittifull Tone, Alas my Son! I am upon the Brink of my Grave, and yet I know not when I shall discend into it.

This good man feeling his life to extinguish as a Lamp whose Oyl begins to fail, called *Esau*, and commanded him to take his Quiver, his Bow and Arrows, and to go a hunting that he might bring him something to eat, with this promise, that at his return he would give him his benediction before his Death. *Esau* immediately performing what his Father commanded him, *Rebecca* who heard *Isaacks* whole discourse, made use of her time very seasonably to do what the Spirit of God directed her.

Ah! how ingenious is vertue! and how dexterous
is

is Love when it follows the will of God ! who would believe that a Woman durst undertake what *Rebecca* did ? Her Artifices then were innocent , and her intentions very just and holy, when she disguised *Jacob* to deceive *Isaack*, and frustrate *Esau* of the blessing he expected.

Goe then my Son (saith she) and make choicē amongst our Flocks of the two fattest Kids you shall find, I will so dress them, that I will make them serve for your Fathers repast, to the end having fed on them, he may bless you before his death.

But what replied *Jacob* ? Mother you know that my Body is not Hairy like my Brothers ; I am fearfull then lest my Father touch me, and believe I intend to mock him, lay on me his malediction.

But *Jacob* would never have been so adventurous as to undertake an action which might irritate the goodness of *Isaack*, if *Rebecca* had not relieved him in his fear, and if she had not made appear to him that her Wiles were very just, and her design most innocent. Ah ! saith she, my Son, leave unto me this fear ; I will preserve thee from this danger thou apprehendest, and if any ill chance to happen, I wish it may fall on me ; do then boldly what I shall say unto thee.

She presently apparelled him in *Esau's* Garments, covered his Neck and Hands with Skins which had some resemblance of his Brothers, and gave him such Bread and Meat as she knew would be pleasing to *Isaack's* tast.

Jacob presents them unto his Father, who hearing his voyce asked if he were *Esau* ; he answered that he was his Eldest Son, and that having exactly performed all his commands, he besought him to eat of the Venison he had prepared for him : But what ? Said *Isaack* to him, how couldst thou take and provide it in so short a time ? *Jacob* answers, it is God who hath so dispos'd it, and made it as it were

were fall into my Hands. If it be so, approach my Son, and give me thy Hands that I may touch them, and feel whether thou art my Son *Esau* or not. *Jacob* obeyed, and after *Isaack* had touched him, he saith unto him, surely this is the voice of *Jacob* I hear; but if I be not deceived these are the Hands and Hair of *Esau* I feel: Notwithstanding this doubt *Isaack* gave his benediction to *Jacob* and made good cheer of all he had presented to him.

Imagine whether *Rebecca* stood not watching to observe all that passed. I represent unto my self that she encourag'd *Jacob* with Gestures and Signs which made up a good part of this action: The time must needs seem long unto her out of the fear she might have lest *Esau* should come in and disturb the course of Divine providence, and the conduct of her prudent designs.

Gen. 27.

*At Esau's coming Jacob is dismay'd,
And to get Favour, Gifts before him lay'd:
Instead of Blows, he Jacob Kisseth oft;
Instead of Wrestling gives Embraces soft.*

Approach my Son saith *Isaack*, and bestow a Kiss on thy poor Father: Presently *Jacob* leaps on his Neck, embraces him, hugs him, and layes his eyes, his lips, and mouth on him; and then *Isaack* thus blessed him, viz.

Be thou blessed then for all Eternity, my most dear Son, let God bestow on thee the Dew of Heaven, the Fat of the Earth, Wheat and Wine in abundance: Let all Nations be subject to thee, and let all the Tribe adore thee. Be thou Lord over thy Brethren, let them bow their Knees before thee: Let those that give thee their benediction be Blessed; and if any one Curse thee let him be also Cursed.

CHAP. XXIII.

Giveing an Account of Gods design in preferring Jacob.

AN D now unhappy *Eſau*! where are the privileges of thy Birth, where is the right of thy Primogeniture, and the Bleſſing thou doeſt expect? Who art thou? In vain is it for thee to ſay thou art *Eſau*, and the Eldeſt Son of *Iſaack*, *Jacob* hath ſupplanted thee, and when thou didſt hunt he found at home what thou ſoughteſt abroad. *Jacob* ſaying that he was *Eſau* and the Eldeſt Son, knew well enough that in effect and according to the right of Nature, he was *Jacob* and the Younger Brother. Nevertheleſs *Iſaack* ſtood in admiration even to a rapture, and at firſt he could hardly imagin, that *Jacob* had deceived him: but at laſt in the extaſie of his aſtoniſhment, God ſhewed him as St. *Auſtin* believed, his manner of conduct in *Jacobs* proceeding. He ſaw the juſt intentions of this unmalitious deceiver: And at length he diſcerned that the Benediction he had given him was valid.

Jacob is then the Elder Brother, and from henceforth his Brethren ſhall be his Servants. It is in vain for *Eſau* to tear his Heart with a thouſand ſighs, it is to no purpoſe for him to lament and roar like a Lion.

His ſorrows and roarings may well excite ſome pitty in his Fathers Soul. But this poor old Man hath no other thing to give him but ſome drops of the Dew, and at beſt but ſome humid and clammy vapours which fatten the Earth.

CHAP. XXIV.

Giveing an Account of Jacobs Ladder.

Gen. 28.

*Jacob Flies, from his Brothers hate, away,
And sees a Vision as he Sleeping lay ;
It is a Ladder on which Angels walk
From Heav'n to Earth, whence God to him doth
Talk.*

Isaack though blind clearly discerned what his wife pretended ; and then feeling some touches of his wife hand which managed the whole business, he commanded *Jacobs* presence, to give him his Blessing, and to express unto him his trouble to see him depart out of his house before his death : But nevertheless since time pressed him for his Marriage, it was most convenient to take the way *Mesopotamia* to obtain one of *Labans* Daughters for his Wife.

Go then my dear Child, said this good old Man, go, and let the God of Abraham be thy Guide, during thy whole Voyage. For my part, I beseech him to augment on thee the benedictions I have most willingly given thee. Above all I beg of him to multiply thy offspring, and to put thee in possession of the Countrey where thou shalt be as a Stranger or Pilgrim.

Farewell then my most dear Son, farewell all my Joy, and all the Love of my House ; which said, he Kisseth him, he Embraces him, he waters him with his Tears. Nevertheless *Rebecca* to whom all Moments were longer than Dayes, endeavoured speedily to draw him thence, that she might put him in the Equipage of a Traveller, and give him her farewell, lest *Esau* should disturb the departure and the design of this Voyage. It was indeed

a tryall of constancy for this poor Mother, when she must leave this Son, but at last she bad him adieu, and brought him on his way after she had spoken to him some few words which issued less from her Mouth, than from her Heart.

I wonder how the Father, Mother, and Son did not die upon this sad Separation.

In fine, the wise Providence of God expects *Jacob* at his resting place, and intends by the favour of the Night visibly to discover the manner of his conduct, and the Model of his Government.

Jacob is gone then from *Barsheba*, and travels all alone under the protection of Heaven, and with this confidence that God would never abandon him.

But what ! Behold Night already sounding the retreat, and shutting up all passages to our Pilgrim, he beheld the Sun stealing from his Eyes, and the Moon giving no light but to discover to him on the Plains of *Bethel* a bed of Earth, and some stones to serve him for a Bolster. Poor *Jacob* ! What Bed ? What Bolster ? What Night ? And what Inn ?

Repose then *Jacob*, and spend all the Night in security, since God hath been pleased to Assign you this Lodging.

O happy Retreat ! O pleasing Night ! O delicious Bed ! O divine Repose ?

Jacob is fain a sleep, but God, who allways watcheth, shewed him a Prodigious Ladder which touched the Earth with one end and the Heavens with the other, Angels by turns descended and ascended the Ladder, and on the top God himself appeared as if he were supported by it.

But behold indeed a strange Spectacle upon a Theator of Sanctity. I am not astonished if after *Jacob* had taken his rest he awaked at this vision bearing God in his Mouth and Heart. He calls Heaven to witness, and protests that *Bethel* is the Temple of God where the most glorious rayes of his Majesty

are seen. Ah saith he, how venerable is this place, and how full of a holy terror, it is the Gate of Heaven! And if *Jacob* could live a hundred-thousand years, he would have no other God, than he that appeared to him.

~ In fine, under the protection of the Divine Providence, *Jacob* pursues his design, and this was the promise made him during his Vision. Yes *Jacob*, saith God, I am the Lord of thy Progenitors, *Abraham* and *Isaack*; and I will bestow the Land where thou reposest, on thy self and all thy Children: I will multiply them as grains of Sand which are upon the Earth: and their Progeny shall extend as far as the four Corners of the Universe. I my self will be thy Guardian during all thy Voyages, and will bring thee back to thine own House.

C H A P. XXV.

Giveing an account of the constancy of Jacob in the Quest of Rachel.

Gen. 29.

*Jacob to Haran comes, a Stone there rowles
From off a Well, to Water Rachels fowldes.
Laban receives him kindly, whom he serves,
And for his pains, his Daughters both deserves.*

JACOB being now wak'd out of this mysterious sleep and Divine rapture, in which God had kept him for the space of a whole Night on the plains of *Bethel*, he took his way towards the East, where a while after near unto a Well, he met with Flocks of Sheep and Sheep-herds, of whom he enquired whether they were not acquainted with *La-*
ban,

ban, and whether they knew not his House. Behold, at the same time a *Rachel* approaching, the second Daughter of *Laban*, who kept her Fathers Sheep, and led them to drink where *Jacob* stay'd.

And here we may suppose *Jacob* thus to bespeak his fair *Rachel*, upon his first approaches to her, *viz.*

A Dialogue between Jacob and Rachel.

Jacob. Fair beauteous Maid, the loveliest of your Sex : How long shall I admire, and not enjoy so great a Treasure.

Rachel. *Alas ! you see 'tis not in my power to yield my self to your Arms, the custome of our Country denies it.*

Jacob. Yet 'twas for you, for you my Love, I labour'd, long outfaceing Winters Stormy Blast, and Summers parching Heat, whilst all your Fathers tender Flocks with care were tended and secured from danger by my vigilance.

Rachel. 'Tis true and for your service my Sister is fallen to your share and you in her made happy.

Jacob. 'Tis so, she is mine, but your deluding Father gave her to my Bed, when I expected to pass the night in transports with my beauteous *Rachel*, for whose sake I now have undertaken seven years service yet to come.

Rachel. *Alas must I stay seven year longer, than O cruel Father, why was I not given at first according as you had contratted.*

Jacob. Grieve not my beauteous fair since 'tis your Fathers will, but give me leave to love you at that rate, the love of you transcending all the pleasures Earth afoards, will render servitude delightfull, and make short the years of my incessant labour.

Rachel. *And is your love than more to me than to my Sister, it cannot surely be.*

Ja.

Jacob. Infinitely more by how much more thy virtues and thy beauties do excell.

Rachel. Yet perhaps when I am yours, your mind will alter, and I shall be neglected.

Jacob. Never, never, thou best of Earthly blessing to you my love shall stand immoved as Mountains, firm as Rocks, and boundless as the Ocean.

Rachel. Could I believe such constancy in Man, I should esteem the Sex at a high rate.

Jacob. Witness all you shining Lamps of Heaven, that nightly dance your mistick round, through the blew Arches of the Firmament; that my passions shall ne're diminish, but you next the Dietie that I adore shall be Admired and Loved.

Rachel. No more, I am confirmed, and what I urged was, but to try the constancy of Heaven, befriend Jacob: Haack's Son shall be the darling of my thoughts, none else shall ever sit upon my heart.

Jacob. Blessed Resolve, O now I'm happy above the World! more Rich than Laban, and in lofty extacy transported beyond Expression. Now my dayes will seem but few, and Labour will be pleasure, since I am assured of *Rachels* Love. But see your Father comes, I must hence to Field, leass the spreading flocks should wander. Take, take this dear, dear Kiss as a firm pledg of my unalterable Love: And for this time farewell my only Joy.

Rachel. All joy and my best wishes wait upon the Man on whom my Happiness depends.

The Conclusion.

*Thus Jacob flying from Stern Esau's Face,
Finds Comfort, prospering in every place:
God guards his Chosen from the storms of Fate,
And Raises those, bad men Conspire to Hate:
He gives him Wives and Children, Flocks and
Herds,*

*And saves him from bold Esau's Threatning Swords:
Through all Calamities he's safely brought,
To'b Heavenly Canaan that he long had sought.*

I know not whether the Day were far advanced: but in some part of its course where the Sun may be seen, I am well assur'd that the Eyes of *Rachel* did cast forth a thousand Love Darts and lights into the Soul of *Jacob*. *Rachel* was an *Aurora* which marcheth before the Sun, and instantly these two Planets did that which the Sun and Moon could not effect since their Creation. *Jacob* kissed *Rachel*, and knowing that she was his Cofin, he began sweetly to cry out, and presently his Eyes shed some tears, which expressed the excess of his contentment. *Rachel* would have done the same if her Eyes had been longer fixed on *Jacob*: but she ran from thence to advertise her Father, that not far from the House she had happily met with one of her Cofen-germans, the Son of *Isaack* and *Rebecca*. Which *Laban* hearing, went to meet and bring him to his Lodging, as also to know the cause of his coming. *Jacob* freely declared to him what had passed; to which *Laban* answered he was very welcome, and that he received him as his dear Nephew, and as a part of himself: But for the rest, although he had a desire to entertain him as his own Brother, yet he must resolve to serve and merit some wayes by his labours.

Jacob had no mercenary Spirit, nor Body trained up to labour; Nevertheless of a Master he must become a Servant, and learn by Serving others, more prudently to Command hereafter; He made a contract then with his Uncle, and obliged himself to serve him for the space of seven years, at the end of which *Laban* promised to Merry him unto *Rachel*, the youngest but the fairest of his Daughters. The Eldest which was called *Lea*, had a Face of Wax which

which melted through her Eyes, and rendred her deformed & Blare-Eyed: but the youngest had so many beauties and attractives, as the least of her glances had power enough to render her Mistress of *Jacobs* affections. It was for her sake and for the Love he bore her, that he became a Servant.

Jacobs Love was not of the nature of those petty Devils which possess lascivious Souls, it was neither deceitfull nor violent, neither indiscreet nor arrogant, neither irregular nor impious, neither variable nor impudent, neither capricious nor sporting, neither phantastick nor stupid, neither remiss nor unworthy of a vertuous Man: but sincere, moderate, prudent, humble, stayed, constant, respectfull, simple, condescending, equall, provident, couragious, and such as could be desired in a good Man.

Jacobs Courtships were most just and holy; he lived like an Angel incarnate amidst the flames and ardors of a most pure and holy affection; he excited himself to patience and labour by the sight and upon the hopes of *Rachel*; and he did like those who running at Rings, fix only their Eyes on the prize proposed to them; he found also no weariness at the end of his course, and saw himself upon the point of enjoying his reward after seven years Service, which scarce seemed unto him to have lasted so many dayes.

But what! as the Hopes we repose in Men very often deceive us, so after the Wedding Night, the day discovered unto *Jacob* the cheats of *Laban*, who instead of *Rachel* gave him *Lea*. Never was any man more astonished than *Jacob*, who expected nothing less than such a Metamorphosis.

He fails not to complain unto *Laban* of this deceit, but for answer they told him, that it was not the custom to marry the younger Daughter before the Elder; that if he would yet for one week accomplish this Marriage with *Lea*, *Rachel* should be given him

him for his second Wife, provided that he would again oblige him to serve for the space of seven years.

Behold a lively Image in the person of Laban, of the deceits and falshoods of the World, which gives Straws for Gold, Briers for Roses, Counterfeits for true Diamonds, Chains for Liveries, Bondage for Rewards, and at last, fables, errors and lyes, which cause us to spend our lives in a detestable blindness.

Ah! *Jacob*, *Jacob*, serve then not only seven dayes, but even seven years more entire, to obtain *Rachel*. *Jacob*, it sufficeth to love her: For in loving, every thing is animated; every thing lives, every thing prospers, and every thing passeth away most sweetly under the Laws of love: and since it is not for a Man, but for a God, nor for a mortal beauty, but for an immortal happiness you captivate your self.

It was no trouble unto *Jacob* to receive this yolk, seeing himself the possessor of his dear *Rachel*; he resumed the Trade he had so happily begun, and he believed that the shackles of his second service, would not be less supportable than the former.

Behold him happy to see himself in a Bondage, whete he was a Servant to *Laban*, and the Master of *Rachel*. All his misfortune was only because he contemned *Lea* which proceeded from the excessive love he bore unto *Rachel*.

But God taking pittie of *Lea* rendred her considerable by her Fruitfulness, and by the Birth of four Sons, the first of which was called *Ruben*, the second *Simeon*, the third *Levi*, and the fourth *Judas*, which were the four principal causes of *Rachels* envying *Lea*.

Rachel will dye, she saith, if no Children be given her. What man I beseech you can bestow a favour which God hath reserved to himself? Was not this then a means to make *Jacob* dye, seeing that his

Wife

Wife asked that which lay not in his power to give her? It was requisite nevertheless that the goodness of God should alleviate the grief of this sad Mother; giving unto her handmaid two Sons, one of which was called *Dan* and the other *Neptbalim*.

God immediately after shewed the same favour to the Handmaid of *Lea* who brought forth *Gad* and *Asher*.

After which *Lea* her self conceived of *Issachar*, then of *Zebulon*, and at last of a Daughter called *Dinah*.

It was by the means of these Generations God began to accomplish the Promise he had made to *Abraham*, *Isaack*, and *Jacob*; And it was out of these first Springs issued a thousand and a thousand streams of this blood of Patriarchs, which was to overflow the fairest Lands of the Universe. At that time *Jacob* saw the time approaching during which he had tyed himself to serve his Father-in-Law *Laban*. *Rachel* nevertheless was troubled at her Barrenness: But at length God heard her prayers, and made her the Mother of a Son, whose birth effaced all the marks of her shame and dishonour. This *Joseph*, this miraculous Infant, was the delight of his Parents, the glory of *Rachel*, the love of *Jacob*, the wish and desire of both, the support of his Family, the King of all his Brethren, the Saviour of his People, and the master-piece of the graces and favours of God.

A Dialogue between Balaam, his As, and the Angel.

Balaam puff't up with Pride, dos take his way
To Moabs King; The As that's wont to bray;
With Humane voice afright him till he see
An Armed Angel urging Heav'n's decree,
Who lets him pass, that Jacob bl'st may be.

Ba-

Balaam. How am I Honour'd? In what high Esteem is *Balaam* held? That *Moabs* Princes thus attend his Morning wake, and Kings become his supplicants? Did they know what little power I have to serve them, surely they would not be Solicitous at such a rate. Alas! Alas! my Curses in this case are fruitless. *Jacobs* God, at whose dread Name I Tremble; frustrates all my purposes, and by his power dispoyles me of those jugling Arts wherewith I blinded the deluded Eyes of Godless Nations: Yet must I go and visit *Balack*, or the King will storm at my delay. Ha! Why stars my As? Why crouds she to the Wall, the Coast is clear: No dreadfull Apparition sure does represent it self to her Amazed Eyes. How's this? The more with Stripes I load her, the more she doth Recoile: My Heart misgives, Terror seizes every part. Ha! now she's fallen, and I'm crush'd: But with redoubled Stripes I'll thus revenge my self.

As. *Wicked and Sin blinded Man, what means this cruelty to me? What have I done to thee, that thou hast Smitten me these three times?*

Balaam. Ha! Amazement seizes me! What is't I hear, or am I but deluded with the Echo of some sound rebounding from the Neighbouring Hills? For what strange power can thus inspire a Brute with humane Voice, to sound Articulate? And yet it seems no less: *What have I done to thee, that thou hast smitten me these three times?* Where not they the words? Yes, yes, they were: But yet stay, I'll try again if any further sound remains: Why have I Stricken thee say'st thou? Was there not a reason for it, *because thou hast Mocked me: and O that there were a Sword in my Hand! For now would I Kill thee.*

As. Am I not thine As, upon which thou hast Ridden ever since I was thine, to this day: And was I ever wont to do so unto thee?

Balaam. Ha! Yet again; O stupendious and Amaz-

ing; what can this speaking prodigie in Nature signifie? or to what end tends it? Sure Angry Heaven forbids my further passage, and commands my swift return, least dire destruction meet with me in the way. *Was I ever wont to do so unto thee*, were not they the last words? Ay, they were: *Why no thou didest not*, but 'tis now too soon: Yet sure ther's something further ment by those misterious sentences. O miserable me! my Eyes are open now, and 'tis too to plain: The Ass was wiser than the Prophet. A bright Heavenly Warriour with a flaming Sword, wide wavering threatens me with present death. Wretch that I am! What shall I doe? But falling prostrate, strait implore his mercy.

Angel. Balaam, *wherefore hast thou smitten thy Ass these three times? Behold I went out to withstand thee, because thy way is preverse before me, and the Ass saw me and turn'd from me these three times. Unless she had turned, surely now also I had Killed thee, and saved her alive.*

Balaam. O mighty Lord spare me! poor wretched me! Who with a strange Confusion must confess, that through ignorance I have provoked thy Anger, and thus Sinned; *for I knew not that thou stoodest in the way against me. Now therefore if it displease thee, I will get me back again.*

Angel. No, 'tis the Almighty God of Jacobs will, you shou'd proceed, but only the words that I shall speak unto thee, that shalt thou speak; *beware thou degrest not, lest swift vengeance overtake thee.*

Balaam. How suddainly the glorious Apparition's vanish'd; now I know that Israel is bless'd; nor can my words prevail against them, nor must I Curse the chosen of the Lord, but bless them; Even so transcendant happy are all those that put their trust in him. But my Companions call, I must away, though my visit will be little pleasing to the King.

The Conclusion.

*The Madbrain'd Prophet goes to Balack, where
He Sacrifices does with speed prepare,
And blesses Jacob, which does much displease
The King who gives him strait his Writ to Ease;
And sends him packing to his place again,
Where soon he's by the Sword of Israel slain.*

*A Dialogue between Joseph and his
Mistress.*

The Argument.

*The shameless Wife of Potiphar, whose Eyes
Were full of Lawless love, no sooner spies
The beauties of old Jacobs captive Son;
But big with lust, she tries if he'll be won,
To Act a thing that must displease his God:
But finding him avers, and that he stood
At distance with the sin, her love at last
Turns into rage, and he's in Prison cast.*

Mistress What a strange Passion do I feel how
alone. my heart beats, and how my blushes
come and go? O me! I am all scaver
so fierce my Blood-boyls in my Veins, this passion
must be alay'd, yet how nothing but the beauteous
Hebrews Love can satisfie my desire: Wherefore
then do I refrain to let him see how much I doat
upon him? He's my Slave and will not sure deny
me such a favour; yet methinks had he intended to
be kind, he might e're this have read the language
of my Eyes, perceived my eager gazings on his lo-
vely face, observed my blushes, and the many gen-
tle grasps I've given him, these not regarded makes
me fear he will not yield me Love for Love, and
then

then O me I am miserable ! But see as I could wish he comes, and now the House is still, now, now I'll tell him all my mind, and stifle this tormenting Flame no longer. Wellcome my Hebrew to your Mistress's presence, how does my lovely Joseph do, come wave this cringing distance and be free.

Joseph *What means the consort of my Lord, by so enters. much kindness to her Slave.*

Mrs. No, no, 'tis I'm the slave, come sit, sit down my Love, 'tis I'm the Captive fettered in the Chaines, the snares of your bewitching Eyes.

Jo. *Ha ! What is't I hear ? A sound that makes my Heart to tremble, and confounds my every part,*

Mrs. O be not so Coy, nor Frighted, but sit near my Love : Why starts the Object of my Sole delight ? Why change his Looks ? And wherefore looks my Love so wildly ? Know's he not who it is that humbly sues for favour.

Jo. *Too well I know, and thus with low prostration on my Knees beg you'd urge this talk no further.*

Mrs. O rise ! and wound me not by a denial ! How, urge no further : Sure could you perceive the passion that thus melt my Soul to tenderness, you'd not be thus averse, but pity her whose Breast the fatal shafts of Love sent from your Eyes, burn with Incessant fury.

Jo. *Alas ! my Master.*

Mrs. Your Master, what of him, he's far from home, his business at the Court detains him from prying into the secrets of our Love.

Jo. *But Gods all-seeing Eyes which pierce through the Alstrusest secrets, and from which the darkest Counsels are not hid behold us.*

Mrs. Pish, let not such vain fears keep back my Love, my much Loved Hebrew from meeting my Eager Joyes, and seeing transports in my Arms.

Jo. *Consider well, you are my Masters Wife, behold my Master knows not what is with me in the House*

House, having committed all unto my Hand ; there is no greater in the House than I, neither hath he kept any thing back from me ; but you because you are his Wife. How then shall I do this great wickedness and Sin against God.

Mrs. O stand not on this niceties, wave, wave such fond Excuses in Compassion to a Kind Indear- ing Mistress, who Burns, who Languishes, and must Expire, unless your kind compliance save her Life. Still, still, you shall be great, nay more then ever.

Jo. I dare not Sin against my God, w^{er}'t in your power to bribe me with the Scepter of the Universe: Therefore let me implore you'd name some other way that's lawfull to oblige you, and I'm all Obedient.

Mrs. O 'tis not in thy power, in ought besides, to indear me to your intrest. Come, come my Joy, my Love, my Life, you shall, you shall I say.

Jo. Horror and Mischief ! I'll not stay, but winged with speed and resolution, leave the Tents of wickedness.

Mrs. O he's gone! he's gone! Stay, stay my Love, my Joy, my Life. O ! Leave me not, I dye, I Languish if you take your presence from me ; hard Hearted Man, and hast thou quite forsaken me ? O Restless, Restless is my mind ! What shall I do ? Was ever Woman Slighted thus ? Well Hebrew well, since I am thus rejected, and counted unworthy of your Love, I'll turn my Passion into Mortal hate, and persecute thee with all the Malice injured Love can form in Womans angry mind ; his Garment he has left, I'll Charge him to have attempted what I so intreated for, and loaded with Chains I'll have him in a Dungeon layed, where Megar Famine soon shall waft his Beauty, and make him repent he was unkind to her who held him once as dear as his own Life.

The Conclusion.

Joseph, at Potipbars returns, accus'd
 Falsly, that he his Mistriss had Abus'd;
 Cast into Irons, yet finds favour there,
 From his Stern Falor, God being every where
 At hand, to keep him from the Rage of Men,
 And soon's Exaulted to highstate again.
 A Father unto Pharoah he is made,
 And saves from Death old Jacob with his Bread:
 When fearfull Famine made the Nations Groan,
 So prosper those that fear the Lord alone.

*A Paraphrase upon the Plagues of
 Egypt. Israels delivery from
 Bondage. And Pharo's
 overthrow in the
 Red-Sea.*

The mighty God of Jacob looking now
 Upon his sacred Covenant; his Vow
 He made unto the Patriarch: Hear's the Groans
 Of his oppressed Children, their sad Moans
 Sounded so loud, that he compassionate
 Pittying their wretched and deplored state.
 Sent Moses and Wise Aaron to the King,
 His Sons from Nilus Land with speed to bring,
 And that his mighty power might more appear;
 He loads the Land with Plagues, with Death and
 Fear,
 Till by a stretched out hand he brought them thence,
 Passing the Seas whilst Waters make a Fence
 On either side, and Heav'nly Beacons Light,
 Them over the dry dusty Sands by Night;
 But barden'd Pharaoh's wrath at what was done;
 Thus

Thus to his Warriours in a Rage began
 Hast, hast my Horses, and my Arms provide;
 Let all my Chariots March on either side.
 The Fugitives that fly us are shut in
 The Sea and Wilderネス they are between;
 They soon shall know their God's to weak to save,
 When our devouring Swords will dig their Grave.
 Thus in Blasphemious boasting he prepar'd,
 And Arm'd with Fury followed on them hard,
 Frighting the fearfull Rout, though Seas gave way
 And Heav'n conspir'd proud Pharoah to dismay,
 For coming to the deep, and finding all
 The smitten Waters turn'd into a Wall;
 And Israel passing in, he venture too,
 Though much Amaz'd for Jacobs getting through;
 The Storm began to rise, the Skies shoot flame,
 And Rushing winds from either quarter came:
 The Horses flounce and cast their Riders down,
 The Wheels fly off, off tumbles Pharoahs Crown.
 Swift Horror and Amazement every where
 Besets them, and in dreadfull Shapes appear
 Tenthousand Furys seem before their Eyes,
 And now is heard nothing but wofull Cryes,
 For why the Roaring Billows hast amain
 To fill the late made Valey, when in vain
 The Swiftest Horse-man strives against its might,
 In vain they Struggle, vainly urge their flight.
 The Conquering Waves their Strength and Wit con-
 found,
 Plebeians with a Monark there are drown'd,
 For whom, while Egypt Groans, glad Isra'l Sings,
 And sends up praises to the King of Kings,
 Their great Deliverer, and Glorifie
 Him in his wonderous Power and Majesty.

A Dialogue between Samson and Delilah.

The Argument.

*Samson the strong, the bold Philistines dread,
By a lewd Woman is at last betrayd.*

Delilah. O my Lord you once profess you loved me dear as your Eyes! And that you would lay your Trophies at the feet of her you call'd so oft your joy and your delight, but now 'tis plain all was but flattery, meer dissimulating which makes it appear you love me not.

Samson. *Why weeps my only happiness? sure she cannot doubt my love, since 'tis in her power to ask and have what ever her kind Soul can form.*

Delilah. Still, still dissembling; O you men have all the Arts to make us fancy what is not, for if you loved me as you say, you would not see my tears thus unprevented, when 'tis in your power to dry the Eyes of her you have been-pleased to call your love, your joy, your life, with a thousand such in-dearing soft expressions, but your former kindness is forgot and now 'tis plain that you despise me.

Samson. *Despise thee! No I love thee, even to madness, would do any thing to hurt thy cares, use all my force to be revenged on those that injure thee, if any dare be so presumptuous; Nay, lay my life down at your feet: But if I'm ignorant and know not whence this Storm of grief that Clouds thy beauteous face arises, how can I remove it.*

Delilah. You may soon guess whence, since 'tis caused by your unkindness, in not daring trust me with the secrets of your Heart, if you loved me as you say, you would not hide ought from me, as if afraid my Breast could not conceal it from the giddy Vulgar.

Sam-

Samson. *What is't my love wou'd know? speak and it shall be told, were it the inmost secret my large Breast contains.*

Delilah. You know this my meaning, I have often asked the question, and as often been deluded with pretended truths that proved feigned stories in the end; I would know from whence that mighty courage springs that makes you dreadful to mankind, and has so often proved fatal to the *Philistines*.

Samson. *And wherefore would my love know this secret, whom God commands me to conceal, is't as you oft attempted to betray me to my Enemies.*

Delilah. O my dear Lord! how can such suspicion sink into your mind, that she who doats upon her glorious her redoubted warrior, should act so base a part.

Samson. *Was it not once or twice attempted, nor can you be ignorant by whom.*

Delilah. Psha, 'twas but in a way of merriment could you imagine I would have exposed you to the danger you conceived, 'twas all fancy through desire to see your courage tryed that your renown might rise, and shine the brighter by my conduct.

Samson. *May I believe this and that nothing else is intended, if I might methinks I would not hide the secret on which my life and well dos depend, from one who sits so high in my esteem.*

Delilah. By this tender kiss and the indearment of all past and future joys, I'll never reveal it if you deal but faithfull with her you are pleased to call your love, your *Delilah*, and your delight.

Samson. *Methinks I'm loath to tell the mighty secret, and yet love charms it from me, though I tremble at the thought of trusting it in any Breast, but where it has so long been treasured.*

Delilah. Still, still, is it you doubt, your dear, dear *Delilah*, now, now, I see you hate me. Oh!

Samson.

Samson. Nay, dry those tears, and take the secret though the sad relation prove my ruin. My hair, my hair, in that my strength is confined, that shorn, no more thy Samson can encounter Armies; But in strength is equal to the meanest Philistine.

Delilah. And is this true my Lord. Nay, don't deceive her any more that loves you dear as life, or any thing that has a name.

Samson. By all that's good, by the Tremendous Majesty that I adore, no falshood is in my words.

Delilah. Now I believe thee, and am joyed to think that you have so much confidence in Woman, but come my love, let us retire that with warm kisses, and my soft embraces, I may make you recompence for such a favour.

Samson. With willingness I fly into thy Arms, and in the midst rapture meet thy eager joys.

The Conclusion.

*He goes and lull'd a sleep's deprived of that,
The Nations bad so often trembled at :
Rob'd of his strength producing bair, his foes
In fetters, his now weak grown limbs in close,
Make him their sport till strength returns again,
When midst a thousand dead himself is slain.*

A Dialogue between Jephtha and his Daughter.

Daughter. Long live my Father, and now blessed be Heaven that has made him Triumph over Jacobs Enemies, and trod upon the Necks of those that spoiled Israel.

Father. Oh! wretched, wretched that I am, what have I done? And yet my vows are past recall.

Daughter. What means the mighty the Victorious Jephtha to be thus dismayed what trouble can afflict

afflict the Conqueror, can Pagan Blood shed in so just a cause make him relent.

Father. O no my Daughter, my dear comfort, and my Ages Sollace: But I have pass'd my vows in lew of victory to offer to the mighty God, who has delivered Israel: what er'e I met first appertaining unto me and thou, unhappy thou more dearer to me than Life with ill timed Musick, art come first to meet thy wretched Father.

Daughter. Great Sir be not dismay'd, but boldly keep your vows: What Glories greater then to live and dye a Virgin; all I ask is time to bewaile my Virginitie, and then dispose of me as you have vowed and longer trifle not with Heaven.

Father. Thy Courage, O my dear dear Child Inspires my drooping Soul, though Tears burst from my Aged Eyes, which dry could view whole Nations Tragedies: take your freedom while you may, and then let Heaven claim it's due; nor shall thy memory be less lasting then the World; not only famous shalt thou be in sacred Story, but yearly the Daughters of Israel shall bewaile thee on the Mountains.

Daughter. O speak no more, least I offend the Great Creator of the Universe, with growing proud to be oppress'd with such a load of honour: Farewell my Father and my Lord, till two Months expire, and then I'll with obedience return to be at your dispose.

Father. Ten thousand blessings waite upon my Darling Love till she return.

The Conclusion.

The dayes expir'd, the beauntious Maid returns,
And's offered up while grieved Israel mourns;
Though not a Bloody Sacrifice as some.
Vainly believe, but spends her dayes to come,
As a Recluse till Heaven is made her home.

Pfal. 6. 2.

Have mercy Lord, upon me, for I am weak : O Lord, Heal me, for my Bones are vexed.

Soul.

Jesus.

Soul. Ah! Son of *David*, help; *Jesus.* *What sinful Crie*

Implores the Son of David? Soul. It is I.

Jesus. *Who art thou?* *Soul.* Oh! a deeply wounded Breast,

That's heavie loaden and would fain have rest.

Jesus. *I have no Scraps, and Dogs must not be fed Like Household Children, with the Childrens Bread.*

Soul. True Lord, yet tolerate a hungry whelp To lick your Crumbs : O Son of *David*, help.

Jesus. *Poor Soul, what ail'st thou?* *Soul.* O I burn, I fry,

I cannot rest, I know not where to fly To find some ease ; I turn'd my blubber'd Face From Man to Man ; I roll from place to place T'avoid my tortures, to obtain relief,

But still I am dog'd and haunted with my grief, My Mid-night torments call the sluggish Light And when the Mornings come, they woo the Night.

Jesus. *Sir cease thy Tears, and speak thy free desires.*

Soul. Quench, quench my flames, and swage these scorching Fires.

Jesus. *Canst thou believe, my Hand can Cure thy Grief?*

Soul. Lord I believe ; Lord help my unbelief.

Jesus. *Hold forth thy Arm, and let my Fingers try Thy Pulse, where chiefly doth thy torment lye?*

Soul.

Soul. From Head to Foot, it reigns in every part,
But play's the self-law'd tyrant in my Heart.

Jesus. *Canst thou Digest? canst Relish wholesome Food?*

How stands thy tast? *Soul.* To nothing that is good:
All sinfull trash, and Earths unsav'ry stuff
I can dig'st, and relish well enough.

Jesus. *Is not thy Blood as cool, as hot by turns?*

Soul. Cold to what's good, to what is bad it burns.

Jesus. *How old's thy Grief?* *Soul.* I took't at the fall

With eating Fruit. *Jesus.* *T'is Epidemical:*
Thy Blood's infected, and the infection sprung
From a bad Liver: 'tis a Feaver strong
And full of Death, unless with present speed
A vein be opened, thou must dye or Bleed.

Soul. O I am faint and spent, that Lance that shall

Let forth my Blood, lets forth my life withall:
My Soul wants Cordialls, and has greater need
Of Blood, I (being spent so far) to bleed
I faint already, if I bleed, I dye.

Jesus. *Tis either thou must bleed, Sick Soul or I:*
My blood's a Cordiall. He that sucks my Veins,
Shall cleanse his own, and conquer greater pains
Then these: Chear up, this precious blood of mine
Shall cure thy Grief; my Heart shall bleed for
thine:

Believe and view me with a faithfull Eye,
Thy Soul shall neither Languish, Bleed, nor Dye.

Epigram.

Canst thou be Sick, and such a Doctor by?

Thou canst not live unless thy Doctor dye.

Strange kind of Grief, that finds no Medicine good
To swage her pains, but the Physicians Blood!

Psal. 143: 2.

Enter not into Judgment with thy Ser-
vant, for in thy sight shall no man living
be justified.

Jesus.

Justice.

Sinner.

Jesus. Bring forth the Prisoner, Justice. Just. Thy
commands

Are done, just Judge: See here the Prison'r stands.

Jes. What has the Prisoner done? Say, what is the cause
Of this Commandment? Just. He hath broken the
Laws

Of his too Gracious God; conspir'd the death
Of that great Majesty that gave him breath.

And heaps transgression, Lord, on transgression.

Jes. How know'st thou this? Just. Ev'n by his own
confession,

His sins are crying; and they cried aloud;

They cried to Heav'n, they cried to Heaven for
Blood.

Jes. What say'st thou Sinner? Hast thou ought to plead,
That Sentence shall not pass? Hold up thy head,
And shew thy Brazen, and rebellious face.

Sinner. Ah me! I dare not: I'm to vile and base

To tread on the Earth, much more to lift

Mine Eyes to Heav'n, I need no other Thrift

Than mine own Conscience; Lord I must confesse,

I am no more then dust, and no whit less

Then my indictment stiles me; Ah! If thou

Search too severe, with too severe a Brow,

What Flesh can stand; I have transgressed thy
Laws,

My merits plead thy vengeance; not my cause.

Just. Lord shall I strike the blow. Jes. Hold Justice

stay.

F

Sinner

Sinner speak on, what hast thou more to say?

Sinner. Vile as I am, and of my self abhor'd,
I am thy handy-work, thy Creature Lord,
Stamp't with thy glorious Image, and at first,
Most like to thee, though now a poor accurst
Convicted Caitiff, and degen'rous Creature
Here trembling at thy Bar. *Just.* *Thy fault's the*
greater.

Lord shall I strike the blow? Jes. Hold, Justice, stay
Speak Sinner: Hast thou nothing more to say?

Sinner. Nothing but mercy, mercy; Lord my state
Is miserable poor and desperate;

I quite renounce my self, the World flee
From Lord to Jesus; from thy self, to thee,

Just. Cease thy vain hopes, my angry God has vow'd,
Abused mercy must have blood for blood:

Shall I yet strike the blow? Jes. Stay, Justice, hold;
My Bowels yearn, my fainting Blood grows cold,
To view the trembling Wretch? Methinks, I spy
My Fathers Image in the Prisoners eye.

Just. I cannot hold: *Jes. Then turn thy Thirsty Blade*
Into my sides, let there the wound be made.

Cheer up dear Soul; redeem thy life with mine,
My Soul shall smart; my Heart shall bleed for thine.

Sinner. O groundless deeps! O love beyond degree!
Th' offended dyes, to set the offender free.

Epigram.

Mercy of mercies! he that was my drudge
Is now my Advocate, is now my Judge:
He suffers, pleads, and sentences, alone:
Three I adore, and yet adore but one.

Deutrenomy 32. 29.

O that Men were Wise, and that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end.

Flesh.

Spirit.

Flesh. What means my Sisters eye so oft to pass
Through the long Entry of the optick Glass?

Tell me, what secret virtue doth invite
Thy wrinkled eye to such unknown delight?

Spirit. *It helps the sight, makes things remote appear
In perfect view; it draws the Object near.*

Flesh. What sense-delighting objects doth thou spy?
What doth the Glass present before thine eye?

Spirit. *I see thy Foe, my reconciled Friend,
Grim Death, even standing at the Glasses end;
His left hand holds a branch of Palm, his right
Holds forth a two-edg'd Sword. Fle.* A proper sight,
And is this all? doth thy prospective please
Th' abused fancy with no shapes but these?

Spirit. *Yes, I behold the darkned Sun bereav'd
Of all his light, the battlements of Heaven
Sheltring in flames; the Angel guarded Son
Of Glory on his Tribunall-Throne;
I see a Brimstone Sea of boyling fire,
And feinds, with knotted whips afflaming Wire,
Tortur'ng poor Souls, that knash their Teeth in vain,
And know their flame tormented tongues for pain.
Look, Sister, how the queasy-stomack'd Graves
Vomit their dead, and how the Purple waves
Scald their Consumeless Bodies, strongly Cursing
All Wombs for Bearing, and all Paps for Nursing.*

Flesh. Can thy distemper'd fancy take delight
In view of Tortures? these are shows t'affright:

Look in this Glass triangular; look here,
Hear's that will ravish eyes. Spirit, *What seest thou there.*

Flesh. The World in colours, colours that disdain
The Cheeks of *Proteus*, or the Silken train
Of *Flova's* Nymphs; such various sorts of hiew
As sun-confronting *Iris* never knew,
Here if thou please to beautifie a Town
Thou mai'st; or with a hand turn'd upside down.
Here mai'st thou scant or widen by the measure
Of thine own will; make short or long at pleasure:

Here may'st thou tire thy fancy, and advise
With shows more apt to please more curious eyes.
Spirit. *Ab fool! that dot'st on vain, on present toys*
And disrespect'st those true, those future Foyes!
How strongly are thy thoughts besool'd, alas,
To dote on Goods that perish with thy Glass!
Nay, vanish with the turning of a hand!
Were they but painted colours, it might stand
With painted reason that they might devote thee,
But things that have no being to besot thee?
For sight of future Torments is the way
To baulk those ills which present joyes bewray.
As thou hast fool'd thy self, so now come hither,
Break that fond Glass, and let's be wise together.

Epigram

What Soul, no further yet? what never commences?
Master in faith, still Batchelour of sense,
It's insufficiency, for what has made thee
Oress thy lost degree? thy Lusts have stay'd thee.

Canticles. 7. 11.

Come, my Beloved, let us go forth into the Field, and let us remain in the Villages.

Christ.

Soul.

1.

Christ. Come, Come my dear, and let us both retire,
 And whiff the daintys of the fragrant Fields:
 Where warbling Phil'mel, and the shrill mouth quire
 Chant forth their raptures, where the Turtle builds
 Her lovely Nest; and where the new born Brier
 Breaths forth the sweetness that her April yields.
 Come, Come, my lovely fair, and let us try
 These rurall delicacies; where thou and I
 May melt in private flames, and fear no stander by.

2

Soul. My hearts eternal joy, in lieu of whom
 The Earth's a blast and all the World's a bubble!
 Our City-man Sion is the fairest home,
 But Countrey sweets are tang'd with lesser trouble,
 Let's try them both, and chuse the better; come
 A change in pleasure, makes the pleasure double.
 On thy Commands depends my go or tarry,
 I'll stir with *Martha*, or I'll stay with *Mary*,
 Our Hearts are firmly fit, although her pleasures vary.

3.

Christ. Our Countrey-man Sion (situate on high)
 With various object, still renews delight
 Her arched Roof's of unstain'd Ivory,
 Her Walls of Fiery-sparkling Chrysolite,
 Her Pavement is of hardest Porphyry;
 Her spacious Windows are all Glazed with bright

*And flaming Carbuncles no need require,
Titans faint rayes, or Vulcans feeble fire;
And every Gate's a Pearl, and every Pearl, entire.*

4.
Soul. Fool that I was, how were my thoughts de-
ceiv'd?

How falsely was my fond conceit possess'd!
I took it for an Hermitage but pau'd
And daub'd with neighb'ring dirt, Thatcht at best?
Alas I never expected more! nor crav'd;
A *Turtle* hop'd, but for a *Turtles* nest:
Come, Come, my dear, and let no idle stay
Neglect th' advantage of the head-strong day;
How pleasure grates that Feels the Curb of
delay.

5.
Christ. Come then, my Joy, let our divided paces
Conduct us to our fairest territory;

O there we'll twine our Souls in sweet embraces,

Soul. And in thy Arms I'll tell my passion story,

Christ. O there I'll Crown thy head with all my graces;

Soul. And all these Graces shall reflect thy Glory,

Christ. O there I'll feed thee with *Celestial* Manna,

I'll be thy *Elkana*. *Soul.* And I, thy *Hanna*.

Christ. I'll sound my Trump of joy. *Soul.* And I'll
resound *Hosanna*.

Epigram.

*Mechanick Soul, thou must not only do
With Martha, but with Mary ponder too:
Happy's that House where these fair Sisters vary,
But most, where Martha's reconciled to Mary.*

Ecclesiastes 3. 1.

To every thing there is a season, and a
time to every purpose under the Hea-
ven.

*Time.**Death.*

1.

Time. Behold the frailty of this slender snuff,
Alas, it hath not long to last :
Without the help of either thief or puff,
Her weakness knows the way to wast.
Nature hath made her substance apt enough
To spend it self, and spend to fast :
It needs the help of none
That is to prone,
To lavish our untuck'd, and languish all alone.

2.

Death. Time, hold thy peace, and shake thy slow
pace Sand,
Thy idle Minutes make no way,
Thy Glass exceeds her hour, or else doth stand,
I cannot hold, I cannot stay.
Surcease thy Pleading, and enlarge my hand,
I surfeit with too long delay.
This brisk, this bold fac'd light
Doth burn too bright ; (night.
Darkness adorns my Throne, my day is dark as

3.

Time. Great Prince of darkness, hold thy needless
band,
Thy Captiv's fast and cannot flie :
What Arm can rescue ? who can countermand ?
What pow'r can set thy Pris'nér free ?
Or if they could, what Close, what Forreign Land
Can hide the Head that flees from thee ?

But if her harmless light

Offend thy sight,

(thine at Night.

What need'st thou snatch at Noon, what will be

4.

Death. I have not stay'd my patience, my quick trade
Grows dull and makes too slow return:

This long-liv'd debt is due, and should been paid,
When first her flame began to burn:

But I have stay'd too long, I have delay'd
To store my fast, my craving urn.

My patent gives me power

Each day, each hour,

(princely Tow'r.

To strike the pleasant Thatch, and shake the

5.

Time. Thou count'st too fast: thy patient gives no
power,

Till Time shall please to say, Amen.

Death. Can'st thou appoint my shaft? Time. Or
thou my hour?

Death. 'Tis I bid, do. Time. 'Tis I bid, when
Alas thou can'st not make the poorest flower!

To hang the drooping head till then:

Thy shafts can neither kill,

Nor strike, untill

(will.

My power give them Wings, and pleasure Arm thy

Epigram.

Expect, but fear not Death: Death cannot kill
Till Time, (that first must Seal her patient Will)
Would'st thou live long? keep time in high esteem,
Whom gone, if thou canst not recall, redeem.

*A Dialogue between the Harlot and
the Unadvised Youth.*

The Argument.

*Words smooth as Oyl the Simple Youth betray,
Whilst he to certain Ruine takes his way.*

Harlot. O! my *Inchanting Youth*, why stand'st thou *Gazing* thus? why at this distance, when the burning *Glances* of desirous beauty dart with so much *Ardency* and covet thy *Embraces*? Come be not *Coy*, nor *Start*, nor turn *Aside*; consider who 'tis *Calls*, who *Courts* thy *Favour*.

Youth. *What Voice is this I hear? What Female Form is it my Eyes behold? What Lovely Shape is it that thus Approaches me?*

Harlot. Why, why this distance? Wherefore shrinks the *Comely Youth*? Why shuns he her that wou'd be proud to lay him in her *Bosom*, and with much *Joy* hug him in her warm *Embraces*.

Youth. *Alas! I know not why I'm thus invaded, wherefore is it you persue me thus? What is't you see in me that shou'd prove so Alureing?*

Harlot. Come, come, these niceties they must be waved, I see you are an novice in the *Arts* of *Love*, and want to be instructed; this distance ill becomes you, when a kind, almost obliging lover woos you, to be frolick and complacient.

Youth. *Could I but understand your meaning, I could tell the better how to answer: But as yet I'm ignorant of your design, nor know I what it is you'd have me do.*

Harlot. All that I ask is that you would be kind, my *Husband* is absent, and his distance from his habitation gives free scope to love. *Peace-offerings* I have made, and by this kiss came out on purpose to

find to meet my lovely Youth, to lead him to my rich Imbroider'd Bed, perfum'd with Amber, and the Civit of *Ethiopia*, strew'd all with Roses, and o'respread with Gessamin; Aloes and Cynamon are scatter'd round about it, come than my joy lets loose no time, but whilst we may with hasty steps hie thither, and upon that soft recumbancy till morning take our fills of Love, where midst a thousand transports with kind kisses and low murmurs, I'll relate my passion.

Youth. *The words you speak methinks move rapture in me, yet I'm ignorant in the affairs of Love, and dread the combate, as not knowing how I must behave my self.*

Harlot. How dread, why will my joy forsake so soft a list? Will he be so fainthearted as to fly a yielding foe, who fainting with a passion tho' to fierce to be withstood will melt into his Arms, whilst he may freely rifle all those joys that lovers meet, and the Dame that loves him more than life, become his well pleas'd Victim.

Youth. *Methinks I'm more and more transported with the word sthat trembling pass through the wide Organs of my Ears, and reach the inmost seats of life, yet something though I understand not well what 'tis checks me: Nay, bids me forbear and fly the offer you have made.*

Harlot. Alas 'tis Youthfull fear, just so was I posselt before I had entered loves delightfull combate, long time I hoverd on its Flowry Verges before I entered, but being in I surfaited without controul upon the sweets that nearly must in course resemble Heavenly joys, then stifle those conspiring fancies that wou'd rob you of your blifs, and cast your self into my open arms.

Youth. *I am convinced ther's something more than words can well express in loves transporting happyness, a thing so generally coveted by man, therefore laying a*

side

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2
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rough

side all other thoughts, I resolutely throw my self into your kind embraces to be at your dispose.

Harlot. Spoke like a lover, and now will we fly with all the Wings of love to my retirement, where my joy shall find far more than he with reason could expect: There, there my Snowy Arms shall twine about him like the clasping Ivy, whilst with a declyning head he pants upon my rising greafts and rifles all the sweets of love.

The Conclusion.

*She has prevail'd the Youth, she has insnar'd
In those dark Nets, she for his Soul prepar'd,
Whilst he pursuing falls deluding joys,
Amidst his revels, his own Soul destroys.
So to the snare unbinking Birds still flye:
So goes the Ox where he must surely dye.*

A Dialogue between Jonah and the Mariners.

The Argument.

*Jonah supposing though in vain, to flye
From Gods dread presence, his all-seeing Eye.
Takes shipping; but the dreadful Storms prevent
His disobedience; when a Whale is sent
To take him in, when cast into the Sea,
And cast him on the Coast of Niniveh.*

1 *Mariner.* O what prodigious storms arise in the dark Air, what tracks of fire appear, how loudly roar the fighting Winds, and what a hight mount up the brivy Waves, whilst black faced terror does diffuse it self throughout the Ocean, no Sun nor Moon appears to cheer us with their light, no Star to guide us in our course.

2. *Mariner.* 'Tis true the danger's great that the wild Ocean teems with all; uncertain 'tis what Wind rough East or West we now must yield unto, the Clouds

and Skies express the South-winds rage, the murmuring Seas the North-winds fury, speak not safe nor Ship-wreck, can we reach the port?

1. *Mariner.* See, see, the glaring lightning seems to set the Waves on Fire, whilst Heaven powrs down its cataracts of Rain, no Fire but that in such a Storm could live, how are we born by Winds and Seas fell rage, up to the trembling Pole, and down again to *Accharons* deep cave.

2. *Mariner.* That clap of Thunder rent the Main-mast, and has born it by the board, the shrouds are rent, and now the leaking Vessel sucks the Waves apace, all help is vain, unless the power that rules the Winds and Seas, with speed call back his angry Messengers, and still the boistrous Flood.

1. *Mariner.* Yet let's use our utmost skill, no hand must now be unemploy'd to save our lives. Cast, cast the Cargo forth, lighten the Vessel, and perhaps she then may weather the rough Tempest; so, so my Lads, come over with it all.

2. *Mariner.* Now this is done the danger is never the less, the Masts are shiver'd, and the Rudders rent, the searching Waves supplis the weight of what we have cast forth, no safety is expected from our labour, for methinks I see grim death stand a dancing on the angry Billows and each yawning surge expose wide Graves to my amaz'd sight, no hope remains but what we can expect from prayer, then with prostration let each call upon his God, and seek for safety, from the angry Deities, perhaps he may relent and bid the Winds be still. Ha, see ber's one regardless snoring on the brink of ruin. Rouse, rouse thou drowsy wretch and call upon thy God.

Jonah. Whose that disturbs me with loud clamour, is't not night the time that weary mortals should repose.

1. *Mariner.* 'Tis true, but know before many moments pass we are no more, death, horrid death is hasting to cut off our Lives, the Ship is sinking, all our skill is save it is vain.

Jonah

Jonah. How! then is Death so near? Oh! now I hear the Storm, the fighting Winds, and ratling Thunder shivering the swollen Clouds, and feel the heaving Ocean toos the labouring Bark.

2. *Mar.* Yes, yes, too well we bear the like, but for whose cause is all this wrath of Skyes; sure Angry Heaven wou'd not destroy us unless some mighty Sin gave provocation. Come then and let us cast each Man his Lot, that we may find who has transgress'd.

1. *Mar.* Agreed, agreed. Ha! on the Stranger it is fallen: tell, O tell what thou hast done, and who thou art?

Jonah. I am a Hebrew that fled from the Face of him that made the Universe, who lives for ever, and is only God in Heaven and Earth; who rouses or makes still the Seas at pleasure: 'Tis I, 'tis I that have occasioned all that threatens you; no way there is for safety, but by casting me into the Swelling Flood.

2. *Mar.* O wonderfull! But how shall we then Answer for your Blood? Let not the God whom you Adore impute to us, if in this our great necessitie we do a deed we shall hereafter blush to own; therefore we'll try.

Jonah. In vain you strive to get a shore: nor is there safety but in what I have advised.

1. *Mar.* Then lay not Lord, the blood of Innocence, the blood of him that ne're offended us, to our sad charge; if thus we give him to the Waves, seeing we have no other way to save our lives.

2. *Mar.* So now he's doust in the Rough Billows: Ha! a monstrous Whale has suck'd him in, and now the Winds are still, the Ocean leaves to Rage: the Clouds are chas't away, bright day appears; and all our Leaks are stop'd by Miracle.

1. *Mar.* 'Tis true, though wonderous: This was sure some Homicide, or Altar Robber, that thus provoke the Angry Powers: but see we have with safety reach'd the wish'd for port.

The

The Conclusion.

Jonah cast Over-board, soon finds a Tomb
 In a dread Fishes huge insatiate Womb;
 Who three dayes bearing him from Coast to Coast;
 Him on dry Land with horrid Roaring tost.
 When he to Nineveh do's hast and cry
 Against them for their great Iniquity;
 Who conscious of their Guilt, bewaile their Sin,
 And blunt God's Anger ere their woes begin.
 At which the Prophet being displeas'd, the Lord
 Shows him his folly, by a senseless Gourd.

A Dialogue between Nebuchadnezzar,
 Shadrach, Meshach, and
 Abed-nego.

The Argument.

Long tempted though in vain, good Men at last
 Are by the Tyrant bound in Fetters fast;
 Doom'd to a fiery Tryall for his sake
 Who Heaven and Earth, the Sea, and all did make.

Nebuchadnezzar. How's this, can what I hear be true? dare ye you perverse Captives still deny to fall on bended Knees and kiss the ground, when you approach the Shrine of great Diana? Know you not she is a Goddess by your King ador'd, and humbly sought unto in all Events of Peace and War?

Shadrach. We know no God nor Goddess but the God of Jacob, whom with fear and Reverence we Serve, and to no other dare we, can we, will we bow.

Neb. What Insolence is this, is this an Answer fitting to return a Monark? Know you not the great decree that is unalterably past, and that your Lives are in my Hands.?

Meshach. All this we know, nor wou'd not, could we help it, disobey or disoblige the King; but in the thing he now requires, we dare not be compliant. The mighty God, in whose dread Presence now we stand, must be Obey.

Obedyed rather than Man; we must not Rob him of his Honour and give it to an other.

Neb. And these are your Resolves, you will not Worship at the Shrine of Gold I have set up? but dare preverfly break the firm decree Established by the Princes.

Abel-nego. Our great Resolves, O King are past, and here we stand, do with us as you please:

Neb. Wretches, vile Slaves, whom I exalted to heights of honour, in hopes you would comply with my Commands. How dare you trifle with a Monarck at this rate, when Death and Horrour sit upon his frowns? I have been heitherto placeable mild, which makes you yet more obstinate: wherefore know that now all mercies Banish'd from my Brest; in crackling flames you shall be broiled alive, the fury of the fiery Furnace shall plainly speak the Anger I conceive: and who's then that God that shall deliver you out of my strong hands.

Shad. Your Anger, mighty Monarck, frights us not, nor are we carefull to reply: For if the mighty God whom we Adore, the God who made all things, and in whose will the World and all that move in it depend, shall let us fall to Glorifie his Name; and in's Eternal Wisdom thinks it not convenient to rescue us from the devouring flames; know not withstanding, we'll patiently expire for his dear sake, rather than prostrate our selves before base Idols, the vain work of mortal hands.

Neb. Horror and Death! her's Insolence beyond degree: Heat, heat the burning Furnace with a Seavenfold Fire, and cast them instantly into the flames, that I may glut my well pleased Eyes to see them fry, and that their cryes may prove sweet Musick to my Ears; bind them in all their Gaitie to add more fuel to the Flames; and that the terror may be more gird every part with strongest Chains, that they may be expos'd the better to the circling Fires.

Methach. We smile to see a Monarck storm thus
against

against those that are regardless of his Rage, and stand prepared to bear what'er'e his fury can inflict; though we in ought have not transgressed against him.

Neb. My Gaurds, why are you slow in executing my Commands? He dyes that disobeyes a moment longer: So hence with e'm, whilst I and my Nobles follow to behold the Spectacle.

The Conclusion.

*In flames the Servants of Jehovah's Cast,
Their Chains fall off that lately bound them fast,
Whilst the sharp Element do's loose it's beat,
A whistling wind makes it a pleas'd retreat:
The Execution that, that day was seen,
Was on the Men that durst to cast them in:
God saved his Chosen. And his Angels sent
The Monarcks Page to frustrate and prevent
Whom he Amaz'd beholds to walk in Fire,
With those that were the subject of his Ire;
Calling them forth, on them he finds no harm,
The gentle flame their Garments did not warm;
Which strange stupendious great deliverance
Converts his Rage to Love, and do's advance,
Jehovah's worth for the Kings decree,
Forbids loud to Praise to other Deitie.*

A Dialogue between Darius and Daniel.

The Argument.

*Daniel through envy is against the mind
Of great Darius in a Den confin'd,
With hungry Lyons who do him no harm,
Gods Angel dos their furious fury charm,*

Darius. What horrid Dreams have terrified me
in my broken slumbers? How has sweet sleep fled
from my Eyes, and tedious tossings made a restless
night?

night? Sure it was because the Prophet is in danger, from which a Monarck could not rescue him. But now the Morning Dawns, and I am at the fatal Den, into which malicious Men have cast him as a Prey to hungry Lyons: I'll see if that great God he serves, has hitherto preserved him from their rage. O *Daniel, Daniel!* Servant of the highest, speak, it is a King your Friend that longs to hear your voice, which would be Musick to his Ears. Say, say, has God, the God whom you have served been able to deliver you.

Daniel. Great Monarck live for ever, thy Servant is in safety; the God of Jacob, at whose tremendous name I bend me to the dust, has sent his Angel, and has clos'd the rending Jaws of the stern Lyons, causing them to faun on me without a power to hurt, since integrity in me was found before him, nor in ought have I offended great Darius.

Darius. O welcome sound! And is my darling safe? Blessed, blessed, for ever be thy God, whose power has kept the cruelest of Beasts, from bathing their stern Jaws in Blood of innocence. With speed, with speed; draw, draw him thence, draw out the man my Soul so much delights in. O let me embrace my *Daniel*, my dear Prophet! Whom the malice of ill-minded so far exposed to danger.

Daniel. Thus low I kneel to meet the favour great Darius does vouchsafe his Servant.

Darius. O Rise! My Love, my Life, my Soul; and say, how look'd your stern associates, when you first took lodging in the Den.

Daniel. At first great King they roard aloud in expectation of descending prey, as being almost famisht, but having at a distance glar'd on me with firey Eyes they came and couch'd beneath my feet, fawning and swindging round their Tails, so tame that all appearance of their natural fierceness vanish'd, suffering me with much delight to stroak them and make pastime with curling

ing Maines, nor was I ignorant whose power restrained their rage, but as I mus'd the Den at the top divided and a brightness shone throughout the gloomy place, when as a man decended with refreshment for your Servant, brought by an Angel from a distant land: And the same way he came, return'd, on which repast having well fed, I layd me down to slumber till your Royal voice awaked me.

Darius. Amazing, yea stupendiously amazing is what you relate, nor hence will *Darius* trust in any God but him, that has been able to deliver his much injured Servant, to him I will pay my vows, and Death shall be his Doom if subject to my Scepter, that dares once bend his knee to any other Deity: Nor shall the malicious and revengefull men that durst traduce my *Daniels* scape dire vengeance, and not only they, but all that appertains to them of their curst race, not one shall live, the Lyons shall have plenty of their Blood. Than come my Faithfull Friend, come to the Pallace of thy Monarck, whilst I give command for the quick Execution of what I decree.

Daniel. Great Sir I'm all obedient, and with joyfull steps thus wait upon my King, who has vouchsaf'd to load his Servant, with so many favours and next him whom I adore will make it my delight to do his just commands.

The Conclusion.

*Daniel deliver'd and yet greater made,
His foes the Murdrous Lyons soon invade,
Breaking in pieces with resistless force,
Their feble Bodies, and their Souls divorce.
Whilst a decree is sent through all the Coast,
That each fall down before the Lord of Hosts.*

C H A P. XXVI.

The Combats of Joseph for defence of his Chastity.

THE Wife of *Potiphar*, to whom *Joseph* was sold by the *Ishmaelites*, made it sufficiently appear, when she was so impudent, as to attempt the Chastity of her Servant; this Female Wolf had only Eyes to gaze on this Lamb, all his gestures and motions were artifices to intrap him; and she would have willingly preferred the intrallment of *Joseph* before the Command over her Husband. All her bonds of Marriage were but Chains which kept her in Captivity, and the most just, and most holy Laws imposed on her, a Yoke which rendred all the duties of fidelity, which Wives owe unto their husbands, insupportable to her.

It is a strange thing that we can hardly trust our selves, and that the Tongue dare not speak a word, or at least if she speaks, it is but after she hath pondered all her discourses. Wherefore the Eyes are the first solicitours of Evil, and then their silence hath an Eloquent voice, which is yet not heard, but by those that are Confederates.

It is no wonder then, if *Joseph* heard not this unchast language, when his Mistress speak to him more from her Eyes than her Mouth. This impudent Creature cast a thousand glances on him: But the heart of *Joseph* was a piece of Marble, which could not be pierced, all the Flames of this Egyptian Woman fell into a dead Sea, and all her lightnings found nothing but water which instantly quenched them.

We must pass then further, and see whether the Mouth peradventure will have more powerfull persuasions than the Eyes. This shameless Woman is
so

so much intraged as to declare her design.

Courage then *Joseph*, it is a Woman who assaults and sollicites you! she is light, be you constant: she hath stratagems, be you prudent; she is bold, be you generous; she runs, fly away; she Flatters, disdain her; she asks, refuse her. *Joseph* what do you say?

Victorious Innocence. For my part, saith he, I neither can nor will consent unto a Womans Lascivious desires, nor submit unto her will, preferring it before that of my Master; and I should not be what I am, if I forfeited the quality of a faithfull Servant, and of a Person to whom the honour and remembrance of the favours I have received from him, is a thousand times more precious than Life. If I have been sold, it was only for my Innocency, and the chains of my Captivity could never force the constancy an Hebrew ought to have in the way of virtue. I am Jacobs Son, and my Actions shall never bely my Birth, I am a Servant, I ought to dye for fidelity: Your Husband trusts me with all his Goods, and with all his Wealth, which the favour of the King, and his own merits have bestowed on him; he reserved only to himself the sole Enjoying you: it is not for me then to ravish from him what is due by so many titles. Command me with Justice, and I will serve you with sincerity; perform all that you ought, and I will omit no part of my duty to you. Keep your self within the Laws of Marriage, and leave me in the duties of my condition. I should be ungratefull if I abused the favours of my Master, I should be a thief if I stole away his fairest goods, and no death could be cruel enough to punish me, if I should attempt on that which is more dear to him than life. All you flames can find in me but a heart of water and yce, and all your eyes cannot intbrall the liberty of my mind, and your rigors will never molifie a soul on which God hath imprinted his love and fear. Know then that I would rather choose to dye free from blame, than to live a complice in your disloyalty. I prefer my bondage if it be innocent, before

before all unjust Powers; and what misfortune soever befall me, I shall be too happy, if I remain innocent. It was in the power of my Brethren to sell my Body, but they could not ingage my Soul; I may serve without prostituting my self, and my glory will ever be illustrious enough if I shall do no dishonourable act, and unworthy of my Extraction. In fine, I adore a God who hath most pure eyes, and should all Creatures be blind, it satisfies me, that he be the witness of my actions; I reverence all his decrees, and if all the Judges of the World could authorise vice, it would comfort me to have a God alwayes armed to punish them. How can you wish me then to bring Adultery into your Family, and to change your bed, which ought to be the Altar of your glory, into an infamous Pile? Angelicall Resolution. No, no Madam, either leave honour to me with life, or take from me my life, & leave me my honour.

Is not this to speak like an Angel, and to have the sentiments of those Spirits who live in flames without being consumed, and amidst Lightnings without being dazzled.

But now such was the Devil of this Egyptian Woman, who so eagerly persued Joseph, he was an insolent, importunate & furious companion. His rage notwithstanding had by his some relaxation, he knew the art of dissembling, and to be silent for a time; his Element was solitude, and the night his refuge, he sighed alwayes after Joseph, and nothing pleased him when he was absent. In fine, he seems to have the power, to possess this Soul if she be alone, and if all witnesses be drawn aside.

Beware then Joseph, what you doe; you are alone, you are young, you are beautifull, and Esteemed. Remember that the eyes of Women dart as many lightnings as glances; tall to mind that their mouths shed honey and poison, and that their tongues cast more dangerous darts than Adders. Concern then what ever this impudent Creature can say unto you.

She

She will peradventure say she is your Mistress, and that you ought to obey her; And that if she affect you, you cannot hate her; and if she seek you, you have no reason to flye from her; she will conjure you to tell her, what in her displeaseth you. Since she omits nothing that may content you, and without injustice you cannot refuse her one single favour she expects from you; especially she being ready, on her part, to grant all that you can ask of her. There is no colour, she will not employ to represent unto you her passion; and her Eyes though silent, will swear to you, that they have often enough spoken to you, when her mouth durst not utter a word: that if it were possible, she would believe that she hath by her words manifested to you all the thoughts of her Soul, when they might have been kept secret: Besides, she will flatter you, saying, you have refused her that out of prudence, which now you ought to grant her through love and goodness. Moreover, if you fear any thing, she will assure you that she hath foreseen all that may expose you unto danger.

In fine, she will intreat, that if she hath no fortunes in the World, which are not at your disposal, you would yet receive her respect and affections to render you more absolute and independent, concluding by all these reasons, that you must at last satisfie her, either by violence, or sweetnesse, and that she will have either honour or life, death or consent.

Mean while let us see I beseech you, what strong endeavours are used to stay him. They flatter him, they praise him, they love him, they honour him, they conjure him, they threaten him, they make him promises. What will you have, and what more can be done to gain him, and possess his affections? Entreaties have hitherto received but refusalls, Allurements disdains, and threats constancy, and neglect.

In fine, this furious Woman being no longer able to restrain her passion, an attempt must be made on the

the life of him whose honour she could not wound; she leaps on his neck, as it were to strangle him, but presently *Joseph* flies away, and leaving his garment in her hands, she had but the Feathers of this Bird which she thought to detain in her nests.

Behold then all her designs defeated; *Joseph* is escaped, he is in safety, and out of the reach of this ravenous She-wolf, which pursued him.

This enraged Woman seeing then that *Joseph* was fled, and that he had only left her his Cloak, resolved at the instant to revenge this affront, and accuse him whom she knew to be too pure to excuse himself.

This Dame cryed out first, and the fear she hath to be accused, is the occasion she takes those for Witnesses of her innocency, who could have prevented her. After all, seeing her Husband at her Door, help saith she, to what am I reduced? Ah! who hath given me for a Servant an importunate Devil, who persecutes me beyond measure? Ah! my Husband, my Friend, what have you done? And what a perfidious man have you given me? Is it peradventure to try my Loyalty and Vertue? tell me, I pray, what is your intention? and whether you keep him in the quality of a Servant or Companion? For my part I esteem it as a great honour to be your Hand-maid, and yet I conceive not my self obliged to obey your meanest Servant. He hath been nevertheless so presumptuous in your absence to sport with me, and take the place you hold in my heart. No, I swear by the respect I owe you, that I would have strangled him if my strength had been answerable to my will; but he is escaped, and seeing I called for help, he left his garment in my hands.

Immediately this man giving too much credit to the discourse of his Wife, without inquiry, whether what she said was true or false, caused *Joseph* to

to be stay'd, and commanded him to be put in Prison.

*When as the Egyptian Lady did invite
Well favour'd Joseph to unchast delight,
How well the motion and the place agreed!
A beastly place, and 'twas a beastly Deed:
A place well season'd for so foul a sin;
Too sweet to serve so foul a Master in.*

Joseph's Speech to his Brethren.

*Go fetch your Brother (saith th' Egyptian Lord)
If you intend our Garners shall afford
Your craving wants their so desir'd supplies;
If He come not, by Pharaoh's life y' are Spies:
Evn as your suits expect to find our Grace,
Bring Him, or dare not to behold my face.
Some little food to serve you on the way,
We here allow, but not to feed delay;
When you present your Brother to our hand,
Ye shall have plenty and possess the Land,
Away, and let your quick obedience give
The earnest of your Faiths, do this and live:
If not, your willfull wants must want supply,
For ye are Spies, and ye shall surely die:
Great God, the Egyptian Lord resembles Thee,
The Brother's Jesus, and the Suiters Wee.*

CHAP. XXVII.

*Giveing an Account of the wonderfull manner
of Pharaoh's being swallowed up in the
Red-Sea.*

AND now methinks I see *Pharaoh* with all his *Egyptian* forces ready to be swallowed up in the Billows of an unexorable Element, which will open its waves to make a dreadfull Sepulcher for this cruel and disastrous Tyrant; about whom the most holy sweetness and the most amiable patience of Heaven is wearied.

Having then received news that the *Israelites* were incamped upon the side of a little Hill situated between the Fort of *Magdalin* and the Red-Sea, and very near Mount *Beelsophon*: He believed this was the best way to surround them; and that in fine, these Rocks, Dungeons and Seas, serve but for a large Grave to bury them, and to extinguish for ever the name and memory of this People, which had occasion'd to him so many misfortunes. He saw them at least in a condition to dye of Hunger and Thirst, after he had ingaged them all in these bad passages, or reduced them to the necessity of yielding, and returning unto the same servitude out of which they thought themselves delivered: But nothing being able to resist this wise hand which levels the most rugged pathes, makes straight all crooked ways, and Armes invisible Troops, and the most powerfull Squadrons, went on conducting this miserable Prince directly into the Abyss, where he intended to precipitate the *Israelites*; and the Labyrinth in which he prepares to inclose these fortunate Troops was the sepulchre of his life, and the unhap-

py Rock towards which his power and greatness advanced to be dashed in pieces.

Poor Worldly Men, unhappy *Egyptians*, you who bandy against Heaven, and make Warr against the Almighty, how weak are your designs, and how rash are your enterprises? Whither think you to go with so great a train, with such a convoy, with so much Baggage, and so much noise? whither think you to conduct all these Instruments of horreur and threats? Are you not afraid that the lightnings of Heaven, and the Billows of the Ocean, will conspire against you? And that at length the same lot will befall you as unto *Pharaoh*, who being accompanied with his bravest Captains, and followed by all the Chariots of *Egypt*, went pursuing *Moses* and the *Hebrews*, when these poor People no longer knowing on what side to turn themselves, and with an Eye of pitty beholding their Conductor, began to say unto him with weeping and trembling hearts.

Ab Moses! Why have you brought us into this Solitary place? Are there not Tombs enough in Egypt without coming to seek them in this desert? Alas! where are we? and did we not tell you, that it were much better to live in the service of the Egyptians, than to die in these savage places destitute of all humane Succours?

Courage my Friends, answered Moses, you must fear nothing, for God hath determined to make his power appear in your favour, and all these Enemies which pursue you, are even ready to perish before your Eyes; and when you hold your Arms across, and your Mouth is closed, vengeance will Thunder over their Heads, and Justice which hath a thousand armed hands will destroy them in an instant.

In effect, as soon as *Moses* had lifted up his Eyes, his Mouth and hands towards Heaven, his voice and prayers made so loud an Echo, as God himself asked him, what moved him to such violent Clamours, though

though he were not ignorant of it; But he did this to excite him the more, and more strongly to invite him to pass the Sea.

Thus then did *Moses* cry out speaking unto God, and his prayer, saith *Josephus*, was in this manner.

O Lord, these Seas, and these Mountains are yours, and ready to obey the least of your Commands. They may suffer us then to pass; and it rests only in you, that we take our flight in the Air like Birds, and find a Sanctuary in every place where you ordain.

No, no, *Moses*, saith God, *March in the head of your Troops, and when you approach neer the Sea, lift up your Rod, stretch forth your arm upon the billows, that you may cut them in two, and cause all your Company to pass over without wetting their feet. Mean-while I will harden pharaoh's heart, who following you, shall serve as a subject unto my Glory, to raise unto it self an eternal Trophy upon the sands of this proud Element, which must submit unto my Laws and Commands. Hence the Egyptians shall learn at their own costs, that I am an absolute Lord, and that when I please, I can make their Monarck, and their whole train become the miserable object of an eternal reproach.*

At the same time the Angel of God which conducted the people of *Israel* by a Pillar of fire during the night, and by a Cloud in the day, went to place himself between the two Armies, casting forth rays of light, and a pleasing shadow upon the the *Israelites*, whilst it covered the *Egyptians* with a tenebrous night, and a thick darkness, which left them only some glimmering to follow their enemies, whom nevertheless they could not discern.

In fine, as this Pillar carried Light and Darkness conformable to the orders it hath received, the Spirit which animated this miraculous body, divided the Sea in two parts, and made a large passage through the Waves, to cause all these troops to march in safety, which were usher'd by a hot and violent wind

which left not one drop of water upon the Sand. This was an admirable prospect, and a spectacle worthy the eyes and hands of the Almighty God. And truly when did we ever see so many millions of men (without counting their baggage) passing from midnight till morning between banks of Christall, and mountains of Water, where by means of the light and rayes of this illuminated Pillar, a man would have sworn that there had been a thousand little Suns?

Let us look now upon *Pharoah*, who having ranged his Tribes by companies, and in order, begins to lift up his hand toward the Sea, which at the same time made all these liquid bulwarks, and floating arches, it had suspended in the Air, to roul down, so that all the Egyptians, who had advanced too far, were swallowed up, with all their Chariots and baggage. The great God of *Moses*, and of the Israelites, having made use of this miraculous elevation of the Waves, to make for them a deep Abyss, and to erect a trophy for those who have but the Victims of their fury; it was also through the flames which formed the Pillar of fire, that the revenging looks of Justice gave them their last affignations, and that her hand overthrew their Chariots, and dismounted all theis Wheels, to make a lamentable shipwrack of all their pompous and magnificent preparation which attended them. In fine, these blind people discern'd that God was against them, and for the Israelites; but too late, for when they thought to escape by flight, they perceived that the elements, and totall nature had revolted against them, and that they could have no longer any refuge or retreat, but under the waves of the Ocean.

In fine, *Pharoah* is drowned, this great Dragon is dead, his rage is satiated; he hath heard the voice of Thunder, and Thunder hath broken the wheelles of his Chariot; He is no more, or at least is groaning and dispairing

pairing in a Pool of Sulphur, in a Sea of flames, and in an Eternity of Punishment. Moses and the Israelites on the banks of the shore, and in a Paradise of delights make Canticles of joy, and Songs of triumph, to render thanks unto God for their deliverance. Which they do in the following manner : Saying,

Let us sing, Let us sing Victory : And let it be every where known, that it is the great God of Israel who hath freed us from Irons, and from the slavery under which we have so long groan'd. He hath loosned our fetters, he hath broken our Chains, and thrown both Horses and Riders, Pharaoh and his Troops, Egypt and her Chariots, into the bottom of the Sea.

Grant then, O Lord ! that at the entry into this desert, our Enemies may conceive such a horror as may render them insensible, and unable to hurt us, untill we are on the Land of Promise, and in our Country where thou wilt plant us as flowers of Paradise, and us so many slips of immortality. Our Conquerours are already vanquished, and all strangers are affrighted. The Phillistians already groan, all the Princes of Edom are astonish'd : Fear hath seiz'd on the minds of the most Courageous, and the Inhabitants even of Chanaan are become as bodies without Souls or resentment.

Fill them then with fear and terrour, whilst we shall advance with joy and delight into thy Sanctuary. Meanwhile reign in the Ages of Ages, and if it may be, even beyond Eternity : For in fine, Pharaoh is no more, and of all that he ever was, there scarce remains so much as the memory of it, and none but Mariners shall find some prints of those Chariots, which shall be seen upon this sand, where he intended to erect his Trophie, his Throne, and his fairest hopes.

Well then my faithfull Companions, let us sing victory, let us sing together you chaste Virgins of Judea, happy Daughters of Sion, holy Souls, let us sing Canticles of joy, in honour of him who is our Redeemer ; Lucifer is fallen from his Throne ; the Dragon is swallowed up

in the billows of the Sea, and all these Traytors, who intended to drown us, are overwhelmed with the waves, and where they thought to gather Laurels, and Palms, they found nothing but an harvest over-spread with Cyprus, and a vast Sepulcher in the bottom of the Sea, where they propose to themselves to erect a Theater of honour, and a field of Triumph.

On Jacob's Purchase.

*How poor was Jacob's motion, and how strange
His offer! how unequal was th' exchange!
A mess of Pottage for inheritance?
Why could not hungry Esau strive t' enhance
His price a little? So much under foot;
Well might he give him breath and drink too boot:
An easie price! the case is ev'n our own;
For toys we often sell our Heav'n, our Crown.*

On Esau.

*When hast thou done; Nay, what shall Esau do?
Left both his Birth-right and his Blessing too?
What hath poor Esau left but empty tears,
And plaints that cannot reach the old Man's ears?
What with the Father's Diet and thine own,
The Birth-right's alien'd and thy blessing's gone:
How does one mischief overtake another?
In both, how overtaken by a Brother?
Could their imperious stomach but have stay'd,
And if thy Father's had not been delay'd,
Thou hadst not need have wept and pleaded so,
But kept thy Birth-right and thy Blessing too.
Had thy unprosperous, thy unlucky hand
Dispatch'd thy Pen'zon, as it did thy Land,
Thy sorrows had not made so great a heap;
That had not been so dear, nor this so cheap:*

Had

*Had thine giu'n place but to thy Father's will,
Th'adst thy Birth-right, and thy Blessing still.*

On Jacob's Pillow.

*The Bed was Earth, the raised Pillow Stones,
Whereupon poor Jacob rests his Head, his Bones;
Heaven was his Canopie; the Shades of night
Were his drawn Curtains, to exclude the Light;
Poor state of Ilaack's beir! it seems to me,
His Cattle found as soft a Bed as he:
Yet God appeared there his Foy, his Crown;
God is not alwayes seen in Beds of Doubt;
O, if that God, shall please to make my Bed,
I care not where I rest my Bones, my Head;
With thee, my wants can never prove extream,
With Jacob's Pillow, give me Jacob's Dream.*

- On Zacheus.

*Metinks, I see, with what a busse hast.
Zacheus clim'd the Tree: But, O how fast,
How full of speed, canst thou imagine (when
Our Saviour call'd) be powder'd down agen?
He ne'r made tryal, if the boughs were sound,
Or rotten; nor how far 'twas to the ground:
There was no danger fear'd; as such a Call,
He'l venture nothing, that dare fear to fall,
Needs must be down, by such a Spirit driven,
Nor could he fall unless he fell to Heaven.
Down came Zacheus ravish'd from the Tree,
Bird that was shot ne'r dropt so quick as he.
Short Legg'd Zacheus, 'twas the happiest Tree
That ever mortal clim'd, I mean to thee;
Thy pains in going up, received the Crown
Of all thy labour at thy coming down:*

Thy Statute's lowness gave thee fair occasion
 To mount that Tree, that Tree, to find Salvation :
 But was't the Tree, Zacheus? No, 'twas he,
 Whose bleeding Body dy'd upon the Tree.
 Well clim'd Zacheus, 'twas a step well giv'n :
 From hence to th' Tree, and from the Tree to Heaven.

On Abraham's pleading for Sodom.

How loath was righteous Abraham to cease,
 To heat the price of lustful Sodom's peace !
 Mark how his holy boldness intercepts
 Gods Justice ; brings his mercy down by steps :
 He dares not bid so few as ten at First ;
 Nor yet from fifty righteous p. rsons, durst
 His zeal, on sudden, make too great a fall,
 Although he wist Salvation to them all.
 Great God ! thy dying Son has Pow'r to clear,
 A World of Sin, that one shall not appear
 Before thine angry Eyes : What wonder then,
 To see thee fall, from fifty down to ten !

On the Egyptians Famine.

Mark but the course the pin'd Egyptians run :
 When all their Coin, when all their Corn is gone
 They come to Joseph, and their stomachs plead :
 They change their Beasts for Corn, the Flocks for
 Bread ;
 Yet still they want : Observe now what they do ;
 They give their Lands, & yield their Bodies too ;
 Now they have Corn enough ; and now they shall
 Have Seed to Sow their barren Soil withal ;
 Provided that the fifth of their Increase
 Be Pharaoh's : Now their stomachs are at peace :

Thus

Thus when the Famine of the World shall strike
 Our hungry Souls : our Souls must do the like.
 We first must part with, (as by their directions)
 Our Flocks our Beasts, our Bestial affections ;
 When they are gone, and then must sinners do ?
 Give up their Lands, their Souls and Bodies too ;
 O, then our hearts shall be refresh'd and fed,
 We shall have Seed to sow, and present Bread :
 Allowing but the fifth of our Increase,
 We shall have plenty, and our Souls have peace.
 How art thou pleas'd, good God, that Man should
 live,
 How slow art thou to take ! how free to give !

On Gods Law.

The sacred Law of God,
 Is like to *Moses Rod*;
 If we but keep it in our hand
 It will do wonders in the Land;
 If we slight and throw it to the ground,
 'Twill turn a Serpent, and inflict a Wound:
 A Wound that Flesh and Blood cannot endure,
 Nor salve, until the brazen *Serpent* cure:
 I wish not Lord, thou should'st withhold it.
 Nor would I have it, and not hold it:
 O teach me then, my God,
 To handle *Moses Rod*.

On Balaam's Ass.

The *Ass* that for her slowness was forbid
 To be employed in God's service, did
 Perform good service now in being slow ;
 The *Ass* received stripes, but would not go :

She baulk'd the way, and *Balaam* could not guide her :

The *Afs* had far more wisdom than the Rider :

The Message being bad, the *Afs* was loath

To be the bearer : 'twas a happy Sloth ;

'Twas well for *Balaam* : had his *Afs* but try'd

Another step, *Balaam* had surely dy'd.

Poor *Afs* ! And was thy faithful service pay'd

With oft-repeated strokes ? Had'st thou obey'd,

Thy Lord had bought thy travel with his blood,

Such is Man's payment, often bad for good :

The *Afs* begins to question with his Master,

Argues the case, pleads why he went no faster :

Nay, shew him *M*ist'ries far beyond his reach ;

*Sure God wants Prophets, when dull *A*s Preach :*

The *Afs* perceives the Angel, and falls down ;

When *Balaam* sees him not, or sees unknown :

Nor is't a wonder this : God's Spirit did pass

From blindfold *Balaam* into *Balaam's Afs*.

Dauids Epitaph on Jonathan.

Here lies the fairest Flower that stood

In Isra'ls Garden ; now in Blood :

Which Death to make her Garland gay,

Harsh crops, against her Triumph-day :

Here, here, lies he whose Actions pend,

The perfect Copy of a Friend :

Whose milk white Vellam did incur

No least suspicion of a Blur :

Here lies the example of a Brother

Not to be follow'd by another :

The fair intended Counter-part

Of Dauids joy, of Dauids heart.

Rest then, for ever rest alone,

Thy Alms can be touch'd by none,

Till Death hath pickt out such another ?

Here lizs a Flower, a Friend, a Brother.

On Solomon and the Queen of
Sheba.

It spreads the sweet perfume of Solomon's Fame,
Affects the Coasts; and his Illustrious Name
Cannot be hid: the unbeliev'd report
Must fly with Eagles wings to th' honoured Court
Of Princely Sheba: Sheba must not rest,
Until her eyes become th' invited Guest,
Of Fame's loud Trumpet; her Impatience strives
With light foot Time, while her Ambition drives
Her Chariot-wheels, and give an airy passage
To th' quick delivery of her hearts Embassage:
True Wisdom, planted in the hearts of Kings,
Needs no more glory than the glory 't brings;
And like the Sun is view'd by her own light,
Being by her own reflection, made more bright:
The emulous Queen's arriv'd she gon to the
Court,

No eye-delighting Masque, nor princely sport,
To entertain her? No, her eye, her ear
Is take up, and scorns to see, to hear
Inferiour things; Sh' allows her ear, her eye
No less than Oracles and Majesty:
*How empty pastimes do dissolve and fly
To their true nothing, when true wisdom's by!*
Th' arriv'd Queen has audience, moves disputes:
Wife Solomon attends replys, confutes;
She objects, he answers; she afresh propounds;
She proves, maintains it, he decides, confounds
She smiles, she wonders, being over-daz'd,
With his bright beams, stands silent, stands
amaz'd.

*How Scripture-like Apocrypha's appear
To common Books! how poor, when Scripture's
near!*

The

The Queen is pleas'd who never yet did know
 The blast of *Fame* less prodigal, than now ;
 For now the greatest part of what she knew
 By *Fame*, is found the least of what is true ;
We often find that Fame in prime of Youth :
Does add to Falshood, and substract from truth,
 The thankful Queen does with a lib'ral hand,
 Present him with the Riches of her Land,
Where wisdom goes before, we often find
That temporal Blessings seldom stay behind :
 Lord, grant me Wisdom, and I shall posses
 Enough, have more, or have content with less.

On Job's Tempration.

God questions *Satan* : Bosts is *Job's* desert,
 In the perfection of a simple heart.
Job's Faith was fervent ; *Satan* was as chill
 To yield it, but must yield against his will ;
 Condemns it to be servile, to be bought
 With God's own coyn : *Does Job serve God for*
nought ?

It is a common trick the Tempter uses,
The Faith he cannot conquer, he abuses.

Alas, that Faith requires not so much praise,
 'Tis a good Faith, as Faiths go now adayes :
 It is not strengthn'd by the indulgent hand
 That blest his Labours, and enrich'd his Land,
 Puff out the Fire ; his Faith will quickly chill :
 Satan puff thou : nay, Satan puff thy will :
Nor Ebb, nor Floud, of small, or great estate,
Are certain badges of God's love or hate.

What's now to do ? Poor *Job* must be bereav'n
 Of all his stronger Herds ; Fire, sent from Heav'n
 Must burn his fruitful Flocks, that none remain ;
 His house fall and all his Childer'n slain ;
 And yet not curse ? Alas poor *Job* addresses
 His thoughts to heaven, he worships God and
 bleisses : The

*The lively Faith that can retain her God,
 May groan; but seldom rave beneath the Rod.
 But what says Satan now? The hedge is broke,
 That fenc'd my Servant Job? What further Cloak
 For his uprightness hath he? What pretence
 For his continual Love and Innocence?
 Has not thy malice had her own desire?
 'Twas soundly puff'd, thy puffs has blown the
 fire:*

*Gods trials are like bellows: Satan's blower,
 Blows out false Faiths, makes true ones blaze the
 more:*

*True, Lord, his faith is tough; but Snails as well
 Can thrive without, as live within their shell:
 To save alive who would not lose some skin?
 Touch but his Horns, O how hee'l draw them in.*

*Satan, I give thy malice leave, be free
 To pee the Bark, but spare to touch the Tree;
 Fear not the little flock: The greatest ill
 Your foes can do's to scratch: They cannot kill:
 What now's th' exploit? Afflicted Job does lie,
 A very Hospital of Misery:*

*I think that all the Ulcers, that have bin
 In Egypt cur'd are broken out again
 In his distempered flesh; Job is still
 The very same, not charg'd his God with ill.*

*A Faith that lodges in a double Brest,
 May stand the touch, none but true faith the Test.
 If these be flames poor man must swelter in,
 He needs a World of patience, not to sin.*

On Solomon's Rejoyce.

*Young Man, Rejoyce: What jolly mirth is here;
 Let thy heart char thee; What delicious Cear?
 In thy young dayes; Thy cates will relish sweeter:
 Walk thy own wayes; Thy cares will pass the flee-
 ter:*

Please

HEAVENLY

*Please thy own heart ; Carve where it likes thee
best :*

*Delight thine Eyes ; And be a joyful Guest :
But know withal, the day will come, whereon
Thy Judge will doom thee for the deeds th'ast done :
O what a Feast ! O what a Reck'ning's here !
The Cates are sweet ; the Shot's extreamly dear :
Lord, I have been, and am, a daily Guest
(Too oft invited) at the Young-mans Feast ?
The Reckning's great ; although I cannot pay,
I can confess ; Great God, before this day,
I had been dragg'd to the redeemless Jayl,
Hadst thou not pleased t'accept my Saviour's Bail ;
Lord, he must bear't, I doubt, for I can get
Nor Chin to pay, nor labour out the debt :
I cannot Dig, my Joynts are stark and lame :
But I can Beg, although I beg with Shame ;
I have no Grace in begging ; can receive
The first repulse ; I have no Faith to crave ;
If the entertainments of the Feast be these !
Lord, give me Famine, take the Feast, that please.*

CHAP. XXVIII.

*Choice remarks upon Daniels being cast into
the Lyons Den.*

Holy Daniel was once chief in commission under great Darius, the very first Minister of State. Thus you have him in the Zenith of his Honours, Lord high President over all the Kings, Councils and Treasures, next and immediately under himself supreme Governour, together with the reason which justifies the Kings great Prudence and Policy in promoting him to so high degree, viz.
Be.

Because an Excellent Spirit was found in him-----
He was every way qualified for his Station.

But this mighty preferment soon contracts an universal Envy upon him from those whose dim Eyes could not see, or whose cankered Spirits would not weigh his merits in a Righteous Scale. The Hill of Honour is dangerously trod, though by never so fair and meritorious Feet. Envious Men hate to acknowledge a worth beyond their own, and look with a Squint Eye on all above themselves. The promotion that falls not on their own Heads, grieves their Hearts, and is plotted against.

"Yet safely may the Heavenly Aspirer fix his steps while he has no Competitor to contend with him; and few are emulous of the Celestial Crown. The four and twenty Elders may pass an Eternity, ere any below disturb their Honours, while weak Eyes wax sore at the sight but of a Coronet, though *Darius* himself had struck it on.

They sought to find occasion, &c. And methinks I fancy them sitting in close Consult against him, and ransacking every Inch of his Life and Mannerz. Not an under-Officer, but is brought in and strictly examin'd upon Oath, if possibly the least defect might be found in his Managements or Accounts: And perhaps the very Attendants of his Family Brib'd or Menac'd into an unreserved confession and disclosure of the dayly Customs of his House, nay and those of his very Oratory and Bed-chamber. Nor must the freedom of his Table be allowed him unpurged, if probably even there but a Syllable might escape him, which may be Artificially interpreted into Treason, or wrench'd (but) into the misprision of it; or but any thing which might bear the least shadow or Reflection of dishonour or damage to the great Person, Dignity or Interest of his Royal Master.

But when now after all this, nothing is squeezed out

out that can (though but) colourably charge him; how do they first and vex, and are ready to indict even his Care and his Caution? And are vext that they want Eyes to penetrate into the very recesses of his Soul. For it may be, there might sculk some Trayterous and Disloyal thought, which gladly would they tear out from his Heart, and produce in evidence against him. But if, even that be White and Innocent too, they again wax mad, and curse his very Loyalty and Truth, and could wish that his Snowy Innocence would take a Crimson Dye, and be (though but superficially) Criminal. *They sought occasion but could find none, forasmuch as he was faithful----- Neither was there any error or fault found in him, Chap. 6. 4.*

But now what a plague is it to envy innocence, and to make anothers Health ones own Disease? Is thine Eye evil because mine is Good?

Yet for ever be it Remarqu'd, to the Honour of these eager Conspirators, that the height of this feavourish rage did not distemper them into the Distraction of perjurious Revenges, nor the detestable contrivances of Subornation against Daniel. They will not Damn Souls to destroy Bodies. Their very *Heathen* Consciences boggled at that Hellish practice.

And now very despair make these Plotters witty, they alter the measures of their Counsels. And since nothing can be discovered defective in his allegiance to his Prince, they will weave a Net that shall ensnare him in the exactness of his obedience to his God. His very Devotions shall be twisted into a Cord that shall strangle him. And if he dare pay service to his Maker, even that shall be *High Treason against his King*. And (to save them the labour) he shall Pray himself into the Grave. For *said these men, we shall find no occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the Law of his God, verse 5.*

“ But

“ But I would wish no greater Judgment upon
 “ Plotters than to find them bending their Wits
 “ against Heaven, which is ever engaged to destroy
 “ them, for its own security and Honour. Nor can
 “ an Arrow be shot against Piety without hitting
 “ God himself directly in the Face. Since all that is
 “ in the World is but his reflection upon the Soul,
 “ and he is as much in one Beam or Ray of his Holy-
 “ ness that shines in the Creature below, as in the
 “ whole Sun of it that makes Glory above. The Ma-
 “ lice that wounds a Saint, would destroy the Deity
 “ if it could.

How do I see them Chuckle, and bless their Wits
 in this new contrivance. A Plot so exquisitely wo-
 ven, that there is no room for so much as the least
 fear or jealousy of its miscarriage and failure. They
 question not the success in the least. *Daniel* must
 turn Atheist to prevent the danger; and forsake his
 God, or his Life.

“ Projecting Heads may Plot together, and jum-
 “ ble out a decree of Death. Yet to as little Repu-
 “ tation or Issue, as a Club of Physicians that vote
 “ that disease to be Mortal, which Heaven cures by
 “ a Figg.

The Decree is universally agreed on by *Daniel's*
 Enemies. And the Monarch address'd for his Royal
 Assent. They Enact him a God (by Law) upon
 Earth, and make it Death to acknowledge another
 in Heaven. They put a trouble upon him, to receive
 all the addresses of Men, and creat thirty Holy-dayes,
 for all his fellow Deities to rest in; *Whosoever shall*
ask a Petition of any God or Man for thirty Dayes, save
of thee, O King, &c. vers. 7.

Darius consults not his *Cabal* to unriddle this,
 Flattery in his *Nobles*, much less does he apprehend
 any treacherous design in the bottom, but is willing
 to interpret it pure Loyalty, and a Politick advance
 of his Glory, and greater security in his Empire
 now,

now at his first approaches unto it ; and therefore easily inclines to the proffered Honour ; and (since they will have it so) is content to juttle out his Maker from his Throne for a Month. Therefore God punish'd his rash and unadvised Folly and Pride, whose hand Signs the Decree which afterwards makes his Soul to Ake, and because he did not sleep on't, a-non cannot ; and endanger'd the breaking his Heart, as well as his sleep.

The Sagacious *Daniel* quickly penetrates through this shallow design. He easily sees the Warrant for his own Execution written on the back-side of this plausible Decree, yet will not prevent it. His great Soul bids defiance to it, and them that fram'd it. He scorns to live when he cannot serve his God, yet will serve him : though he dye for it. He will not neglect his Duty for thirty dayes together, no not to save his Blood. But resolves rather to pass into Immortality to serve him there.

The King having pass'd the Law----- The Trepanners begin to sneak about *Daniel's* Lodgings. Malice degenerates them into Eves-droppers, they creep up and down under his very Windows. If the Casement chance to flye open, the project thrives, their hopes swell, and the Blood capers in their Veins. And he (brave Spirit) opens it on purpose, to let them see and know that he dreaded not their impious Law, nor would slack an Ace of his dayly Zeal and devotion to his God ; and this he did, *When he knew, that the Writing was sign'd, vers 10.* 'Twas below his great Person and Spirit to deny or dissemble his Religion. Faith and Love makes him trusty to it, against all Conspiracies of Men or Devils.

And what know we, but some were so impudent as to steal up Stairs and peep through the very Key-hole to discover (but) the first motion towards a Genuflection. But when those Sacred joynts incline
to

to bend to the resolved Worship, how greedily do they suck in the very first Spiration, and preparatory sighs?

But (brave *Belshazzar!*) how little do we know what various Passions agitate thy Sacred Breast at this time? What contests between Nature and Grace, Flesh and Spirit? Or wer't thou all Soul, and transported beyond the cares and remembrance of thy Mortal and suffering part, that I hear thee break into such Raptures as these?

*What! and must I forsake my God now, or not Live? and forsake him too upon such un- Spirit.
happy Terms as these, to gratifie the wishes of these malicious confederating Heathens? Is Devotion become fatal, and must Prayer it self kill? Cannot I go to my God, but the next step must be to the Grave? 'Tis worse than Death to live but one day, without him who is the Life of my Soul; how then shall I live thirty? Must I wear these Fetters upon mine affections and Lips, which these Mens envy and cunning have clapt on me, with design to enslave me for ever? Rather let the Beasts tear open a passage for this Captive within me to pass into the liberties of everlastingness, than thus to be Cag'd up in so insufferable a Vassalage! Do they think to immure up my Soul? Let them rend me from the Court of Darius, my Heaven is not there, as is theirs; my Body is the Kings to his pleasure and service, but my Soul is Gods-unto his. I'll venture an ingorgement into the Bowels of the Lions, e're they shall glory over mine Apostacy from my Religion and my God.*

*But hold! whither does this Noble but Te- Flesh.
merarious Zeal transport thee Daniel? Is this thy kindness to thy dearest self? And hast thou no regard to the Glorious and sweets of Life? Is that Holy Fire, that devours its own Altar? And call'st thou that Zeal*

Zeal that hurls thee into nothing, and tempts thee to an Annihilation? Is Death so desirable? and such a Death as will gratifie thine Enemies too? Whose Malice will Feast it self on thy Ruines, with greater Luxury than the Lyons Banquet on thy Flesh? What is this but to Execute the Plot against thine own Life, which they cannot perfect without thee? and will thy God thank thee for destroying thy self, and throwing away thy life for a Nicety, the Ceremony and Carcase of Devotion, which his Grace is so ready to dispence with, and for so little a time as a Month too? Is he not the Father of Spirits, and regards more the Oratory of a sigh than all the lascivious Expressions of the Lips? Understands he not the Language of the Soul, and hearkens to the very desires of the Humble? Maist thou not Offer up the purer Sacrifice from the secret Altar of a Flaming Heart, and be safe? What an advantage hast thou to baffle the Conspiracy by a Mental Devotion, and to Countermine the Villanies of their Cursed Policy by locking up thy Soul in its self?

*Spirit pre-
vails.*

Ah no! The brave *Votary* scorns to compound with his God for his Life, nor will save himself by so much as Latching the Door of his Lips; he will not stifle the vent of his Soul, tho it self were sure to fly through it: He will glorifie God with his speech, tho he speak himself into Air; he will not disfigure the Body of his Duty, to save his own from mangling; and would rather the Lyons should open their Mouths to swallow him, than he by shutting up his, to imprison his Zeal and Affections. He resolves that his Mouth shall Confess unto God (and the World) that his Heart believeth unto Salvation; and (while his Enemies were watching) imagine this devout Supplicant thus pouring out his Soul unto God.

The Prayer.

GOD of my Soul and of my Being, the Glorious Jehovah that inhabitest inaccessible Light and everlastingness, and humblest thy self to behold the things that are in Heaven and Earth-----Hear and have mercy. Thou art God alone, and besides thee there is none else: What is this Darius, whom these men have blasphemously Exalted to Rob thee of thy Glory and Worship, and made a God of him that cannot help, that cannot save himself or others-----O Pardon their Sin. And this they have done with design to Rob me too, of this Glorious Liberty of Access to thee my God, who art the very Life of my Soul, and whose loving Kindness is better than Life, and without whom Life is none at all. They would shut me from thy Presence, but do not thou; Open the Door of thy Grace and my Soul, that I may fly unto thee; and tho [these] these mine Enemies lye in wait for my Blood; yet let me Praise thee with joyful Lips, and Serve thee without fear. What, though they have decreed to take away my Life, are not my Times in thy hand? and without thee shall not fall an hair from my Head. O give me a Faith beyond my Fear, and a Courage beyond their Malice, that I may dye rather than disown thee; and by Devoting my self a Sacrifice to thy Glory, may let all the World know that thou Lord, art the only God that savest the Souls of thy Servants who put their trust in thee. Redeem thy Church and People----- But here a Noise interrupts him: The Confederates cry out again, Treason, Treason, a Traitor against our King and his Law, away with him to the Lyons, Darius himself cannot save him.

They find
him Praying. V. 11.

(These, we may suppose, were the Evidence ready to Swear against him, who could safely take their Oaths (without fear of Perjury) that they heard him making

making his Petitions to the God of Heaven, and so breaking the Decree.)

And now has the Plot taken effect, the Innocent man falls by the Councils of the Wicked; *Righteous art thou O Lord, yet let me talk with thee of thy Judgments: Wherefore doth the way of the Wicked prosper? Wherefore are they happy that deal very Treacherously?* Jer. 12. 1. *So foolish was I and ignorant----- Surely thou didst set them in slippery places, thou castest them down into Destruction; how are they brought into Desolation as in a moment, they are utterly consumed with Terrors,* Psal. 73. 18, 19. 22.

Now may you see them troop together with joy and speed to *Darius* Court, where they subtilly repeat the Contents of the Law to the King, with a Cursed Policy of designing to oblige him to a sacred and inviolable observance of his own Edict, e're ever they discover the Transgressor, who (they knew) was so dear to him, that (for his sake) he might have strain'd his Prerogative unto the length of a Pardon, (if possible.) But having once oblig'd him by the honour of his Royal word to confirm the decree, then they presume to produce the Indictment, and thus Address:

O King Live for Ever.

“**T**hat *Daniel* who pretends so much Love and
 “ Loyalty to thy Royal Person, so much Vene-
 “ ration and respect to all thy Laws, He, he is the
 “ first Rebel. Ungrateful man that he is, whom of
 “ a Captive of the Children of *Judab* thou hast load-
 “ ed with such Honours, whose very weight has un-
 “ fortunately caus'd him to stagger in his Loyalty;
 “ and 'tis visible (*Dread Sir*) that the sublimity of
 “ his State has giddied him into folly too; he trants
 “ after other Gods, as if thou O King wert not God
 enough

"enough for him, who hast been so kind and Royal
 "to him. Never has the largesse of Princely Bounty
 "so unluckily miscarried by ingratitude and Treachery,
 "which dares be so insolent to give so pernicious an
 "Example of first Violating that Law,
 "which he should have valued infinitely dearer than
 "his Life, and rather than have prostituted it to
 "vulgar Contempt, should have Sacrific'd the warmest
 "Blood of his Heart to its Glory.

"We pray therefore that he may (*Suffer the
 "Pains and Penalties of the Irrevocable Decree he has
 "so Prophaneely despised; may receive the just Recompense
 "of his haughty Rebellion and Pride.*)----- Be
 "thrown to the Lyons.

Now is the King almost dead, with sorrow, the fatal News more wounds his Royal Heart than the Prisoners: The King himself suffers in this Plot, and is persecuted in the Captive; and now is basely betrayed to sign the Decree, which Seals his own vexation and trouble: For 'tis they, and not *Daniel*, were guilty of the Treason against his Royal tranquility and peace.

Unhappy *Daniel*! to be so lov'd and so hated! so passionately lov'd by *Darius*, so universally Malign'd by his Nobles. Here's not one of all the Peers has a pitty for thee, they joyntly address for thy speedy Execution; (*Nemine Contradicente.*) The King singly demurrs, and while he does so, they impatiently address a second time, (and had not so prosperously succeeded hitherto, now to suffer their Plot to perish in Embrio.) Malice makes them forget good manners, they incroach on Majesty, grow rude and uncourly: *Know, O King, that the Law of the Medes and Persians is, that no Decree nor Statute which the King establisheth may be changed, v. 1. 2.*
 "We have thee now at a Bay, this Rebel may not
 "be pardoned, the Laws of thy Kingdom will not
 "bear

“bear it, tho thou wouldst; therefore in vain dost
 “thou labour to deliver him, for dye he must and
 “shall.

But now methinks how do I see the great *Darius*
 hugging him in his Arms; whilst he beholding him
 (as he fears) with his last Eyes, breaths out his very
 Heart to him in such dear Expressions as these?

“*Daniel*, my dearest *Daniel*, the brightest Star
 “that ever illustrated a Princes Court; the faith-
 “fullest Servant that ever bless’d a Master; the ve-
 “ry Glory and Flower of my Kingdom and Palace;
 “who art passing up into those more glorious Man-
 “sions, where only dwell such Spirits as thine.
 “Thou wilt no more envy the toys of Regality,
 “nor need the airy Honours of an Earthly Palace;
 “I am distressed for thee my dearest *Daniel*; how
 “willingly could I uncloath my self from these vain
 “Badges of Majesty to pass into Spirit with thee?
 “But stay, may not thy God meet thee in the Den,
 “as (I have heard) *Shadrach*’s did him in the Fur-
 “nace; and methinks I have Faith to believe he will;
 “and least thine Enemies should think so too, and
 “send in Ruffians more cruel than the Beasts to de-
 “stroy thee, my care shall obviate that danger,
 “while I Seal thee up under the Protection of Hea-
 “ven and thy God.

He passes How stately passes the Captive to
to the Den. the Den, richly laden with the *Trophies*
 of his Princes affections, and the gra-
 ces of his God! He leaves nothing behind him, that
 he should take to Heaven with him, but the thoughts
 of Revenge.

*A Dialogical Discourse between Adomibe-
zeck, and one of the 60 Kings he tor-
mented and kept under his Table : The
Discourse supposed to be in the other
World.*

The Argument.

*The mighty King, the Tyrant, whose delight
In tortures was ; who sixty Kings, in spite
Of Regal Pow'r that did their Brows adorn,
Maim'd, and beneath his Table kept in scorn,
Is in like manner serv'd : so fares it still,
With those that seek their fellow Creatures ill.*

King. **H**ow now great Monarch ! by what fatal
chance

Did you from lights of splendid pomp advance
To these dull Regions ? how cut off by death
Did you the sternest Tyrant of the Earth,
T' th' midst of all your Glories lose your breath. }

Adon. Torment me not in asking how I fell,
Or how the Fates durst my Ambition Quell.

King. Know you not who I am ? know you not me.

Adon. I know too well the dreadful shape I see ;
O take it from mine Eyes, I wou'd not know,
Nor wou'd be known in these sad times of woe.

King. Yet pittylefs you durst our patience prove,
Nor cou'd our Tears, nor Groans your Mercy move.

Adon. 'Tis true, they cou'd not, but I thought me then
Above the blasting Fate of Vulgar men.
Ambition made me seem in heights to fly
Beyond the reach of frail Mortality.

King. So we once thought, yet all we urg'd was vain,
Nor cou'd our Sighs, when fallen, ease our pain.

A a

Ad on

Adon. *You were my Captives, by fierce war so made,
Your Countrey's mine, by me in Asbes laid.*

King. *'Tis true, yet pitty in a Monarch's Breast,
Renowns him more, pity to those oppress'd,
A God-like nature in Man-kind creates,
And Envy's Keen-soul piercing Shaft Rebates.*

Adon. *But then Compassion knew not my Abode,
Revenge and Fury waited on my Nodd,
My will was then my law, Death mark'd my Frowns
On whom they bent, there he bestow'd his wounds.*

King. *Yet now too plain you see, the God,
whose Eyes
Into the darkest of Man's Secrets pry's,
Has found you out, and by his chosen Seed,
Now made the Proud Adonibezack bleed.*

Adon. *'Tis to my Shame, and sad Confusion known,
As I have done, to me so be it done;
In a base servitude a Monarch dy'd,
Maim'd as he maim'd, Crush'd as he crush'd the pride
Of daring Mortals whom he made to stoop,
E're they his Towing Cedar cou'd o're-top.*

King. *Just is thy plague, thy punishment is come,
And we with joy, behold thy juster doom?
So fares it with all those that pnyless
Afflict their Brethr'n when in most distress;
Who proudly triumph over those they may,
And make a sport of them they make their Prey;
So may it fare with Tyrants, so with those,
Whose Breast no mercy, but fell rage Inclose,*

Adon. *My guilty Conscience wounds me, Let that be
Revenge enough, no more then torture me.*

King. *Still, still, I'll haunt you, since the Fates
decree
Your Fortune equal in our Misery.*

Adon. *I'll shun you then; my Soul no more can bear.*

King. *Yet you unmov'd our sad laments cou'd hear.*

Adon. *'Tis true, I did, and scoff'd at all your cries,
Glutting with your hard Fates my well pleas'd eyes.*

King.

King. Then what can you expect, but to indure
Our hate and scorn, who cou'd your self enure
In prosperous dayes, to nought but cruelty.

Adon. That I'll prevent, for with swift wings I'll fly
To dismal shades of Night, beyond your reach.

King. In vain's such flight, your Walls can't
now Impeach

Our following fury; now your Guards are gone
No power to torture's left; Death has undone
The knot of power, and now like us you are,
Like us who vow with you perpetual War.

Adon. Spare, spare me, I repent my wicked deeds;
My Rage is lost, my Heart now melts and bleeds;
Your want of power this feign'd repentance breeds.

King. No, we'll pursue you through the Gloomy
Coasts,

And tell your Story to the well pleas'd Ghosts,
Who laughing loud shall joyn with us in Mirth,
To plague you, as you plagued us on Earth.

Adon. O wretched me? how woful is my case,
Who find in Life nor Death no resting place;
In Earth I was to Jacob's Sons betray'd

And here the Scorn of once my Slaves I'm made.
Therefore by me let Tyrants warning take,
lest they are scorn'd by those, their scorn they make.

A Dialogue between Jael and Sisera.

The Argument.

*Sisera routed, flys to Jael's Tent
And's Introduced with a Complement;
But sleeping, a sharp Nail his Temples wound;
Till he his Death in that low Lodging found.*

Jael. **H**a—who is this? that thus with hasty
Steps makes to my poor Abode; If I mi-
nor, it is the Warriour that has troubled *Israel*.

yes, yes, 'tis *Sisera*. — Speak, speak my Lord, why come you thus alone? where, where are all the mighty Captains that were wont to wait upon you, marking your Frowns and Smiles as sure portents of Life and Death; the Signals of the Nations Peace, or dire Calamity.

Sisera. Alas! Alas! The God of Jacob has prevailed, and they're no more; the Battel has devoured them, and their slaughter'd Carcasses ly scattered on the Plains of Israel.

J. How! is the mighty Jabin's Army overthrown.

Sisera. It is, and still the danger is too near to admit of time to tell the dreadful ruine; for the well fle sh'd Foe besmear'd with blood and slaughter, hastily pursue; O had you seen the fearful havoc Barak's Sword has made; how wheeling with a swift reverse it mowed down Ranks of men? You wou'd have trembled.

Jael. My Lord, I tremble at the thoughts of his wide wasting fury; but see the Enemies upon the Mountain-tops.

Sisera. 'Tis true, — With speedy steps they hitherward advance, Now! now! My life is in your hands, secure me from their fury by denial, and stay my thirst with water, and I'll largely recompence your care.

Jael. Doubt not, my Lord, of safety in my Tent — Here, here, Drink, drink thou mighty Man of War, drink what my homely Tent affords.

Sisera. 'Tis *Ne&ar* most delicious, and has much refresh'd my weary Soul; — But I'll repose, and leave my safety to your conduct.

Jael. This covering my Lord; — Ha? — what a suddain drowfiness has seized the Man of blood — Why can it be that he can securely snore, when Death is hovering round him — Now, now's the time to be revenged for all the slaughter he has caus'd; for all the Widdows and sad Orphan tears, burnt Towns, deflowred Virgins, ravish'd Matrons, and the bleeding Wombs, whence ga-

ping Infants by rude hands were torn: Heaven prompt my Zeal to act the Tragedy. This sharp Instrument well fits my purpose; and now to free my Country from his future rage. — Thus — thus I seal his Eye-lids with eternal slumber. —

The deed is done; convulsive Death now triumphs over him, whose breath has doom'd so many thousands to the Grave: unfeared he lyes, whose name was wont to make the Sons of *Jacob* tremble, and at whose approach the well fenced Towns were flighted, whilst for safety the Amazed Inhabitants lurked in the Caves and solitary Wildernesses.

Conclusion

*The mighty Sisera slain, glad Jael meets
The conquering Captain and his death relates,
Which joyes the Israelites, and makes them sing
For their deliverance to the Eternal King;
Who grants them Peace and Plenty many dayes
And chears them with the brightness of His rayes*

Ruth. 1. Verse. 16, 17.

*And Ruth answered; intreat me not to leave thee;
nor to depart from thee; for whether thou goest I will go;
and where thou dwellest there will I dwell: thy People
shall be my People, and thy God my God, Verse. 17.
where thou dyest will I dye, and there I will be buried;
the Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death
part thee and me.*

Here we have the resolution of *Ruth* portray'd in lively colours; so that if we consider her Sex, a Woman, her Nation a *Moabite*; we may boldly pronounce of her what our Saviour did of the Centurion, *Verily I say unto you, I have not found so great Faith, no, not in Israel.*

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Intreat me not to leave thee.

Some read it, *be not thou against me*, as it is in the margent of the new Translation. Where we see that those are to be accounted our adversaries, and against us, who perswade us from our voyage to Canaan, from going to Gods true Religion. They may be our Fathers, they cannot be our Friends; though they promise us all outward Profits and Pleasures, yet in very deed they are, not with us, but against us, and so must be accounted.

Where thou Lodgest, I will lodge.

A good Companion saith the Latine Proverb, is *proviaticò*. I may add also *pro diversorio*, Ruth, so be it she may enjoy *Naomie's* gracious company, will be content with any lodging, though happily it may be no better than *Jacob* had, Gen. 28.

Thy People shall be my People.

Haman being offended with *Mordicai*, as if it had been lean and weak revenge to spit his spight upon one person, hated all the Jews for *Mordicai's* sake; the mad Bear stang with one Bee, would needs throw down the whole Hive. But clean contrary, *Naomi* had so graciously demeaned her self, that *Ruth* for her sake is fallen in love with all the Jews. Farewel *Mechim*, farewel *Chemosh*, farewel *Mrab*, Welcome *Israel*, welcome *Canaan*, welcome *Beth-lehem*; all of a suddain she will turn Convert, she will turn *Profelite*.

Thy God shall be my God.

Jehosaphat when he joyned with *Abah*. 1 King. 22. said unto him, *my People is as thy People, my Horses are as thy Horses*, (that is) he would comply with him in a politick League, but *Ruth* goes further to an unity in Religion, *Thy God shall be my God*.

Where thou dyest will I dy.

Here *Ruth* supposeth two things, that she and her mother in law should both dye, It is appointed once

once to dy. Secondly, That *Naomi* as the eldest, should dy first: for according to the ordinary custom of Nature, it is the most probable and likely, that those that are most stricken in years, should first depart this Life. Yet I know not whether the Rule or Exceptions be more general; and therefore let both Young and Old prepare for Death, the first may dy soon, but the second cannot live long.

And there will I be buried.

Where she supposed two things more, first, that those that survived her, would do her that favour to bury her, which is a common courtesie, not to be denyed to any: It was an Epitaph written upon the Grave of a Beggar, *Nudus eriam vivus, mortuus ecce tegor.* 2ly. She supposeth they would bury her, according to her instructions, near to her Mother *Naomi*.

Observation.

As it is good to enjoy the company of the Godly while they are living, so it is not amiss, if it will stand with convenience to be buried with them after death: The old Prophets bones escaped a burring by being buried with the other Prophets, and the Man who was tumbled into the grave of *Elisha*, was revived by the virtue of his Bones. And we read in the Acts and Monuments, That the body of *Peter Martyr's* wife was buried in a dunghil, but afterwards being taken up in the Reign of *Q. Elizabeth*, it was honourably buried in *Oxford*, in the Grave of one *Frideswick*, a Popish-Saint; to this end, that if Popery, which God forbid, should over-spread our Kingdom again, and if the Papists should go about to untomb *Peter Martyr's* Wifes Bones, they should be puzzled to distinguish betwixt the Womans body and the Reliques of that their Saint, so, good it is sometimes to be buried with those who some do account pious; though perchance in very deed they be not so.

The Lord do so to me and more also.

To ascertain *Naomi* of the seriousness of her intentions herein, *Ruth* backs what formerly she had said, with an Oath, lined with an execration.

If ought but Death

See here the large extent of a Saints love, it lasts till Death, and no wonder, for it is not founded upon Honour, Beauty, Wealth, or any other sinister respect in the party beloved, which is subject to Age or Mutability, but only on the Grace and Piety in him; which Foundation because it always lasteth, the love which is built upon it, is also perpetual.

Part thee and me.

Death is that which parteth one Friend from another; Then the dear Father must part with his dutiful Child; then the dutiful Child must forget his dear Father, then the kind Husband must leave his constant Wife, then the constant Wife must lose her kind Husband, then the careful Master must be sundred from his industrious Servant, then the industrious Servant must be sundred from his careful Master. Yet this may be some comfort to those, whose Friends death hath taken away; that as our Saviour said to his Disciples. *Yet a little while, and you shall not see me, and yet a little while, and you shall see me again.* So yet a little while, and we shall not see our Friends; and yet a little while, and we shall see them again in the Kingdom of Heaven, for, *non mittuntur, sed pramittuntur*, we do not foregoe them, but they go before us.

A Dialogue between Naomi and Ruth.

Argument.

Kind Ruth, her Husband dead, to Naomi
 Do's cleave, resolving so to live and dy;
 In all adversity she makes a Vow
 To follow her, and her kind Aid allow:
 To prop her Aged years, when kindly she
 Accepts of her dear Daughters company.

Naomi. SEE'st thou not that Orpah thy Sister
 has left me, and is again returned to
 her People; why should'st thou then remain, since
 Heaven's Eternal King has taken to himself *Chilion*,
 the dear Pledge of your tender Love? there live
 happy, since all hopes are vanished, that from my
 aged Womb more Sons should spring.

Ruth. Have I not lived with you these many years, even
 when wall-breaking Famine bared the sun-burnt Fields,
 and Men as well as Beasts (by thousands) fell, to sat-
 isfy the Bosom of our Common Mother.

Naomi. 'Tis true you have; but then Heavens
 plenteous hand showed blessings on me; then
 my Husband and my careful Sons drew breath.
 But now. —

Ruth. Now — why — Can you once imagine that
 want can cause my love to wast, no, for your own, and
 my dead Chilicns sake, I'll love you still, and render you
 the Duty that becomes a Daughter in Law.

Naomi. Thy tender years can never undergo the
 hardship that poor wandring Naomi may meet with-
 e're she can be settled in the place where first she
 drew her Breath; therefore consider; and whilst
 you are in *Mab's* borders, think of the plenty that
 abounds in your own indulgent Mothers Womb.

Ruth. I have already cast the business in my Mind, and am resolved, that Winters chilling Storms, nor Summers scorching heat attended with the sharp Contests of poverty and pining want, shall never part us; Death it self in all his dismal shapes is not of force to shake my fixed determination.

Naomi. You yet are young, and have not struggled with Misfortunes, nor contended with the world, and therefore know not of what force they are; consider how belated *Naomi* (in her long Journey) must be often forced to make the Ground her Bed; and underneath some spreading Tree lie stretched: Exposed to all the injuries of weather, whilst soft sleep flies from her careful Breast, and she with sighs and groans is forced to wound the murmuring Air.

Ruth. If upon some bleak Mountains top, whose covering is Snow and Globes of Solid Ice, where Winters lasting Tyranny still Reigns, you should be forced to make your Bed, I'de there repose: This Arm should be your Pillow, whilst your Daughter, your obedient *Ruth* froze to your side.

Naomi. Could you do this — Yet think again, and well consider, that old Age comes fast on me, and I shall soon be summoned to the Grave; where you being left a stranger in the Land of *Israel*; and far from your Relations; meet with much contempt and scorn from the proud Daughters of the Land. Then will be the time of your repentance, then you'll blame that ill starr'd day you left your Country and your Friends for the sad company of wretched *Naomi*.

Ruth. Let that not trouble my dear Adopted Mother; for when unfriendly Death with his cold Icy hand, shall grasp your Life, I'll mourn much like a Widdow Turtle, till in floods of swelling Grief I'm wasted to Eternity; and then our bodies shall not be disjoyned; but in one Grave we'll lie, till our returning Souls shall wake the drowsie

drowsie courses ; and hand in hand we take our way to Heaven.

Naomi. Can there be such constant Faith in Woman ? O thou glory of our Sex ! let me embrace thee. Thus whilst my poor heart o'flows with Joy, O thou dear recompence of all my toils ; who makest amends for Husband and for Sons loss ; may Heavens Favours shour upon your Head, and you be blessed in all you undertake.

Ruth. Your kind Expressions are too large a retribution for what I have resolved ; but see the Morning Dawn salutes the World : let's lose no time, but strait begin our Journey to the wish'd Bethlehem of Juda.

Naomi. Be it as you have said, my only Comfort and blest Solace of my age.

Conclusion.

*Thus setting forth, they unto Bethlehem came,
Where Naomi desired to change her Name,
As griev'd at her great loss ; but in the end
Rich Boaz weds Ruth, and soon becomes her Friend.
Ruth Soon grows fruitful, and from her does spring
The Lineal Rank, good David, Israels King.*

Dagons Fall before the Ark.

The Sins of *Israel* growing great, Gods rage
Was bent against his Chosen Heritage,
Old *Ely's* Sons polluting holy things,
And with vile Hands disdain the Offerings.
The Lord of Hosts convenes the Heathen Powers
To batter down aspiring *Jacobs* Towers.
Before their Swords the routed *Hebrews* fly,
And fill the Hills and Valleys with their cry.
The wicked Seed of the High Priest are slain,
And the tremendous Ark it self is ta'en.

In which the Mighty God was pleas'd to dwell;
 Before whose wrath so many Nations fell
 And now the bold insulting Foe, as proud
 Of such a Trophie, bare it shouting loud,
 To the base Temple of their false feign'd God,
 Compos'd of Gems of Gold and precious wood;
 A stock inspir'd by an Infernal Fiend,
 On whom they durst in Peace and War depend;
 Ascribing to his power the great success
 Of their weak Arms, and joyful words express,
 When lo! the fearful Fiend with hideous cries,
 From his adored Idol swiftly flies;
 Not daring view that Face which brightness shrouds
 The God whose Thunder rends the Marble clouds:
 Who grasps the Poles, and turns the Spears about,
 Whose Eyes survey the Universe throughout;
 Whose Anger kindled is so deadly great,
 That Hell it self from it would fain retreat,
 Had not strict Fate fast fix'd it in it's place,
 With whom alone the Righteous can find Grace.
 And now forsaken *Dagon*, wrest of voice,
 No answer gives, from it proceeds no noise,
 In vain his Priests enquire of Future things,
 In vain the Prince his curst Oblation brings.
 Deluding *Satan* bears perforce the shame,
 And though aloud they call on *Dagons* Name,
 Yet dares not the fate babling Dæmon come,
 Least he before his time receive his doom;
 And with link'd Thunderbolts be driven back,
 Or sunk fast chain'd into the flaming Lake;
 But whilst they rend their Threats, their wooden
 God,
 Begins to totter and most strangely nod;
 Whereat affrighted the rude Rout recoil;
 When down at last upon his Face he fell.
 Yet up the foolish People rear again
 Their shame and folly, yet 'tis but in vain;
 For ere the Sun review'd their wicked Coast,

The helpless Srock his Head and Hands had lost;
 Whilst fearful Plagues his Worshipers dismay,
 Who gladly send the holy Ark away;
 Not daring keep what eagerly they sought,
 Left all their Land be to destruction brought.

On Dagon and the Ark.

What news with *Dagon*? Is thy Shrine so hot,
 Thou canst not keep it? or has *Dagon* got
 The falling sickness, that his *godship's* found.
 In such a posture, prostrate on the ground?
 Poor helpless *god*! but stay! Is *Dagon* grown
 So weak i'th, hams: nor stand, nor rise alone?
 A *god*, and cannot rise? 'Tis very odd!
 He must have help, or lie: A *proper god*!
 Well, *Dagon* must require help of hands;
 Up *Dagon* goes the second time, and stands
 As confident, as though his place had bin
 His own, in *Fee*: down *Dagon* falls again:
 But *Dagon's* shrewdly martyr'd with the jump,
 Lost *Hands*, and *Head*; and nothing left but *stump*.

Sure all's not well with *Dagon*, now of late
 He's either sick, or much forgot the State
 Belonging to so great a *God*: hath none
 Offer'd some stinking *Sacrifice*, or blown
 Some nauseous fume into his sacred *Nose*.
 And made his *Godship* dizzy? or who knows,
 Perchance h'as taken pet, and will resign
 His sullen place, and quit his empty Shrine.
 No wonder, a *false God* should stoop and lye
 Upon the flour, when as a *true God's* by?
 It was unlikely *Dagon* should forbear
 Respite of *Homage* when the *Ark* was there;
 If I would worship a *false God* at all,
 It should be one that would not scorn to fall
 Before his *Betters*; whose indifferent Arm,
 If it could do no good, could do no harm:

I'de rather choose to bend my idle knee,
 Of all false Gods, to such a god as he,
 Whose spirit's not too quick : *The Fabulous Frog*
Found greater danger in the Stork, than Log :
 And to conclude, I'de choose him *Dagon* like ;
 Not having *Head* to plot ; nor *Hands* to strike.

Saul chosen King.

THE murmuring people, who Gods Wonders saw,
 And Glorious presence when he gave the Law.
 In Peals of Thunder on the dreadful Mount,
 Themselves unhappy in his Rule account ;
 And like their Neighbour Nations, ask a King,
 That may their Armies out to battel bring.
 To which the Mighty God, though griev'd, consents,
 Yet lets them know the sad and dire events
 Of their sad wish ; tells what their King shall do,
 And that too late repentance wou'd insue,
 Which to head-strong *Israel* prov'd too true ;
 But long they're not debar'd of their desire,
 Good *Samuel* marks them out what they require,
 Confirming, after many fights, the Son
 Of Aged *Kish*, a *Benjamite*, well known
 By his huge Stature, who for many years
 The Helm of *Jacobs* mighty Empire steers,
 But not regarding who the Scepter Gave,
 The Scepter giver does the Monarch leave :
 Who long disparing, did in *Jacob* dwell,
 Till by his Sword on *Gilboa* he fell,
 And scatter'd *Israel* felt the rage of those,
 Who ever vow'd themselves their mortal Foes.

On Saul and David.

SURE *Saul* as little look'd to be a King,
 AS I ; and *David* dream'd of such a thing.

As much as he, when both alike did keep,
 The one his Father's Asses, t'other Sheep:
 Saul must forsake his Whip, and David flings
 His Crook aside, and they must both be Kings.
 Saul had no sword, and David then no spear,
 There was none Conquer'd, nor no Conqueror there,
 There was no sweat, there was no blood to shed:
 The unsought Crown besought the Wearers head,
 There was no stratagem, no Opposition
 No taking parts, no jealous Competition,
 There needs no Art, there needs no Sword to bring,
 And place the Crown, where God appoints the King.

A Dialogue between Agag and Samuel.

The Argument.

*Saul having spar'd the proud Amalekite,
 Samuel is griev'd, and when the Pagan quite
 Had banish'd fear of Death, to Death he's given,
 In order to appease offended Heaven.*

Agag. **W**hat means the Prophet with such
 stern Aspect to gaze upon a Monarchs
 misery, suffices it not that my slaughtered People
 fat the Plains with streams of blood, and that my
 burning Citys cloud the Lamp of Heaven with as-
 cending smoak.

Samuel. No haughty man, 'tis not enough; the God
 of Jacob is displeased with such small Vengeance.

Agag. Then try to turn away his wrath with Sa-
 crifice, let ten thousand Altars blaze with fat of
 Bulls and Rams, the spoil that once belonged to
 Amalek's now fallen Sons.

Saul. In vain thou urgest such abomination, such
 Sacrifices would be odious in the Nostrils of that God,
 Who dwells between the Cherubims, whose fierce
 wrath

wrath can be appeased with no less Sacrifice than thy curst Life.

Agag. Ha—my life—why, sure the fear of death is past now, know you not that your King has promised Life.

Sa. I know him, who in sparing you and your unlawful Spoils has made himself a Rebel to the King of Kings.

Agag. Yet he's your Lord, and ought to be obeyed, to him I appeal, to him, who has already sign'd my pardon.

Samuel. In vain are all Appeals to Mortal Man, when God, the mighty God, in whose strong Hands is all the Breath of Life; has doom'd you dead.

Agag. How—doom'd me dead! O name not such another fatal Word—Spare, spare my Life, and all the Treasures I have hid, when first the Rumour of the dreadful War alarm'd my affrighted coast are at your service.

Samuel. Your Treasure perish with you; not all the Glories of the Universe shall rescue you from Death.

Agag. O draw not, draw not in this rage your dreadful Sword! Consider I am a Man, a Father, and a Monarch; Seest thou not what Robes of Majesty adorn me? seest thou not this awful Circle studded o're with Gems: This Scepter, at whose wave the Princes cring'd, and kiss'd the dust; seest not him, to whome a thousand knees were wont to bend; him on whose Breath, dependeth Life and Death, now prostrate on the ground, imploring mercy for himself.

Samuel. All this I see, and as far as humane frailty can bear sway, am moved; yet must not, dare not, will not disobey my God.

Agag. O! consider once again, that my Mother is a Queen in distant Lands; O think what grief 'twill be to her to hear her only Son is slain.

Samuel. In vain is all you urge, and this last saying whets my Anger more, when I consider how your blood

blood-bedaubed Hands have made the Nations mourn ;
how your destroying Sword has raised the Widdows cries
and tender Infants sighs ; lo ! the many slaughters you
have made in Jacob's borders, rendred thousands child-
less ; wherefore the self same Fate be on the Womb
that bare you, whilst thus—thus—I execute Gods wrath
on thy pernicious Head.

Agag. Oh—Oh—I'm slain—I'm slain ? I that
have scaped a thousand deaths in battel, tamely fall
a Victim to the Zealous Fury of an enraged Prophet,
Samuel. Thus what Saul left undone, my aged hand
finishes, and attond for Jacobs Land.

A Dialogue between David, Saul, and Goliath, upon their Incounter.

The Argument.

David Anointed King of Jacobs Seed,
Hastes to the Camp of Saul, with swiftest speed,
And undertakes to fight the mighty Foe,
Who with proud boasting, forty days durst show
His monstrous Bulk ; defying Israels Host ;
But David with a sling soon quells his Boast.

Saul. **S**peak, speak young Stripling, is it as my
Captain has related, darést thou, that
art but a Youth, Expose thy self against this Mon-
ster that defies my Host.

David. My Lord, I dare, though not presuming on
the Arm of flesh, but totally relying on the Living God,
who has delivered me from the devouring Rage of Ly-
ons and of Bears ; nor dare I now doubt the assistance
of his power to bring low the haughty Pride of this bold
Philistine that has defied the Armies of the living God.

Saul. Bold is your Spirit, and your courage
brave, the two first steps to Glorious Actions
shine in you, but yet consider, he's a man of War,
mighty in strength, and dreaded by the most re-
doubted Captain of the Israelites.

David.

David. Great King. did I rely on my own strength, I must confess his monstrous shape might dash my resolution, but his strength, on whom the high success depends, is capable by meanest things, to quell the mighty, and bring low all strength and power: with him there's nought impossible.

Saul. Spoke like a Champion worthy to subdue the world; A Champion on whose Head your King will stake the Diadem of Israel,—my Armour there—so, put it on, and gird your self in Walls of shining Steel, to fit you for the danger.

David. Alas my Lord, it needs not, for with these few stones I'll quell your Foe, and make him kiss the humble Plain.

Saul. Braver in bold resolutions still— Well go thou worthy, and be prosperous; may the bright Minister of Heaven protect you from his rage, and make him fall before you.

David. All thanks great King, and may the God Jacob prosper you; while thus your Servant posseth to assured Victory.

David and Goliath come near each other.

Ha—ha—ha—how am I moved to laughter, when I think the King of Israel in forty days could find no fitter man than this to fight me, sure this unarmed Stripling is but sent to mock me as imagining when he has seized me with some Railery, to run away, and escape my following fury by reason of my heavy Armour.

David. Why laughs the Monstrous Philistine? why with wide Jaws dare he disdain my youth? knew I no other God than Moloch, and accursed Dagon, I should not come resolved to the Combat.

Gol. How! to the Combate; Knowest thou with whom, poor youth, thou art to fight? Hast thou not heard of the sad Slaughters I have made? how this powerfull hand has broke through the affrighted Squadrons of the Foe, and mowed with Whirl-

Whirlwinds Fury on each side, cutting through Groves of Spears, a bloody way to Victory, till heaps of slain have wall'd me in; and thinkest thou with a Staff to drive me hence? May *Moloch* and great *Dagon* blast thy foolish thoughts.

Dav. Not all the bloody deeds thou hast done, can fright the Son of Jesse, nor once dismay the Man that has avow'd to rid oppress'd Israel of so great a curb, that henceforth haughty man may not so boldly trust in Arms of Flesh.

Gol. Why hoverest thou then round me at this rate, and shunnest my fury, art afraid to come within my reach? Come to me, and I will give thy Flesh to the Fowls of the Air, and to the Beasts of the Field: Tear thee in ten thousand pieces, and thy scattered Limbs set up as Trophies of my Victory in all the Coasts of Israel, when this fatal Sword has made its Monarch stoop to the Philistines yoke.

Dav. In vain are all thy unregarded Threats; Although thou comest to me with a Sword, a Spear and Shield, and I to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts, the God of the Armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied.

Gol. O how hot is my revenge! To what a height boils up my raging Fury; O that thou wert this moment in my reach, how would I toss thee in the Air, and pass thy falling Body on the Rocks.

Dav. I'll not be long e're I advance to thy destruction; for this day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hands; and I will smite thee, and take thine head from thee; and I will give the Carcasses of the Philistines this day unto the Fowls of the Air, and to the wild Beasts of the Earth, that all the Earth may know there is a God in Israel; and all this Assembly shall know, that the Lord saveth not with Sword and Spear, and he will give it into our hands.

Gol. I'll not endure this longer, but chastize thy Insolence with flaming Steel; whose very touch shall make thee fly in sunder.

David. Nor will I fail to meet your utmost fury; and thus I'll thunder on your lofty Front, and bring you to the ground.

Gol. O horror! Death and Ruine; what dark Mist is this benights my Eyes? what dreadful bolt on flaming Wings, thrown by some envious power, has thus o'rethrown the great Goliath, and laid all his Trophies level with the dust.

David. Now Monster, now know there's a God in Israel; and as I promised, thus I take thy head; — 'Tis done — done with the Sword thou threatenedst mine: And thus I bear it to the King, taking thy Armour as my lawful prize.

Conclusion.

Goliath slain, the faint Philistines fly,
Whilst after them pursuing Israel cry;
And fearfull slaughter rages every where,
The Sword no Mercy has, nor knows to spare,
Till all or most are slain: Then David's sought,
And to the King in glorious Triumph brought,
Declaring who it is, whilst Honour high,
Crowns him at last with Rays of Majesty.

On David and Goliath.

Satan's the great Goliath, that so boasts
And threatens our Israel, and defies her Hosts;
Those smother stones courageous David took
From the soft bosom of the silver brook,
Are Scriptures: the Sling that gives them flight,
Is Faith; that makes them fly, and fly aright:
Lord, lend me David's sling, and then I know,
I shall have David's strength, and courage too:

Give

Give me but skill to pick such stones as these,
And I will meet Goliath when he please.

A Dialogue between David and Michal.

The Argument.

David *advanc'd*, Saul *envies his loud fame,*
And *fears his Glories, will Eclipse his name;*
Wherefore *fair Michal's given a snare to be*
To him; She loves, but does not int agree;
For when death hover'd round his threaten'd head,
She cheats them with an Image in his stead.

Michal. MY Lord, I wonder you'll expose your
self at this rate, to my Fathers rage;
Know you not that he seeks your life?

David. Yet God, the God of Abraham, is able to
defend me from his rage, seeing I have done nothing
that deserves his hate; but in the uprightness of my
heart go in and out before him.

M. Know you not, that I was given to you as a
snare, to sound the secrets of your heart, and to
pry into your Councils.

D. I know it, my dear Love, my happiness, and all
I prize on this side Heaven; but dare not think that
such virtue, tenderness, and innate goodness, can be
wrought upon to prove a Traytorefs to him, that can ad-
mire nothing but the eternal maker of the glorious
Universe, above her.

M. I question not your love, but sure it is, my
Father urges me continually to lay open your se-
crets, that he may find occasion against your life;
but hitherto his threats and promises have proved
ineffectual.

D. And ever will, I hope, my Joy, — Nay, nay,
I dare not doubt it; it were sin once to mistrust your
Virtue.

Virtue. It shall never sink into my thoughts, that Michal will betray her David.

M. And dare you trust to that, consider well, what glittering Gems, a Prince in Marriage, and a Kingdom at command, may tempt me to consider I'm a Woman, and that all the Sex is frail.

D. All this, and all the Splendid Pomp the haughtiest Monarch can bestow, I have considered; yet cannot once imagine they can move my Love to entertain so base a thought.

M. Yet once more—what if my Father should threaten me with Death and torture if I disobeyed his lawful will; and if he finds me trifle with him; rashly put in execution what he threatens.

D. Nor can this make me once imagine, my dear happiness, that you would give me to his Fury; though in this case I'd willingly meet his fierce wrath, when high, to save my Love from such a danger: There is no Torment so outrageous, that I would not with a smile embrace, look pleasantly on Death, and tamely bow my head at your rough Fathers Feet, whilst his blood-thirsty sword cut off my days—Thank the hand that took my Life for yours, and bless the King for such a Favour with my dying breath.

Mi. Let me embrace my Lord, and let him be assured, that neither hopes of Glory, Threats, nor promises, shall move me to betray him. Rather than I'll prove false to him I love as Life, I'll undergo whatever witty Horror can invent, be for ever banished from my Native Land, to live in lonely Desarts, and dye comfortless in some dark pathless Wilderness; no, all I urged was, but to try how much you valued me.

Da, O ! you lavish me with too much joy; I was before confined, and now 'tis doubly done: no more but to our Chambers, where the first fruits of our Love were reaped, and there I will tell my Love how much I am transported.

Mi.

Mi. I am obedient, and with eager Eyes feeding on your manly beauties, thus cast the Daughter of a King into your Arms to lead her where you please.

Conclusion.

*The happy Lovers scarce their Loves repeat,
When Saul's stern Guards a fierce Alarm beat,
For David's head they come; but Michals Wit
Sends thence her Lord; and with this Counterfeit
Deludes the Captains, whereat Saul's enrag'd,
But by his Daughters feigned Tale's asswag'd.*

A Dialogue between Jonathan and David.

The Argument.

*The Son of Saul to David does express,
A Friendship great, nor does he prove it less.*

Jon. **W**hat fears my Brother David?
wherefore shuns he me?

Da. You know, my Lord, that Men in danger ever dread, especially when they suspect the danger near.

Jon. Why, what of danger; whence do these affrighting thoughts proceed? why is the mighty Warriour thus disturbed.

Da. Know you not that your Father seeks my Life; and are not you his darling Son.

Jo. And does my presence create a fear in David?

Da. Let my Lord pardon when thus low I beg it? If I have some doubts that your Commission is to bring me to your Fathers presence.

Jo. Far be that thought from Jesse's valiant Son, whom I must chide for wronging me in such

a na-

A nature: O? canst thou once Imagine that an Action so ignoble can e're lurk within my breast? Can you suspect the Man (whose Soul moves in sweet harmony with yours) can be so basely treacherous, as to betray his Friend,

Da. *Forgive me, my rash fear, my Lord, and I'll not dare to fear again, I must confess, your love to me has been so great, that I condemn my selfe for once so much as harbouring a suspicion, that you e're intended to harm me.*

Jo. Let this dear kind Embrace sign your free granted Pardon, and in Oblivions darkeſt Land, let your hard censures ever rest.

Da. *O boundless Love! how can I, how shall I deserve it! What recompence is David capable to make that in the smallest measure can requite the Heir Apparent to his Fathers Scepter—thus low.—*

Jo. No more this cringing distance, but to my Arms: I know thy Innocency, and will become a shield to save you from my Fathers wrath; through me, he makes his way to Davids Breast, if Fate decree his ruine.

D. *O my dear Lord; You make me blush, and at the same time to weep for joy, to hear what you expresse; such faith, such constancy, such boundless Love, was never known from man to man before.*

Jo. Although I know you must succeed my Father in his Throne, yet will not I for Empire-sake, that by succession should descend to me; suffer my Love to lessen.

Da. *O! My Lord no more; I am confirmed that I am happy in so brave a Friend, happy as Man can wish; and must make it still the business of my Life, to recompence so great a favour.*

Jo. All I request is, that you would be kind to my Posterity, when Heaven incircles your calm brows with the bright Diadem of Israel.

Da. *Whatever my dear Friend can wish, I'll do; nor shall there be ought wanting in me to retaliate the kindness of my*

Jo. *I ask no more, nor will I dare to doubt your Generosity; but see the Captains of my Fathers Host approach, which urges my departure; but ere long I'll find a means to meet my Friend, and tell him all my Fathers thoughts. Till then, ten thousand blessings on your Head.*

Da. *All thanks to my Kind Lord; and may the God, whose Eyes survey the secrets of each Heart, shower blessings on you, and make your Posterity flourish in the Tents of Jacob.*

Conclusion.

Jonathan goes to Court, and sounds the Heart Of cruel Saul, which he does soon impart To David, and advises him to fly: who after many Ramblings, fears to dy By Sauls dread hand, and does at Gath remain, Till Saul's o'rethrown, and by his own Sword slain.

An Account of Solomon's Concubines with the number of his Wives.

ONE doth seldom begin wickedness at the top: Vices have their degrees as well as Virtues; Solomon at first began to grow cool in the worship of the true God, conversations with him were not so often nor so pleasing, the pleasures of the World invited him, the delights of the Court charmed him, actions that are so free, soon become evil, and evil ones turn themselves into custom, and custom into habit; this Child of God saw the Daugh-

ters of men, these strange Beauties which pricked him by their Novelty, he became a man, and made of them his Goddesses. The Daughters of the *Moa-bites*, and of the *Amorites*, those of *Egypt*, of *Sidon*, of *Idumæa*, and so many others, whereof God had forbidden him any alliance, were the Idols of his Heart, after they had been the Plague and Poison of his understanding. He which had pronounced so many excellent Parables against Love, which had so many times advertised Youth, that the Lips of an unchast woman distilled honey at the beginning, but at the end they gave a portion of Wormwood, was taken by the eyes, chained with infinite affections; his Love was pompous; his Luxury, sumptuous: he loved as much for glory, as for concupiscence, he would act the King in his unchastness as stately, as in the Furniture of his Temple. He had about seven hundred Women, which were his Queens, and with that three hundred Concubines, which is according to the Scripture account, a thousand wives, which he had shut in the *Seraglio*, for the pleasure of his eyes and of his flesh, and of so many loves, there is but one Son to be found, *Rehoboam*, void of wisdom and understanding. What could a Prince do among so many delights, so many allurements, so many charms, and so many bewitchings! A Man is oft-times much hindered, by the troublesome brain of one Woman only. What serious business could he then set himself to, that had them multiplied by hundreds? These strangers came each of them with all the inventions of their Nation for to surprise him, there was one that would gain him to her, another that would keep him, another that would draw him from one sin to another, even unto the bottom of Hell; It is far more easie to become a fool with a woman than to make her wise; he had endeavour'd perhaps to convert them to his Religion, but they perverted him, and

and drew him to theirs. He took their loves, and afterwards their behaviours, and at last their Superstition.

Every one of these Women would bring her God into esteem : And thought not her self to have any credit in her love, if she did not make her false Deity to partake thereof.

THe great, the Wise, the Glorious *Solomon*,
 For whom the Lord of Hosts so much had done,
 By Womans subtilties at last beguil'd,
 And with base Idols his great Heart's defil'd :
 Strange Women tempt the King to go astray,
 To prove Ingrateful, daring disobey
 The God of *Jacob*, whilst with Idols vain
 Strange Wives his Kingdome (he conniving) strain
 Exalting false pretended helpless wood
 In places sacred where Gods Altar stood ;
 Damn'd *Ashtaroth*, the curs'd *Zidonians* shame,
Milcom the wicked *Amorites* cheif blame ;
 With *Chemosh* dire by darkest fiends inspir'd,
 And cruel *Moloch* who mans blood requir'd.
 To whose dire Orgies horrid Sacrifice,
 With clouds of smoak obscure the blushing Skies ;
 Whilst he well pleas'd, beholds the Rites prophane,
 For which the *Canaanites* were sadly slain.
 The Heathen Women stupifie his Sence,
 And with base charms drive sacred Wisdom thence.
 Seven hundred Wives, three hundred Concubines
 His State maintains ; who with Philterick Wines,
 Bewitch him still, and sway him as they please,
 Their lawless Laws a Monarchs reason seize ;
 Which weakness in him makes *Jehovah* frown,
 And raise up Foes to bring his glory down ;
 Whilst all the Tribes but *Juda*, from his Son
 Revolt, and straiten his Dominion.
 So fares it still with those that dare rebel,
 Against the mighty God of *Israel*.

The disobedient Prophet slain by a Lyon.

THe foolish Son of Solomon bereft
 Of *Israels* Aid, no Tribe but *Juda* left,
 The bold revolvers *Jeroboam* chose
 Their King and Captain to subdue their Foes:
 But he damn'd Idols made, fix'd bleating Gods
 In *Dan* and *Bethel*; to whose curst Abodes
 The mudding People soon a whoring went,
 For whose restraint a Man from God was sent
 To cry aloud, whose voice their Altar rent,
 Pour'd out those Ashes, which as relicts vain
 Of their unhallowed Sacrifice remain;
 Which made the wicked Monarch storm and stretch
 His Scepter'd hand, commanding some to catch
 The Prophet, but the blood it soon forsook,
 And every Joynt was with such numbness struck,
 That all in vain, he strugg'd to draw in
 A Member guilty of so great a sin,
 Till humbly he intreats, and is restor'd,
 And kindest Entertainment wou'd afford;
 But that's rejected, and the Prophet flies
 The guilty City; but the hasty Spies,
 Sons to an old deluding Prophet, tell
 What had in *Jacobs* Heritage befall:
 Who soon o'rerakes the loitering Seer, and then
 With feigned tales decoyes him back agen
 To tast forbidden food; but when dismiss
 He meets his Fate, and vainly does resist
 The rending Lyons, Death's commission'd paws,
 And bloody Fury of his roaring jaws;
 Slain is he strait, but not devour'd; so did
 The Lord, whom all but Man obey and dread.
 When soon the news was spread, when soon 'twas
 known
 On whom the Execution had been done;

Nor stays the Man who caus'd his hapless Fate
But to a Grave the Carcase does translate;
Commanding all his Sons, when Death possess'd
His Aged Limbs, and life flew from his Breast,
To lay his Bones by his, affirming all
The Prophet said, should suddenly befall.

A Dialogue between Elijah and the Woman of Zarephath.

The Arguments.

*The Raven fed Elijah, finding dry
The Brook of Cherish, at Gods word does fly
To Zarephath, and near the Gate does find
A Widdow, for whose kindness he proves kind,
Saving her Life by miracle, that done,
He shows Gods Power in raising her dead Sons.*

Eli. **T**His is the place, the happy place, appointed by the God of Israel to give *Elijah* rest. And see, according to his word, the Widdow, in whose House I must sojourn till wastful Famine destroys the Land, makes her retreat to those vast Desarts, where the scorching Sun forbids the falling showers.

Wid. Ha! What stranger is this, that hasts to our forlorn, wretched, half starved City, whose faint inhabitants resemble Death's pale Image, and seem rather wandring shades, than Mortal substances.

Eli. Haste, haste, thou happy Woman, whom Heaven ordains to find refreshment for a weary Traveler, hast I say, and fetch me bread and water speedily to stay my fleeting Soul.

Wid. Alas Sir! As for bread, 'tis become so great a rarity, that scarce a Morsel's to be found in this spacious City; Water indeed we have, yet that of late is not o're plenty.

B.b 3

Eli.

Eli. Can it be that such a stately Pile, such lofty Edifices are so quickly drained of that which is the Staff of Life.

W. Know you not Sir, that Meagre Famine, with dreadful howlings, terrifies the Nation; tearing up with brazen Talents the long barren Soil, crushing with Iron Teeth the hardest Flints, whilst all her Bones appear through her close cleaving Skin; and her sunk Eyes and shrivled Dugs make her look frightful to poor pining Mortals.

Eli. I know for sin, for dire heart hardning sin, the just incensed Majesty of Heaven has chas'd away the swelling Clouds, grown big with showers, whose gentle distillation should assist kind Nature in performing her desired task, and close the crannies of the yawning Earth; nor shall the cataracts give rain, in years to come, so *Jacobs* God decrees.

Wid. If Earth deny her Fruits much longer, who can live! since we already see so many thousands gasping for a moments Life; and hear no other cries than what proceed from sad necessities, whilst nothing that's unclean, is left unfed upon; As for my self, all I have left is but a handful of course meal, and a small quantity of Oyl, nay, and half that's my Sons to dress, which am gathering these few sticks for, that we may eat and dye.

Eli. Dread not Death? since Heaven is careful of your preservation; dress instantly what now you have, and still your store shall be continued.

Wid. It cannot be——or if it do remain with us unconsumed a while, it soon will wast, and then we have no more to eat, nor know we where to buy, for now pure Gold and Silver, once a precious bane, is gladly given for the vilest things, with which the worst of Creatures heretofore were fed.

Eli. Dispute not what I bid, but do as I command, and live, dare you doubt that ought's impossible with God, who sent me to preserve your life, whilst

all the streets are paved with dead and dying wretches.

Wid. *My Heart misgives me, and something as it were, does whisper me in my Ear, that it is a Prophet; speak; therefore totally relying on your word, I'll instantly make tryal: If I live, I live, at the worst I can but dy.*

—Ha—*all I have taken out cannot be mist; the Cruse and the Barrel fill again by Miracle.*

Eli. And so they shall, till plenteous Harvest bends with Golden Ears the feeble stalks, and Wine and Oyl is every where abounding.

Wid. *Blessed for ever be the Name of Israels God, Who has sent his Servant to his Hand-maid, to preserve her by wayes unexpected, from a Death that could not but by miracle have been prevented.*

Eli. No more, but dress what's in thy hand whilst I revive, and render thanks to his all glorious Name who has vouchsafed this favour.

Wid. *With eager Willingness I fly, to do what you command.*

Conclusion.

On unexhausted food three Persons fed,
Till fatal sickness struck the youngest dead;
But by the Prophet he to Life is brought:
When bold *Elisha* furious *Ahab* sought,
And tries by Sacrifice, who is the God
That heals and wounds; shedding the curst
Priests blood.

Then tells of Rain, that quickly does infuse,
And Earths dry face with Vervant Robes renew;
Whilst *Jezabel* his Life with labour sought,
From Earth he is in a fiery Chariot caught,
Leaving *Elisha*, who does strait inherit
A double Portion of *Elia's* Spirit.

A Dialogue between Ahab and Naboth.

The Argument

*Naboth by Ahab sent for, waits upon
His King, to know what 'tis he would have done;
Who asks his Vineyard, Naboth it denies,
For which denial, ston'd with stones he dyes.*

Naboth. **L**ong live the King of Israel — why
is it my Lord has sent to speak un-
to his Servant? Why is such an honour as the pre-
sence of a King conferred upon unworthy Naboth?
Thus low I beg to know the reason.

Ahab. Rise worthy Subject, 'tis a Monarch bids
you leave that Posture, 'tis your King that has a Suit
to Naboth.

Na. Can *Israels* great and glorious Prince, the
Ruler of the God of *Jacobs* Heritage, on whose
Breath my Life depends, sue to his Subject, or
seek ought of him, that his obedience shall not rea-
dily comply with?

Ahab. You will oblige me much, if my Expectations
are but answered, 'tis a small Request, yet prized by me
at no low rate.

Na. Speak mighty Monarch! Let your Servant
know your Pleasure, nay command, and be obeyed.

Ahab. Have you not a Vineyard joyning to the Palace
of your King.

Na. I have great Sir, your Servant has a poor
Inheritance, in which he takes delight to recreate
himself, and pass the flying day in rural Labours;
one while guiding the growing Tendrils where to
clime, directing the rich Vines to their beloved
Elm, at other whiles pruning the luxurious branches,
cultivating the hard Soil, and drawing softer Mold
about

about their spreading Roots; and when the long wish'd Harvest comes, 'tis my delight to crop the swelling Clusters, and press out the Nectereous Juyce, Umbrag'd by the leafie Verdure from the Suns hot Beams, and taught to know the Works of Nature.

Ahab. 'Tis sure you cannot but be much delighted with the pleasant divertisement, -since you seem so much transported with relating it. But to urge my meaning home; suppose your King should be desirous to possess it, Would Naboth without grudging part with what does render him such pleasure.

Na. How most gracious Lord——what part with my Inheritance! O let me on my knees implore my King would urge this thing no further.

Ahab. Nay, let not Naboth be mistaken, Ahab asks it not without a price; Its value you shall have in Ophirs of finest Gold, or else a Vineyard far exceeding it in Circuit, and abounding more in Trees, producing Nectar and Ambrosia.

Na. But let the King of Israel consider, that the Vineyard he demands is his poor Subjects dear Inheritance; O rather ask Life, and take it at your pleasure.

Ahab. Then I have sued in vain, and you but trifle with your Prince; consider who demanded it, and mourn for your rash refusal.

Na. Ha—— the King has left me, and in such a rage, as does preface no less than ruine to poor Naboth; yet let the angry Monarch use me as he please, I'll never yield to part with my Inheritance.

Conclusion.

In an illtime Naboth denies the King,
Who grieves, till Jezabel does comfort bring,
And plots the ruine of the Israelite;
Who's ston'd to death, but what got Ahab by?

'Tis true, he has the Vineyard, but's soon slain,
As is his Son, his Wife, and all his Train.

A Dialogue between Jehu and Jezabel.

The Argument.

King Joram, and King Ahazia slain,
To Jezreel goes Jehu with his Train,
Where Jezabel rebukes him, but cast down
Is slain, and by the Horses trampled on.

Jez. Stay hanghry Rebel, stay thy rapid wheels,
pollute not Jezreel with thy Bazlick breath, A
Queen commandeth thee to retire.

J. O! art thou found in all thy darling Pomp and
Gallanry, thou baneful mischief of the world, worst
of things, whose Whoredoms and prodigious Witchcrafts
have caused Jacobs Seed so long to mourn under the
Scourge of Heaven, and polluted all the Land with blood
of Innocents.

Jez. Ha—Inglorious Traytor, darest thou this
to me, am not I still a Queen? A Queen whose nodd,
Whilst Ahabs power remain'd, made Princes star-
rle, and whose Frowns and Smiles were sure pre-
sages of Life, or of Death; then know your di-
stance, and be dumb.

J. Yes, witness the consecrated Priests that sell a
Sacrifice to your revenge! Witness the blood of Naboth,
and the many mischiefs more the wicked Jezabel has
done, causing not only Ahabs fall, but Jorams and un-
thinking Ahazia's Fates.

Jez. How! Is Joram slain, as it was reported,
by your cruel hand; consider well, Had Zimri peace,
who slew his Master, no, fierce vengeance followed
close, nor shall the bold aspiring Jehu escape like
mis-

mischiefe, but o'retaken by the stratagems of an enraged Queen: new Tortures, and unheard of Torments shall overthrow his pride, and then too late you'll know the keenest vengeance of a Queen provoked, like *Ahabs* wife.

Jeh. In vain are all your threats; your power's too short to execute your will: this moment ends your malice, with your life, that so the Prophets words may be full-fill'd. — Slaves, who waits there! — Ha, A Troop of Eunuchs. — Yes, yes, fit panders for a lustful Queen! Come, throw your gawdy Mistriss down, that so much pride in falling, may be made the fluttering sport of Winds.

Jez. Ha, ha, ha, can you imagine Tyrant, that those who live but by my Smiles, dare use their Queen at such a rate? Their Queen, on whom their Lives and Fortunes Centre.

Jeh. Dare, yes! He dies that dare gainsay, or once delay what I command. — Slaves obey, or Tortures shall force out your wretched lives. He that a moment longer trifles with my pleasure, shall not live to see the falling Sun.

Jez. How! Slaves stand off; unhand me Villains. Dare you thus approach your Queen! Vile wretches, Monsters, damn'd ingrateful Monsters! Are you turn'd Traytors too? Ah, Ah, I fall; whilst all my Pride and Glory is dash'd in death. O World, instable world, for ever now adieu.

Jeh. So, 'tis as I wish'd; I knew the flaming sword durst not refuse compliance. There let the Pride and Bane of Israel lie trampled till I take possession of the Kingdom, and extinguish *Ahabs* house.

Conclusion.

The wicked Queen, with lofty sitting's slain;
Not weltring in her blood does long remain;
E're Dogs devour her, next her house does fall to

*The dreadful fury of revenging Steel ;
And Baals accursed Priest the Swords devour,
Whilst Jehu (as God bid) does use his power.*

*A Dialogical Discourse between Isaiah and
Hezekiah, relating to the fifteen Addi-
tional Years.*

The Argument.

*The Syrians, by the wastful Angel slain,
Jerusalem is freed, but then again,
Good Hezekiah sickens, and is bid
To order all things as a man but dead :
Yet prayers and tears prevail ; for whilst he prays,
God fifteen years does add unto his days.*

Hez. **H**OW, — set my House in order ; why must
death with his cold hand, make Judah
Kingless, whilst in Tears the Widdow Nation
drowns, and the calm Air is tormented with her
sighs ?

Isa. *'Tis the Decree of him that gave you life, and
has preserved you to this day ; by him I am commissioned
to relate the doleful message, and command you to prepare
for immortality.*

Hez. Dye ! O terrible ; the very thoughts of
Death affright me more than the Convulsions of
expiring life can pain ! O ! Can it be, that he who
ruled the chosen Seed, whose hand so long has held
a golden Scepter, and every where received the
loud applauses of the glad Plebeians, must in the
prime of strength and glory, have his luster shrouded
in a Grave ; and there be made the sport and food
of crawling Worms.

Isa. Consider Sir, that you was born to dye ; and
that

that stern death claims as his due, the lives of Adams Sons, as forfeited by our great Parent, and subjected to his power; nor can the glittering vanities, in whom frail men too often put their confidence, keep back his shaft a moment, when his Commission is to seize their breath; therefore let not the King delay to set his house in order.

Her. O fatal sound! but stay good Prophet, stay, is there no mercy for your King? must, must his rising Sun To soon endure a black Eclipse; his life so soon set in the gloomy Grave? O for a longer course of days, that I might live, if but to tell of all the wonders God has done for wretched me! O with what adoration wou'd I bend before the footstool of his mercy-seat, would he be but intreated for my life.

Isa. Urge it no more; Deaths Harbinger I am, nor will the ghastly Terror long delay the execution; therefore be wise O King, and do as I have bid, before it be too late, before the King of Judah be no more.

Her. Alas! Alas! The strong Disease by preying on the vital powers, has weakened me to that degree, that now I am unfit to take recognisance of worldly things, I know not what my Treasures are, nor how to call my Fields and Vineyards by their proper names; nor can I tell the number of my Servants, nor whom I design the Scepter of Jerusalem: I have put off too long these matters, and now through fear and sickness, am quite incapable of stating 'em; but could I live, I'd be no more so negligent.

Isa. Your hopes of life I fear are vain, therefore consider well what I have said; and think them not my words, but his on whom the breath of life depends: and so great King, in Tears I take my leave.

Her. O stay, thou sacred Prophet stay, if but to close the wretched eyes of an expiring Monarch. *Exit*, will not the man of God vouchsafe to see his King

King put off his Scepter, Crown, and Robes of Majesty, to be soon clad with vile corruption, loathsome putrefaction, and deserted by his cringing Courtiers, who will fly the scent, and turn their faces to adore the rising Sun. O now too plain I know, that all the glories of the world are fading shadows; things not worth our smallest care. — But see, the Prophet is return'd, and my heart leapeth with joy, in expectation of some milder sentence. Speak, speak most sacred seer, is there not yet some hopes of a Reprieve for poor condemned *Hezekiah*.

I sa. There is: the God of mercy has inclined his Ear to your low supplication; your humility has conquer'd his displeasure, and melted him into compassion: Fifteen years are added unto your days, and for a sign of confirmation, Heavens glorious Lamp shall Retrograde no less than ten degrees upon the Dial of *Ahaz*.

Hez. I am confirmed, and dare not be so bold as to dispute ought further, than the sign he is pleased to seal his mercy with.

I sa. See then 'tis done; and now it much concerns you to imploy this large addition to the Glory of the Donor.

Hez. That shall be all my care; nor will I dare to displease that God that has shew'd such favour to his worthless Servant as this, to snatch him from the jaws of death, and respite his declining body from the Grave.

Conclusion.

Thus *Hezekiah* lives beyond his date,
And joys to think of his revived fate,
Walking uprightly till the time expires,
And then surrenders to grim Death's requir'd.

And then surrenders to grim Death's requir'd.
A Di-

*A Dialogue between Hester and King
Ahasuerus.*

The Argument.

*The Captive Hester to a Throne is rais'd,
And by the great Ahasuerus, prais'd,
Subduing him with Love, whose Scepter sway'd
All Eastern Nations, whom great Kings obey'd.*

Aha. **A** Happy day unto the beauteous fair, wel-
come thou loveliest of woman-kind;
welcom my Queen, to the soft stretched out Arms
of a transported Monarch; whom your charms have
pleas'd beyond what words can tell.

Hest. Alas, great Emperor, I blush to think that
ought in me should be of force to give delight to him,
whose awful word commands so many Monarchs, yet at
the same time must confess, a joy surprizing seizes
every part, that best vouchsafe this to esteem his hand-
maid.

Aha. Amongst the Beauties of the Land, there's
none so charming, so inchanting fair; none so
worthy of a glittering Diadem as my beloved
Hester; nor could so much amazing brightness (as
beams from her starry eyes) shine brighter than upon
her kind Ahasuerus. O what transports found my
Age when fired by those warm Joys that spread
themselves throughout all your parts.

Hest. It shall be still the care of your obedient Queen
to do what best may please her gracious Lord; who
from a low Estate has daign'd to raise her high above
the Persian Princesses.

Aha. Thou shalt be still more highly in esteem;
to you shall bend all Knees; Princes shall wait upon
your train; and whatsoever conduces to the Glory

of

of the greatest Potentate shall be at your command, only be pleasing to your admirer, and Life and Death shall hang upon your breath.

Hest. In me, great Emperor, Obedience still shall shine; whatever you command that I can do, my readiness in a compliance with my will, shall testify the high esteem I have for him that is sole Monarch of the East.

Aha. O now you charm me more than ever! now fresh Joys are struggling in my Breast: A passion rises, not to be allayed but by the soft inspiring touch of your alluring Beauties. Then let's my fair, my much beloved Queen, to our retirement; where feeding my insatiate Eyes with many an eager gaze, I will tell thee all the secrets of my heart.

Hest. Lead me my Lord, wheree'er you please; for your sole will is my Law.

Aha. Ten thousand blessings on my darling happiness; who by this quaint humility, makes me more indebted to her Love.

The Conclusion.

*Whilst thus we haste to Joy, too great to tell,
To streams of Love that 'bove their banks do swell.*

A Dialogue between Haman and Mordecai.

The Argument.

*Proud Haman envies Mordecai, because
He will not bend and break his Nations Laws;
Yet thinking him too mean a sacrifice,
He's not content less Jacobs remnant dies.*

Ham. **H**OW's this! Will not the stubborn Jew
bend to the Favourite of a mighty King?

To

To him that next his Monarch sways the Empire of the East, to whom Crown'd Heads give way.

Mord. To man, great Sir, I dare not bend my knee; to God alone that Tribute I must pay; to him both heart and knee I bow, but to no mortal dare presume it, lest I rob him of his honour.

Ham. Seest thou not how the Servants of great Ahasuerus, far above you in the rolls of Honour, cringe when I pass by; and yet dare you refuse to Grace my state, by standing on a nicety, waving what is but in itself a Complement: know, wretched Captain! it is not veneration due to powers Divine, that I expect, but such obedience as becomes a Monarchs Counsellor, the chief among the Princes.

Mord. 'Tis what I cannot give. In this case vain is all you urge; nor dare I pass such Complements.

Ham. You dare not; nay, you will not: it is your proud and stubborn nature, of a set design to cast a stain upon my greatness; which may in some measure shroud its suffer. But, by sad experience you shall quickly know, whose anger you provoke by your irreverence; such havock, such a slaughter shall be made of your stiff-necked Tribe, that ere the silver Moon twice waine her Orb, not one shall live in all the Coasts of Media, or the Land made fruitful by the Streams of Euphrates. The thing is resolved, and I will about it strait.

Mord. There is a God that limits your fierce rage, that can in the midst of all your pride, bring your ambition low, and frustrate all your wicked purposes; nor shall the means to move him to compassionate his Captive People, be by Mordecai neglected. Prayers and Fasting shall be rise throughout the scattered Tribes; nor must the Queens endeavours want to cross the purposes of this blood-thirsty man, whose fall will let him know experimentally, there is a God that can correct his insolence. — Yet must these measures speedily be put in
exe-

execution, to supersede the mischief his dire malice is swelled big with, lest innocence should suffer for what is unjustly called a crime in me. First then I will haste and let the Queen know his intentions.

Conclusion.

Haman his fate obtains, it is decreed,
That all the Captive Jews shou'd quickly bleed.
For *Mordecai's* neglect the day is set,
Which causes lamentations loud and great :
But Counter-plotted is the bloody man,
And hang'd at last for what himself had done.
Nor scape his Sons, but fall into the snare,
Their wicked Father boldly durst prepare
For those that were not guilty of a crime ;
So let Ambition fall where e're it climb.

Haman on the Gallows.

H *Aman* the Son of *Amedatha*, of the Kindred of *Agag*, and the People of *Amalek*, were highly favored by *Ahasuerus* Emperor of *Persia*. I find not what precious properties he had ; sure he was a Pearl in the Eye of *Ahasuerus*, who commanded all his Subjects to do lowly reverence unto him ; only *Mordecai* the Jew excepted himself from the rule, denying him the payment of so humble observance.

I fathom not the depths of *Mordecai's* refusal, perchance *Haman* interpreted this reverence farther than it was intended, as a divine honour, and therefore *Mordecai* would not blow wind into so empty a bladder, and be accessary to puff him up with self-conceit ; or because *Amalek* was the Devils first fruits, which first broke the peace with *Israel*, and God commanded an Antipathy against them, or he had some private countermand from God, not to reverence him : Whatever it was, I'de rather accuse

accuse my self of Ignorance, than *Mordecai* of Pride.

Haman swells at this neglect, will not his knees bow? his neck shall break within a Halrar; but oh! this was but poor and private revenge; one Lark will not fill the belly of such a Vultur. What if *Mordecai* will not stoop to *Haman*, must *Haman* stoop to *Mordecai* to be revenged of him alone? Wherefore he plotteth with the Kings Sword to cut off the whole Nation of the *Jews*.

Repairing to *Ahasuerus*, he requested that all the *Jews* might be destroyed. He backs his Petition with three Arguments: first, it was a scattered Nation, had they inhabited one intire Country, their extirpation would have weakned his Empire; but being dispersed, though killed every where, they would have been missed no where; secondly, his Empire would be more uniform, when this irregular People, not observing his Laws, were taken away; ten thousand Talents *Haman* would pay into the Bargain, into the Kings Treasure.

What, out of his own Purse? I see, his Pride was above his Covetousness; and spiteful men count the revenge a purchase which cannot be over bought; or perchance this Money should arise out of the confiscation of their Goods. Thus *Ahasuerus* should lock all the *Jews* into his Chest, and by help of *Haman's* Chymistry convert them into silver. See how this grand destroyer of a whole Nation pleads the Kings profit. Thus our puny depopulators alledge, for doing the King and their Country good; and we will believe them, when they can perswade us that the private Coffers are the Kings Exchequer, But never any wounded the Common Wealth, but first they kissed it, pretending the publick good.

Haman's Silver is Dross with *Ahasuerus*, only his pleasure is currant with him: If *Haman* will have

have it so, so it shall freely be, he will give him and not sell him his Favour.

'Tis woful when great Judges see Parties accused by other mens eyes, but condemn them by their own mouths. And now Hosts were sent throughout all *Persia* to execute the Kings cruel decree. I had almost forgotten, how before this time *Mordecai* had discovered the Treason, which two of the Kings Chamberlains had plotted against him; which good Service of his, though not presently paid, yet was scored up in the Chronicles, not rewarded but recorded, where it slept, till a due occasion did awaken it. Perchance *Hamans* envy kept it from the Kings knowledge; and sometimes Princes to reward the desert of Men, want not mind, but minding of it.

To proceed; see the *Jews* all pitifully pensive, and fasting in Sackcloth and Ashes, even to Queen *Esther* herself, (which unknown to *Haman*) was one of that Nation. And to be brief, *Esther* invites *Ahasuerus* and *Haman* to a Banquet, whose life shall pay the reckoning, and next day they are both invited to a second Entertainment.

Mean time *Haman* provides a Gallows fifty Cubits high, to hang *Mordecai* on; five Cubits would have served the turn; and had it took effect, the height of the Gallows had but set his Soul so much the farther on his journey towards Heaven; his Stomach was so sharp-set, he could not stay till he had din'd on all the *Jews*, but first he must break his fast on *Mordecai*, and fit it was that this bell-weather should be sacrificed before the rest of the flock, wherefore he comes to the Court to get leave to put him to death.

The night before *Ahasuerus* had passed without sleep, the Chronicles are called for, either to invite Slumber, or to entertain waking with the less tediousness. Gods hand in the Margin points the

Reader to the place were *Mordecai's* Good service was related, and *Ahasuerus* asketh *Haman* (newly come to his presence) what shall be done to the Man, whom the King delighted to honour?

Haman being now (as he thought) to measure his own happiness, had been much to blame if he made it not of the largest size. He cuts out a Garment of Honour, Royal both for matter and making, for *Mordecai* to wear: By the Kings command, he becomes *Mordecai's* Herald and Page, lacqueying by him, riding on the Kings Steed, (who he hoped by this time would have mounted the Wooden Horse) and then pensive in Heart, hasts home to bemoan himself to his Friends. *Hamans* Wife proves a true Prophetess, presaging his ruine. If the Feet of a Favourite begin to slip on the steep Hill of Honour, his own weight will down with him to the bottom; once past Noon with him, 'tis presently night. For at the next Feast, *Ahasuerus* is mortally incensed against him, for plotting the Death of *Esther*, with the rest of her people. For had his project succeeded, probably the *Jews* had not been spared for a Jew being Queen, but the Queen had been killed for being a Jew. *Haman* in a careless sorrowful posture, more minding his Life than his Lust, had cast himself on the Queens bed, Will he force the Queen, said *Ahasuerus*, before me in the House. These words rang his passing Bell in the Court, and according to the *Persian* Fashion, they covered his Face, putting him in a winding sheet that was dead in the Kings Favour. The next news we hear of him is, that by exchange, *Haman* inherits the Gibbet of *Mordecai*, and *Mordecai* the House and greatness of *Haman*. The decree against the *Jews* being generally reversed.

*A Dialogue between Job and his Wife.**The Argument.*

*Job's wicked Wife does urge him to despair,
And curse that God that of him still took care :
But wisely he rejects her curs'd advice,
And is restor'd to's former Paradise.*

Wife. **W**Hat a strange temper is this ! Can Job still cringe and bend to him, who from the height of happiness suffered him unpityless to fall under such a load of sad adversity ? Know you not yet your substance is destroyed ; your Sons that should have been the comfort of your Age, slain ; and your self in every part, afflicted with tormenting, torturing and consuming Sores.

Job. Yet must we not repine, since it is the pleasure of that great Omnipotent who made us out of nothing, breathed into us breath of life ; and from whom all we did enjoy, proceeded.

Wife. Yet better it is you never had had being, than to be thus contemptible, thus miserable, to undergo this ill-star'd ; what wellcomer can be than death, to one who labours under such an Agony ? Then turn your praises into curses, that his wrath may vex yet hotter ; and by putting a full period to your days, take you from this sad world of wo.

Job. Base wicked woman, vile and foolish ; darest thou let a thought so monstrous harbour in thy breast ! much more, how darest thou urge me to such damn'd Impiety ? Shall Job, on whom he shew'd his favours, once move his lips, though in the softest murmur, when he is pleas'd to stay his giving hand, or call back what he gave ; no, nothing ever shall prompt me to a guilt so horrible.

Wife. Then you it seems will suffer patiently, and stand the mark of fierce indignation tamely.

Job

Job. Whatever he inflicts it is for our good; his chastening is to try if we are worthy of his favours; nor will he wound beyond what he designs to heal. His mercies are past numbring, which in the midst of Judgement he oft calls to mind, and makes a full recompence for what he takes away; therefore ever will I praise, and with just adoration bless his holy name; nay though he kill me, yet will I trust in him; and with dying Arms embrace the wounding Shaft sent by his hand to let out life.

Wife. Well, well, I see then all I urge will work no effect on your meek mind, inured to slavery, serve him still, and be the subject of his Tyranny; bear all the Stripes he can bestow; and fawning, kiss the hand that strikes you: do this and more, whilst loud I laugh at the dull man that hugs his misery, and will not daigne to pity him.

Job. All you have said is my resolve, no pain, nor loss, nor scorn, shall shake my dear integrity; all torments witty horror can invent, were they comprised in one, shall never break my constancy, or make me prove a Rebel to the King of Heaven: but with Faith unmoved I will trust in him till lifes last Sand is run, expecting then to see him as he is, and Hymn his Throne with Songs of praise.

Wife. If that be your resolve, I will fly the Mansion of such sorrow, and seek shelter elsewhere, whilst his Arrows beat on you.

Job. Yet shall I not be comfortless; his hand shall still sustain me, and my Eyes shall yet see happy days.

The Conclusion.

Thus Job bears through afflictions stream, which past,
He is restored to health and Riches vast,
And once more is the Glory of the East,
Nor dare the fiend his quiet than molest;
So those that trust in God are ever blest.

A Dialogue between Saul and his Armour-Bearer on Gilboa.

The Argument.

*Saul routed flies, but finding flight was vain,
He and his Armour-Bearer both are slain.*

S. **N**OW, now, 'tis almost come to pass as the grim Ghost related; *Israel is overthrown, My Sons are slain in Battel, and the bloody Foe makes havock of the flying people.*

A. B. *Great King, 'tis true, the smiling Plains that looked so gay, when first saluted by the Morning Sun put on a crimson Robe, and wear instead of Flora's many coloured mantle, the sad Livery of Death.*

S. Yet Saul still lives,—he lives to see the mighty ruine—to see his Children slain, and all his mighty men of War fall by the Sword.

A. B. *And still may live to be revenged of his now Tyrannizing Foes, live to return as many deaths as now his Eyes behold the Philistins to triumph in.*

S. O! Name not Life, for that is the only thing that now is grievous to me—Wretch that I am, why did I fly? why fell I not amidst the files of War? Why, why did not I break through the pointed Squadrons, and there bravely fighting, rushed upon a thousand Swords, and from a thousand enraged hands received a Death that well befitted a Monarch.

A. B. O! Let not Israels King despair; although the Fortune of the War now turns against him, yet fresh Armies may be raised, and the Foe repelled; live, live? If but to be revenged.

S. No—Heaven decrees my fall, and cutting short my Glories, dares them with this day, draw them

then your Sword, and e're the *Philistins* overtake us, sheath it in my Breast, for now my Life is grown burthensome.

A. B. *What means the King by this command, can he imagine that his Servant dares stretch out his hand against the Lords anointed.*

S. O let me beg you would not dispute what I request, Renown and Glory will attend you for so brave a Deed, nor can you do me better service than to let out my afflicted Soul.

A. B. *Command me to kill my self, and I will obey, or bid me meet the following Foe, and charge A Squadron with my single Arm, I'll gladly do it, but dare not stretch my hand against my Sovereign.*

S. The Enemy is now at our heels, and time admits no longer argument; see—see without your help, your King can find a way to the dread Pallace of magnificent Death: Whilst falling thus—upon his Sword, his loathed Life takes flight.

A. B. *Hold, hold my Lord for Heavens— 'tis past recall, the desperate Deed is done, the cruel Sword has pierced his Heart, and I'll not long survive; but imitating his Example, fall thus by his side, 'tis done, 'tis done, my blood flows fast, now, now I swim in dazy mists, and now a gloomy darkness seals my Eyes.* [dies]

Conclusion.

Saul slain with his three Sons, the haughty Foe
Cuts off his Head, and his guilt Armour shew
In all their Coasts, possessing *Jacobs Towns*,
And much enlarging their own scanty bounds:
Nor so contented, but the Corps of Saul
They fasten to subdued *Bethshan's wall*;
But thence the *Jabish Gileadites* it rest;
And for the burying of their Lord are blest.

David saluted King.

D*Avid*, who after Gods own Heart, was chose,
 Having escap'd the danger of his Foes,
 Run through the hazzards, numerous to tell;
Saul slain, he's crown'd great King of *Israel*;
 Him the Glad People from all Cities meet,
 And loudly sing his praises in each Street.
 Though *Saul's* rejected House does strive with him
 For *Jacobs* Scepter and bright Diadem;
 Yet 'tis in vain, Heaven soon does end the strife,
 Whilst mighty *Abner* is bereft of Life.
 When as the Darling, from whose Loyns must spring
 The great *Messia*, Heavens all Glorious King,
 In Triumph rides, all fearless, and does see
 How much he owes for his felicity,
 To his Creator, by whom Kings command,
 On whom their regal Glories all depend;
 Who sets them bounds, and limits Kingly sway,
 Chastizing those that dare but disobey
 His strict resolves, whose will alone is Fate,
 And whose bare word can all annihilate.

Dauids kindnes to Mephibosheth.

King *David* high establish'd in his Throne,
 On former dangers safely now looks down,
 Remembring how *Saul* sought his Life, and how
 Between him and kind *Jonathan* a vow,
 Pass'd in the great *Jehovas* sacred Name;
 Then calls to mind *Mephibosheth*, who large,
 And in distress, was Son to him, who still
 Had held him dear, preventing the dire will
 Of Death conspiring *Saul*, and that he must
 Relieve his wants, or prove himself unjust,

Revolving thus, he sent a message great
To his low House, who thinking now his Fate
Apace drew on, and that his doom was past,
Came trembling, and thus to the King at last,
Through abrupt stammerings soft speech broke its
way;

O pardon mighty King, your slave does pray,
Nay prostrate on his knees implores that he
A guiltless Man, for others guilt may dy.
The Smiling Monarch soon perceives his fears
And with kind words does quickly hush his cares,
Commanding Royal Robes o're him be cast,
And he thenceforth be at his Table plac'd,
Which banish'd Fear, and made him joy as fast.

A Dialogue between David and Ber- sheba.

The Argument.

*Bersheba's tempting Beauties snares the King,
Who strait commands his Servants, and they bring
Uria's charming Wife, whom David wins,
To sport, and add fresh number to his Sins.*

B. **W**Hat would my Lord with me, the
lowliest of his Handmaids? why
this Honour heaped on me thus unexpectedly, to
introduced into the closet of a King.

D. *There is a mighty Cause,—See at your feet a
Monarch bends, and wounds the Air with sighs.*

B. O! Rise my Lord for Heavens sake, what
can you by this complement.

D. *Thus low to beg a Favour of the fair enchanting
Bersheba.*

B. Of me ! Beg ought of me, what can the valiant, the Victorious King of *Israel* request, that is in my power to give, when tributary Nations heap on him the Riches of the Eastern World, and Sceptred Princes pay him Homage.

D. O ! Read my blushes, and you'll know what it is that I petition for, or if you understand the Language of my Eyes, they'll tell you plain 'tis in your power to ease my labouring restless thoughts.

B. Alas my Lord I understand you not, or if I do, I dare not.

D. How dare not——Can so much Beauty, so much brightness, in whose lovely Face the Graces chose to dwell——be cruel, when a Scepter is at her feet.

B. Cruel ! great Monarch, no my nature is too soft to harbour cruelty, consider I am a woman.

D. Yes, and the wonder of your Sex, the glorious Masterpiece, and cheifest boast of Nature, who staid when she formed you to behold a work so fair, and cried a lucky hit.

B. O me ! You'll make me blush to death, if thus you flatter your unworthy Hand-Maid.

D. Such Beauty as adores the lovely *Bersheba*, is not capable of flattery, but casts it off, as *Christal* does her stains ; the utmost praises of the smoothest Tongue cannot enough describe your rare Perfections, O ! how in fair Cheeks the *Roses* and the *Lillys* strive for mastery, How your bright Eyes, more bright than rising Stars ; dart Beams of comfort ; what Neckre dwells upon those ruby Lips, inclosing *Orient Pearls*, and what a fragrancy send they forth, what curling *Amber* dangles on your Ivory Shoulders, and how those gentle Hills of warmer Snow expose the happy Vails between——Oh ! I am ravished with a Sight so much transporting,——Oh ! I languish, and shall soon expire, unless you yield me Love.

B. How, love my Lord, is that the thing you press your hand-maid for.

David

D. *Yes Love, and an enjoyment of those Beauties I admire; grant these, and be sole Mistress of a Monarchs Heart.*

B. *Alas my Lord, know you not I am Uria's Wife.*

D. *I do, but you was born to be a Queen, and this happy Womb designed to be the first abode of Princes, those Breasts to nourish him, who after me must wield the Scepter of Jerusalem.*

B. *O speak no more my Lord, it never can be.*

D. *Yes you shall be adorned with Robes of Majesty, and with an awful nod, command the Knees of cringing Courtiers.*

B. *But would you have me, for the trifling honours that attend on state, break my marriage vows, sully my Virtue, and leave a lasting stain upon my Fathers House.*

D. *Uria is my Servant, fighting now against the Amorites—All shall be done in secret, what we do shall not reach his Ears.*

B. *I could not without him, by giving myself into the arms, though of a Monarch; how if he should come to know it, should I look him in the face, or stand the fury of an enraged Husband.*

D. *Let not such thoughts disturb my Love, my Power and Credit shall protect your Fame; what tongue, and dares move against the darling Favourite of a King; Come, come thou art composed of transport and delight, trifle not with a Monarchs Passion, till it quite burn out, and in expiring leave him miserable.*

B. *'Tis true my Lord, I am your subject, and ought not to dispute your will, but yet methinks in this case—*

D. *Come, come thou beauteous Object of my thoughts, lay these vain fears aside, and let us retire strait to our Alcove strewn all with Roses and with fragrant Gessimine, shining with Saphiers, dazzling Diamonds and Rubies, overlaid with Gold Imbroidery, studded*

every where with Orient Pearl, and wrought by the most curious needle work of Egypt and Palastine, a soft recumbancy that can only be sutable to the dazling beauties of my Bersheba.

B. My Lord I am amazed at what you tell, and am unworthy to approach a place so glorious, or if I should presume, it might set me a longing the oftner to see it, than perhaps might be convenient.

D. O no my Love, it can be only graced by your fair Eyes, then let us hence, and in the midst of transports I'll relate what you must needs delight to hear.

B. To your conduct my Lord, I recommend myself, you are my Sovereign, and I'll not prove disobedient to what you command.

D. In this your kind, and thus to joys we hast,
A Queen thou shalt be when some dayes are past,

Conclusion.

Bersheba yields, and by the King conceives
Uria sent for, David's Army leaves,
But will not bed his Wife, the crime to mat:
For which he by the sword of Amnon dy'd
When David takes his Love, but scarce enjoy'd
Is she again, e're the Infant is destroy'd;
And Absalom against him does rebell,
In which the Rebel and his Army fell.

A Dialogue between Amnon and Tamar.

The Argument.

Amnon does feign him sick, and begs o'th' King
That Tamar may Provision to him bring:
But 'tis a Plot, incestuously to gain
His lustful will, and his chaste Sister stain.

Am. **W**HY is it my lovely Sister that you
slight me thus, what have I done that
you

you should prove regardless at this rate? wherefore neglect you him that loves you as his Life?

Ta. My Brother, it was far from Tamar's knowledge that you were indisposed; the first news I received was from the King, our Father.

Am. That's strange; I thought the Son of David could not have been in such disorder, but the Court ere now had rung on it.

Tam. I fear'd indeed you was not well by reason of your absence, but had the relation from none but him I named. But what is the reason all your Servants are retired?

Amn. It was my command; because I would be private with my lovely Sister.

Tam. Ha! What means this ~~excess~~ going on me? Why this wildness in your looks? Why tremble you, and wherefore ebbs ~~and~~ flows the blood in your disordered Countenance? Sure you are taken with some sudden fit; shall I go and call the Kings Physicians?

Amn. It needs not; you are the only Physician ~~can ease my grief; it is you alone can save your~~ Brothers life.

Tam. Alas, I have no skill in Physick; know not your disease.

Amn. You bear about you what will ease my pain. The distemper that torments me is Loves burning Feaver, which long time has prey'd upon my spirits.

Tam. Love. — Why, can you conceive your Sister hates you? Sure you will not injure her so much.

Amn. Then come to my Arms, my lovely dear, dear enchanting Tamar, and conceit me none of Davids Son.

Tam. How — why, am not I your Sister? — Hah, what mean you by this roughness?

Amn. To satiate my self with love, and quench the Feavorish passion of my mind with Tamars Virgin Beauties.

Tam. Consider 'tis not lawful: wherefore then should Amnon shame himself and me by such a folly.

Ann. My fierce unbounded passion has no room for reason; and therefore urge not any thing in opposition to my vast desire.

Tam. If you love me, as you say, forbear to violate a Sisters Honour, and demand me of the King in Marriage, that Jacob's Sons may all applaud your Wisdom.

Ann. In vain is all you urge. This hour, this hour is that wherein I chose to perfect my felicity. Then tamely yield what I request, or by my Fathers Scepter, thus I will force a passage to my Joy.

Tam. Why sure you dare not once approach your Sister with a design to force her Honour.

Ann. What dares not Love attempt when it grows high; when reason is wracked, and virtue bears no form.

Tam. Oh! Look not thus severely wild upon me; poor me, a wretch betrayed into your power! Consider, you are David's Son, and I his much loved Daughter: If not for mine, yet for our Fathers sake; if not for love, yet in dread of his fierce Anger, send me hence at this time undefiled, that I may not become a by-word to the Daughters of the Land. Thus low upon my knees, I beg it of my dear, dear Brother.

Ann. To all your complaints I will be as deaf as Seas; were they as loud as fighting Winds, I'de not regard them. My desperate resolves are fixed immoveable as Mountains, or the Wave-repelling Rocks, against whom (in vain) the dashing Surges roar. No Storms at Sea, nor Ships in them, Ablaze with whirling fumes that make the Top-mast crack, creates more terror than my wild desire. And since you will not tamely yield, but trifle with a passion hot as Aetna's mounting Fires, with these strong Arms I force you to my bed.

Tam. ~~No~~ help, help, help for Heavens sake! I will die, I will die before my honour. O spare me, spare me!

me! Oh, Oh, Oh wretched, wretched me! what shall I do, I am undone, undone for ever.

Amn. Now the trifling shadow you so prized is gone; and I have surfeited upon your sullied Beauties. Therefore hence with speed, lest a worse ruine fall upon you; and for the future, know what it is coily to parly with a Prince's Love.

Tam. O never, never will I hence; but where I lost my honour, there I will lose my Life. See, see my Bosom bare to stand your utmost fury; sheath, sheath your wellcome Dagger in a Breast polluted by your Breath.

Amn. No, your Life is too mean a sacrifice for my Revenge; but since you dare continue here against my will, I will call my Servants to remove you. What—ho—See, see, they come. Fo. Bear this Woman hence; and see that all be made fast after her, 'tis I your Lord commands it, see it be quickly done.

Tam. This, this is cruelty beyond degree: O may the just avenger judge my cause, and recompence my wrongs upon your wicked, your incestuous head, that all such Monsters for the future, may take warning by your fall.

She is forced out, &c.

Conclusion.

Tamar thus forc'd and driven out, does fly
With Garments rent, and many a piteous cry
To *Absalom*: who smothers his fierce rage,
Till at a Sheep-shearing he does engage
The guilty *Amnon*; causing him to fall;
Which on his head great *David's* wrath does call.

HEAVENLY

A Dialogue between Absalom and Joab.

The Argument.

*Absalom flying 's rang'd in an Oak,
Where Joab finding him, the fatal stroke
Forbid by David: the bold youth receives,
Which him of Life in midst of Treason reaves.*

Abs. **O** Fatal mischief! What could worse befall me, than thus to struggle betwixt Heaven and Earth, not being capable of reaching either; but here, for ought I know, must be the sport of Whistling Winds, and dangle till I dye? Nor is this all; my Glory is no more: the battel is gone against me, and my bold Confederates in Rebellion fallen by the Sword. My Conscience stings me with remorse, and all the dreadful shapes that have been feigned, methinks glare on me, and deride the posture I am in. — But hark, the rushing Boughs give way, and trampling of Horses now invade mine Ear. Hah, 'tis the Foe, the bloody-minded Joab; now death is near to ease my pain, and wellcom is it to afflicted Absalom.

Joab. *Hah, Rebel, are you taken in a snare? How strangely has eternal providence fast hamper'd him, whose Life with eagerness I fought?*

Abs. *Joab, consider who I am; think on King David, and the charge he gave you.*

Joab. *I have considered, and am come resolved to put a period to his life that durst rebell against a too indulgent Father, and with impious Arms, not only seek his Crown and Life; but trouble peaceful Israel with unexpected War.*

Abs. *My Crimes I grant, and tremble at what headstrong rashness prompted me to undertake; yet*

yet what injury have you sustained. Let him whom I have injured pass my doom; let him drain out the Rebels blood, that *Absalom* well pleased at his revenge, may bless with dying murmurs the kind hand that gives the wound.

Joab. In vain; you ask a favour that will not be granted. — No, the King is too indulgent; and will melt in mercy towards him that urged his ruine, and perhaps may be inclin'd to hearken to your protestations of future obedience; and in pardoning, give you opportunity to reach his life. Therefore —

Abs. Therefore what — Surely you dare not touch a life the King would save: a life that is so dear to David.

Joab. Yes Traitor, *Joab* dare, and came resolved to make the Rebel bleed; to let out that rank blood that has infected the unstable Tribes.

Abs. Does it become a man of War to bait a Lion thus in the toils; Thus to reproach a Prince, at whose bare beck (when high in favour) you would fly, and humbly cringe to kiss the ground whereon he trod, and fawning on him for self-interest, flatter his Ambition till it swelled him into ruine.

Joab. I will bear no more, but Thus — become the messenger of your death. — Thus make a passage for your Rebel-Soul.

Abs. O! I am slain; my blood and Abners be upon your head, — that — blood — thou hast so basely sh-sh-shed — [dies.]

Joab. So, I have cropt the bold aspiring Rebel in the bloom of all his glory, and given peace to Israel. Here, take him down, and cast him in this deep pit; then load his Carcass with a pile of massie stones, that so his memory may be forgot.

Conclusion.

The Captain slain, the battel ceases, strait
The crooked Trumpets sound a still retreat:

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The crooked Trumpets sound a still retreat:

The

Then word is sent the King of all that's done,
 Who full of grief sheds Royal Tears alone
 For his slain Son ; which makes the Conqu'rors
 Into the City, and themselves conceal : [steal
 Till *Joabs* threats oblige him to descend,
 And comfort that did his life defend.

A Dialogue between Solomon and Pharoah's Daughter.

The Argument.

*Old David dead, King Solomon inthron'd,
 Weds Egypts Princess in his own abode ;
 Rich are they both in all that men approve,
 But more than usual, are they rich in Love.*

Sol. **T**Hrice welcom to a Monarchs Arms, my
 lovely Queen ; whose Eyes inlightened
 Avarthy Egypts face, and whose inchanting Beauties
 charm the heart of *Solomon*.

Queen. *My Lord ; you cannot love, nor yet admire
 me more than (blushing I must own, though with a
 feeling-joy) my fancy feeds on you.*

Sol. Then are we happy far above the reach of
 Fate ; and may look down as from some Towering
 height, and pity those that toil and labour for
 ought less than Love.

Qu. 'Tis that indeed my Lord, that can best contri-
 bute to mans felicity ; for where it is absent, nothing
 but disorder and confusion rule.

Sol. It is true, my solace and my dear delight ;
 nor has the great establiher of my exalted Throne,
 been wanting to add this blessing to the rest ; but
 with paternal care plac'd a Spring of Cordial and
 Essential Love in either breast.

Qu.

Qu. *A Spring indeed that flows with Nectar and Ambrosial Joys, more than our hearts are capable, without overflowing to receive.*

Sol. 'Tis such a blessing Princes seldom meet with, since their Eyes make not their choice; but they are still forced to take their hopes of happiness on trust.

Qu. *Although they are; yet the great wise disposer of the worlds affairs so orders it; that at first sight their hearts do mostly move in a sweet harmony, supplying the defect of tedious Courtship.*

Sol. Then since Heavens Architect, the glorious maker of the Universe, has ordered all things equal to our wish; what more remains, but that with unpolluted Souls and Bodies, day by day we send up Tribute-praises, and with all humility adore his goodness.

Qu. *You know my Lord, what Gods the sons of Egypt worship; I doubt not but you have heard of Isis and Osiris, who are dreaded through the Memphian Coast of seven horn'd Nilus hundred pointed plain.*

Sol. With derestation I have heard them named, and tremble to think, that the Sons of Adam should still be so senseless as to Worship Monsters, or at most, but stocks inspir'd by Hellish fiends.

Qu. *Are they no Gods then? Sure it is, I have heard them speak, and tell strange things.*

Sol. Yes, as the magick powers of darkness have inspired. Gods they are not, but base deluding forms to blind the easie vulgar; the advice of Egypts Magi.

Qu. *Who is it then that guards, protects and guides us in our great affairs.*

Sol. The glorious tremendous Majesty of Heaven, whose name is known in Israel; who made the wonders that are every where beheld; at whose brightness Angels veil their Faces, and in whose hand is all the breath of Life: the God who made
the

the World of nothing, and whose power shall raise us after death, and bring us (if we trust in him) to Mansions of eternal bliss, where with Ages numberless we shall rejoyce, and joyn in Chorus with the dazling Cherubims and Seraphims to sing his praise.

Qu. You tell me wonders, such as never entred at my Ears; but where does such transcendent excellency dwell? What place is capable to shrowd such Majesty.

Sol. His dwelling is above all lights; nor is he circumscribed: for though Heaven is his Throne and Earth his Footstool, yet the Heaven of Heavens cannot contain him; he fills all places, and communicates his bounty with a liberal hand to all his Creatures; riding (when he pleases) on the Winds spread Wings, and often makes the Deep his Chamber. Clouds are his Pavilion; and thick darkness is his secret place: whilst his bright beaming Eyes behold the abstrusest things, and pierce our secret thoughts.

Q. Wonderful and much amazing is what you relate, nor could I er'e beleive that this vast Fabrick could so long continue in perpetual Harmony unguided, unsustained, nor sink it into my weak Breast, that Fate or chance rules all below, but that each stand to the Law of ever ruling Providence.

S. Your thoughts were not in vain, were it possible that power, that sacred essential Divinity would withdraw his care, and his conduct by creation, so on would totter; and the warring Elements confound the glorious Fabrick; nay Heavens bright Lamps would mix with Earths Impurity; natures concord then would break, and all return to a confused Chaos, if not quite vanish into nothing, when it was derived, — but let us at this time enquire no further into these stupendious secrets, but with joy and fear adore the Lord of Lords, the King of Kings, Even Jacobs mighty God, by whom, through whom,

whom, in whom all things were made, preserved, and have continuance.

Q. My Lord shall be obeyed, i'll wade no further, in these devious deeps, but at an awful distance revere that dazling brightness, that essential good who shines so glorious in his creatures.

S. Observe what you have said, and then expect for ever to be blest; but now time calls away, we must this moment to the House of high magnificence, built to the honour of his Name, who shakes Earth, and rends the Clouds with Thunder, before whose face, when wrath, goes a consuming fire, to burn up Rebel Atheists that disown his power.

Q. My Lord, I goe, and from this day shall make it my chief Care to contemplate him and his mighty wonders, and next to admire the man I love.

Conclusion.

The promise holds not with the feeble Sex,
For with strange Gods she soon does Jacob vex,
Causing the Heart of Solomon to stray,
Where Wisdom dwelt, and sometimes lose
his way.

The Justice and Magnificence of King Solomons Court.

Bold Adonijahs hasty Treason dash't,
And all his hopes, when but in Embrio past;
Old David sees his Son anointed King,
And to the Throne they him no sooner bring,
But executing his dead Fathers will,
Joabs and *Shimei's* blood his Sword does spill;
The Harlots case decides wise Solomon,
And gets renown, no sooner was this done
But at his choise Wisdom and Honour stand;
With

With Riches more than Avarice can command ;
But the two last, as fading things, he cast
Behind his back, and the bright Queen embract ;
All glorious Wisdom, eldest born of Heaven,
For which the others were as hand-maids given
To wait on her, and next the King proceeds
To famous, glorious, and amazing Deeds,
A mortal man does build a House for him,
Who rides upon the Starry Cherubim :
What *David* had design'd, his Sceptred Son,
Will have with Speed, and countless cost begun,
Mount *Lebanon* with Axes loudly sounds,
Whilst cloud-invading Cedars kiss the ground,
The Rocks hard intrails are in pieces torn,
And Gold from all the Richest Lands is born ;
From *Ganges* to *Hydaspes* Christal Streams
Are brought the Glittering glorious Gems,
The Silver Mines exhausted every where,
And dies the richest Grain with softest hair
Of Beasts, but rarely seen, hard to be caught,
And all were by most curious workmen wrought,
Before they were set up, that there no sound
Of Ax or hammer, the calm Air might wound ;
But that what had been said, might be fulfill'd,
That he should then a peaceful Temple build,
Of sixty Cubits length, of twenty broad,
And thirty high, a Mansion for the God
Of *Jacob*, who establish'd his high Throne,
In peace and truth, whilst none more great was
known,

Adding a Porch of twenty Cubits long,
And ten in breadth, compil'd of Marble Strong ;
Whilst all within the dores and walls did shine
With Gold and Gems, *Mozuick* work divine
In every place appear'd, Each place was bright
By the reflection of so rich a Light,
All woods of price were there, each overlaid
With Gold expanded, or bright Silver spread,
Studded

Studded with orient Pearls, and Rubies fair,
Jaspers and Jacincts too were shining there,
Christal, and Topaz, Beril, Amethysts,
And glittering Diamonds, no stone there was mist
That could contribute to the dazzled sight
Of wondring man, or give his Eyes delight ;
Palm Trees that flourish, and still seem'd to bloom,
Adorn'd the stately place, and all the Room,
With shapes of golden Cherubims was set ;
But those that spread above the Mercy Seat
Were terrible to the beholders eyes,
As those that fill the Sacred Throne with cries
Of Holy, holy——for God chose to dwell
In th'inmost place, to guide his *Israel*
By sacred Oracle : All this, and more
The King perform'd with Treasure, wondrous store
In seven years space, and all the Vessels brought
Into the House, for sacred uses wrought ;
When Sacrificing with loud praise, a Cloud
Inclosing, dazzling brightness soon does shroud
The mighty Fabrick, then the Heavenly Guest,
Who had the Labour, and the Labourers blest
Descended, and well pleas'd, the place possess.
Wonder of wonders, so amazing great,
That none can think on't, but must wonder at ;
That he who crown'd with rayes of brightness, he
Whom Angels dare not, without vailing, see,
Should take up his abode with wretched Man,
Who's but a Vapour, Fading Grass, a Span,
A Bubble, shadow, Smoak, or what is less,
A thought, that's past ; O how can man express
Sufficient Praise for such, such Humility
In him who made all things e're they could see.

A Dialogue between King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

The Argument.

From distant Lands with a most splendid Train
Came Sheba's Queen to hear the King explain
Mysterious things, and is pleas'd to find
A King so Rich, so wise, so Just and Kind.

Q. S. **I** Plainly see great King of Israel, that babbling
Fame has not been over lavish, as too oft she's
wont, in setting forth the Glories of your Court, such Magni-
ficence as every where appears, my Eyes in all their
tedious search never viewed before: 'Tis true, the Prin-
ces Treasure and his Mind must both be great, that could
erect such glorious Fabricks.

S. Illustrious Queen, whose awful Scepter stretches
its Commands through the wide Arabian Coast, con-
sider this aspiring Mansion was not built for Mortal
Man, but for the dread Reception of the Mighty
God of Jacob, who is pleased to dwell therein, and
condescend to an acceptance of his Servants Sacri-
fice, and mean oblations.

Q. S. It seems no less, and well befits a Deity, nor
dare the Nations round you boast their Gods inshrined
in such a glorious Pallace.

S. The Gods they worship are unworthy of
their lowly Cells—base Idols—But the workman-
ship of foolish Hands, and those that make them, are
much like unto them.

Q. S. 'Tis true, they are but senseless Images, take
them simply, but inspired by Powers invisible, they
tell strange wonders, and point at the Nations Fates.

S. Yet those inspiring Spirits, who still reply in
Ambiguities, and cause the too credulous Nations
to

to deceive themselves, by making wrong constructions of the Helliſh Syllogiſms; work not the ſtrange effects they tell, but are in all things limited by him who made them, and whatever elſe was made, who of himſelf does all things, and in his Eternal Counſel foreſaw what was, is, and is to come.

Q. S. And is he then the higheſt, the Supremeſt Deity.

S. He is alone from all Eternity, beſides him there is none, no God, but *Jacobs* God; the great *Jehovah*, the Almighty Fountain, whence what ever is, has flowed, Heaven, Earth and Sea acknowledge his dread power; and all the Creation tremble at his Frown.

Q. S. How! Is his power ſo great, that ſenſeleſs Creatures can be capable of underſtanding when he is Angry.

S. Yes, all the Glittering Hoſt that dance round us, hear his Voice; the ruſſling Winds are ſtill when he commands, nor dare the Ocean rage, if he forbids it's rury; the ponderous Earth by him is ſuſtained without a prop of ought but thin and fleeting Air; the glorious Lamp of day, when he commands, denies the world its Beams, nor dares it run its Courſe, but by his order; the fruitful Ground by him forbid, dares not produce her fruits, Nature runs backward when 'tis his command, and does her work prepoſterouſly.

Q. S. I ſtart at what I hear, and am amazed—— But ſay great King, in whom ſuch Wiſdome dwells as to inable you to know this mighty God, and be acquainted with his will; are there not ſecond Causes that produce ſtrange viſible effects.

S. 'Tis true there are, but all of them have their original from the great Fountain of all power and Wiſdom; who out of nothing, made what ever we behold, may all the orders bright, of Angels, Arch-Angels, Cherubims and Seraphims, are the creation of

of his hands, or sprung from nothing at his word.

Q. S. Leaving those glorious Spirits far above the reach of Mortal Eye ; let us contemplate his wonders visible ; say mighty Monarch by what secret extinct ebb and flow the briny waves ? why shakes the Earth ? say why the Bellowing Clouds dart flame ? How dreadful Comets , on whose horrid hair hang pestilence and War, kindle ; and by what matter fed ; how is the dayes bright Eye eclipsed ; and why does the Silver Moon in the midst of all her lustre lose her light at times ? and wherefore keep those Luminaries their unerring course through the twelve signs of Heaven ? say, say most sapient King, proceed these not from second causes.

S. Hard things you ask, yet give attention, and I will answer brief to all you have proposed.

Q. S. With Joy I would hear these Mysterries unrevealed.

S. Then thus the great Work-master in six dayes having created Heaven and Earth, Sea, Beasts, Birds, Fish, Plant, Men, and every creeping thing, has the breath of Life ; nay, all that we have ever heard of, or beheld ; to show himself a God of order, he set bounds to all his Creatures that they move harmonious, and firm concord rest througour Creation ; and in some cases suffers the superiour Bodies, as made of matter more refined, and nearer participating with Celestial substance by their influence to dispoise and move inferiour qualities ; as the pale Moon, predominant in watry things, draws after her the Sympathizing Ocean, making it to rise or fall as she ascends or descends in our Horrizon ; or in that deprest, or as some take it under us ; though the World it self centered, admits no under part ; but every part is uppermost (that is) Men travel with their Heads towards Heaven ; on the other side the Suns hot beams and fiery influences of the Stars infusing heat into the Earth ;

Earth ; and there it meeting with cold winds, and watery damps convented in the vacant corners ; imbodying and mustering all its force ; the contrary Elements strive with each other, and after long struggling with impetuous Fury, rend the trembling globe to vent themselves : again the fiery vapours flying upwards, and not being able to Break through the Region, armed with cold, in order to unite with whats above ; they headlong plunge into some interposing Cloud, grown big with showers and shivering it into a thousand pieces, fill the hollow Concaves with prodigious Thunders : whilst the sallying fire dispersing, vanishes. As for those Shivering fires that are contracted as it were, to warm the world ; to fly the wrath of angry Heaven, they are composed of unctious oily matter, exhaled from Earth and Sea ; and fired by vehement Agitation, or too near approaching the Ætherial fire, that circles in the Air, lasting no longer than the exhalation contracted ; or ascending, feeds them, being mostly in or this side the flaming Region.

Q. S. Great and mysterious are the words you relate ; but say are these the effects of second causes, is not Nature most predominate in these contingencies.

S. The God of Nature, as the great first mover, it is true, permits the course of things, but orders and disposes by his over ruling providence, as he sees fit ; allotting them their times and seasons, nor on is ought done without his high permission.

Q. S. Infinitely have you satisfied me hitherto, yet let me beg you would proceed to what remains, that I may admire still more the donor of such wisdom.

S. As for the glorious Lunnary, to whom, by the Creator's own appointment, is assigned the rule of the Day, when its all chearing Beams are screened in part from us, and thrown asance, behold the Moons dark Body (which is never filled with

with lustre, but borrowed light, all her Silver Beauty is but a bare reflex) interposing betwixt the prime Orb and us in the Eclipseick node; nor can the Sun Beams be fully on us, till that let's removed by the various motions of these Planets; the Moon in like manner wanting light, is often screened from from the Suns bright Rayes by Earths ascending Shade; which does at certain times, when the great Planets cross, reach the concave of the lowest Orb, and rob her of her pale reflection; That the Sun, Moon, and other celestial Bodies continue a mistick dance; 'tis that their influence may pregnate Earth for Man-kinds benefits. So that it is plain, the great, the wise Creator of the Universe, has subserviated those glorious Bodies to the Terrean sedentary Globe, which with far lesser labour might make its diurnal revolution, and as it were, on its soft Axels revolve with noiseless Motion.

Q. S. How strangely am I pleased at what I hear, and could dwell upon this theme for ever; admiring next to him that gave it; him that possesses so great a share of Wisdom. Thrice happy are all they that are under the Guidance of such a Monarch, and more happy they that are attendant on you, and have their delighted Ears still filled with knowledge.

S. Alas great Queen, these high applauses are not mine; I am but mortal Man, and subject still to humane frailties. If the eternal Fountain, whence not only Wisdom, but all other Graces flows; has indued his Servant with an understanding Heart; let all the Glory be ascribed to him, who has enabled me to satisfy you in all your curiosities.

Q. S. Than be it so, and henceforth shall the God of Jacob only be adored by her, who has with Fear and Reverence heard of his mighty wonders; nor shall there blaze an Altar in my Kingdom to any power beside; for he alone is God infinite, and incomprehensible.

Will it not be so, my dear Queen?

Sol.

S. Bravely resolved, and like a Queen, whose Wisdom has hitherto appeared above her Sex; and may that God, whom *Israel* adores, be ever propitious; granting you Wisdom, Honour, length of dayes, and crown you with a peaceful and happy Reign.

Q. S. *All thanks be returned, and may what you have wished return an hundred fold on your head; the rest my presents soon shall speak.*

S. See, see the glorious Lamp of day sits on his meridian Throne, and views at equal distance, the smiling East and West: 'Tis time great Queen, I wait on you to your repose.

Q. S. *With joy I'll be conducted by the wise, the great, the glorious King of Israel.*

Conclusion.

Highly pleas'd, great *Sheba's* Queen presents
The King with Spices, Gold, and Ornaments;
And then from him again she does receive
Such Presents as became a King to give:
When taking leave, and blessing *Jacobs* Seed,
Well pleas'd, she to her country does proceed.

Luke 16. v. 19, 20, 21, 22, 23.

There was a certain rich man which was clothed in Purple, and fine Linen, and fared sumptuously every day.

And there was a certain beggar, named *Lazarus*, which was laid at his Gate full of sores,

And desiring to be fed with the crumbs that fell from the rich Mans Table: moreover, the Dogs came and licked his Sores.

And it came to pass that the beggar dyed, and was carried by the Angels into *Abrahams* bosom: the rich man also dyed, and was buried. And

And in Hell he lift up his Eyes, being in torments, and seeing Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom, &c.

A Paraphrase on St. Luke, the 16th Chapter, from the 19 v. to the end. Being a real Scripture Dialogue between the most happy Lazarus and the tormented Dives.

To the Reader.

BEhold these Lines crave thy most solid view,
 Since by the Scriptures they are proved true,
 Dost thou want Riches? here without all measure
 Is a most blessed stock of lasting Treasure.
 This Heavenly Treasure will enrich thee more
 Than all the Jewels on the Indian shore,
 Receive it joyfully, and say no more.
 Poor men rejoyce, while rich men howl and cry,
 Such is the pleasure of the Deity.
 Then cease thy tears, poor wretched soul, and lend
 An ear unto poor Lazarus thy Friend.

Lazarus.

*Most Noble Sir, view but these sores I bear,
 And how each one doth like a Mouth appear;
 For some relief my wounds do loudly cry,
 And humbly beg your Christian Charity.*

*Alas I've lain here day by day unable,
 E're to obtain the scraps fall from your Table;
 The very Dogs more kindness shew than you,
 Who lick my my sores and heal my ulcers too:
 Alas great Sir I languish? nay I dye,
 Only for want of timely Charity.*

*Let me request your bounty, for I know
 God will repay you double what I owe;
 For Gods sake and your own, let me but have
 Some kind relief to shield me from the Grave,
 Scraps from your Table I do only crave.*

Dives.

Dives.

Why how now Sirrah! how dare you presume
 To urge my patience with your begging tune?
 How dare you venture at my Gate to ly?
 Up and be gone, or else prepare to dye.
 Talk you of Sores and Wounds, what's that to me?
 The Doggs indeed your fittest consorts be:
 My Table is not spread to grant relief,
 To every begging idle lazy Thief;
 Such as your self may be for ought I know.
 Be gone you Idle rascal. Sirrah go,
 Or I'll release your idle cries and groans
 With a good Cudgel that shall break your bones.
 What if you languish, perish, rot, or dye:
 Do so or hang your self, pray what care I.
 You tell me God will double what I give,
 Yet will not I believe it, as I live.
 Go to him then your self, if you are able,
 And tell me then who keeps the better Table:
 So get you gone you lazy idle Thief,
 I fear you there will find but small relief.

Lazarus.

Farewel proud scornful Dust and Ashes, I
 Will henceforth only on my God rely;
 With winged speed I will approach thy Throne,
 And all my grief and misery make known.
 Lord thou art able to relieve my wants,
 Relieve my misery, and hear my plaints.
 From thee, my God, I do expect much more,
 Than ever I yet found at Dives door.
 However Gracious God, I now must try,
 My strength decays, Great God, behold I dye.

Angels.

Hail blessed Lazarus! all Hail we say,
 We're sent thy Soul to Heaven to convey.
 Blest Abraham attends with open Arms,
 Who will secure thee from all future harms.
 Rouze then bright Saint, and Hallelujah sing,
 Whilst we with expedition take the Wing.

In order to transport thee to that place
Of joy, where Tears shall ne'r bedew thy Face.

Dives lifting up his eyes in Hell.

Behold me Father Abraham, I lye

Surrounded with eternal misery :

Shall Lazarus a blessed place obtain,

Whilst I all Hellish Torments do sustain.

Have mercy on me, Father, pray now send

Thrice happy Lazarus to dip the end

Of one of his blest fingers, and assuage

My hell tormented Tongue, which fire makes rage :

Some cooling Water for my Tongue, for I

Must now in Hells Eternal Torments fry.

Abraham.

Remember Son, to add unto thy grief,

When living, you allow'd him no relief.

You then possess'd your good things, he his bad,

You swam in mirth, whilst Lazarus was sad.

But now the case is alter'd much, for he

Shall ever joy, whilst you tormented be ;

Besides a Gulf between us two there lies,

More deep than is the Earth beneath the Skies.

And let me tell you, you will find it true,

You cannot come to me, or I to you.

Dives.

Dear Father, let me then this sute obtain

Send him unto my Fathers House again ;

Five Brethren there I have, O let him tell

To them the torments I indure in Hell :

And if they will not, then their sins refrain,

Let Lazarus return to thee again.

Abraham.

Moses, the Prophets too must be their Guide,

And pray what else should they desire beside.

Dives.

Nay Father Abraham, but if one went

Unto them from the Grave, they would repent.

Abraham

Abraham.

If Moses, and the Prophets will not do,
They'll not believe a Messenger from you.

But further, let me paraphrase on the Chapter
as follows.

Hearken therefore now, and I will speak of a
great rich man, that flourished here on Earth.
(as a learned Divine observes.) In all pomp and a-
bundance, that shined in costly purple Robes, that was
cloathed in Bissus and fine silk, and fared deliciously,
that was lodged softly, that lived pleasantly. But un-
derstand what became of this rich man; his years being
expired, and his days numbred, and his time determi-
ned, he was invited to the fatal Banquet of black ugly
death, that maketh all men subject to the rigour of his
Law; his body was honourably buried, in respect of his
much wealth: but what became of his Soul? that was
carried from his body to dwell with the devils, from
his purple robes to burning flames, from his soft Silk and
white Byssus to cruel pains in black Abissus, from his
Palace here on Earth, to the Palace of Devils in Hell:
from Paradise to a dungeon, from pleasures to pains,
from joy to torment, and that by hellish means, damned
spirits, into the infernal Lake of bottomless Barathrum,
where is wo, wo, wo!

Hearken also of a certain poor Beggar cloathed in
rags, with miseries pained, pained with griefs, grieved
with sores, sorely tormented, unmercifully condemned
lying at this rich Mans Gate, desiring to be refreshed
but with the grumbs that fell from the rich mans table,
the dogs had more pity than this rich man, on this di-
dressed creature, for they came to visit him, they came
to comfort him, they came and licked his sores,

Well, his time being also determined, he went the
way of all flesh, and death was the finisher of all his

miseries and griefs ; Vita assumpsit mortem, ut mors vitam acciperet ; he dyed once, to live for ever. And what became of his Soul ? it was carried from his body to his Master, from a House of Clay, to a House not made with hands, from a Wilderness to a Paradise, from an earthly prison, to a heavenly pallace, from the rich mans Gate, to the City of the great God, from pains to pleasures, from miseries to joys, from Adams corruption, to Abrahams bosom. It was carried by Angels into the quires of Angels, to have his being and moving in the very moving Heavens with God himself. Where is life, food and abundance, and glory, and health, and peace, and eternity, and all good things : all above all that either can be wished or desired : And this is the subject that I shall now speak of.

What poor Lazarus ! What ! lying at a gate, and full of Sores too ? Would not this rich Man afford thee some out-house to ly in, to shroud thee from storms and tempests ? no : would not his servants pitty thee ? no : would not his Children speak for thee ? no : would not his Wife intreat her Husband for thee ? no : Hadst thou ever done them any wrong ? no : But, Lazarus, it may be thou art stout, and often-times Beggars will be chusers ? thou perhaps wouldest have some great Alms, or some Copy-hold, some Farm of this rich Man ? no : Or thou wouldest have some delicate Meate ? no : Many Dishes ? no : Or thou wouldest sit at the Table with his Sons and Servants ? no, no : What is it then that thou dost desire ? Nothing but Crumbs to refresh my Soul, nothing but Crumbs to save my Life : Nothing but Crumbs : Crumbs, Crumbs that fall from the rich Mans Table I know that he fared plentifully, and that he may well spare them.

*What shall I say of the hardness of this cruel rich Mans Heart ? Let me speak for Lazarus unto this rich Man ; yet I shall but *Afinam comere*, (a*

one well observes) get nothing of this hard Fellow : I have a Message unto thee, O thou Rich Man, from the great God of Heaven, and he doth desire thee that thou respect the Beggar that lyeth at thy Gate pained with Sores, pained with grief, and even starved through Hunger : And I beseech thee in Gods stead, that thou have pity on this Beggar, as God shall have Pity, Mercy, and Compassion on thee, and look what thou layest out, it shall be paid thee again. But he answered, I warrant you he is some Runnagate Rogue, and so long as he can be maintained by such easie means, he will never take any other Trade upon him : Nay, but good Sir let it please you only to behold this poor Creature ; which suppose it were granted, and he coming to the Gate where this wretched object lay, seeing him bewrayed with Sores, betattered with Rags, and the Dogs licking him, stopping his Nose with a squeamish Face, and disdainful look, began to say unto him : *I see thou art some lude Fellow, that such Miseries happen unto thee, and such Plagues come upon thee ; it is not for thy Goodness or Righteousness, that these afflictions light on thee.* But he replied, *O good Master, some comfort, some Relief, some Crumbs to save my Life, I shall dye else, and starve at your Gate ; Good Master, I beseech you for Gods sake, for Christs sake, take some Pity, some Compassion, some Mercy on me.* But he with an angry look disdainning Lazarus, said, *Away hence thou Idle Rogue, not a penny, not a Morsel, not a Crumb of Bread ;* and so stopping his Nose from the scent, and his Ears from the cry of Lazarus, returned unto his stately Pallace : And this poor mans Throat being dry with crying, his Heart fainting for want of Comfort, his Tongue cleaving to the roof of his Mouth, being worn out with Fastings and Miseries, starved at the Rich mans Gate. Now must I speak for dead Lazarus against the Rich Man. *Nam si hic tacuissent, nonne lapides clarnabunt ;* If I

should hold my peace, the very stones would cry. O thou rich Miser, and more than Cruel wretch, Lazarus is dead, he is dead at thy Gate, and his Blood shall be upon thee, thou shewedst no Mercy unto him, no Mercy shall be shewed to thee, thou stoppedst thy Ears unto his cry, thou shalt cry and not be heard. It is inhumane Wickedness to have no Compassion on distressed Lazarus, but most of all, to let him starve at thy Gate for want of Food: What did he desire of thee but only Crums to save his Life? Is it not a small thing, I pray thee, that thou having abundance of Meat, should see him starve for Bread? That thou flourishing in Purple and Silk, would see Lazarus, lye in Rags? That thou seeing even thy Dogs have pity on him, thou wouldst have no pity upon him thy self? What Eyes hadst thou that wouldst not see his Sores? What Ears hadst thou, that thou wouldst not hear his cry? What Hands hadst thou, that would not be stretched out to give? What Heart hadst thou, that would not melt in thy Body? What Soul hadst thou, that would not pity his silly Soul, this wretched Body, poor Lazarus? If the Stones could speak, they would cry sie upon thee: If thy Dogs could speak, they would condemn thee of unmercifulness: If dead Lazarus were here, his Sores would bleed afresh before thy face, and cry in thine Ears, that thou art guilty, guilty of his Blood, and that thy sin is more than can be pardoned.

Why should not I tell thee the Portion that is prepared for thee? This shall be thy Portion to drink: Let thy days be few, and another take thine Office: Let thy Children be Fatherless, and thy Wife a Widow: Let thy Children be Vagabonds and beg their bread, let them seek it also out of desolate places, let the Extortioner consume all thou hast, and let the stranger Spoil thy Labour: Let there be no man to pity thee, nor to have Compassion on thy Fatherless Children: Let thy memorial be clean forgotten, and in the next Generation let thy Name be clean put out: Let him be an accursed example to all the World: Let him be cursed in

in the City, and cursed in the field; let him be cursed when he goeth out, and when he cometh in; let him be cursed when he lyeth down, and when he riseth up: Let all Creatures and the Creator himself forsake him, Angels reject him, Heavens frown at him, Earth open thy mouth, Hell receive him, Spirits rear him, Devils torment him, let no mercy be shewed unto him that shewed no mercy; Thus shall the miseries of Lazarus be revenged by the just plagues that shall justly fall upon the rich mans head.

And now the rich man being in Hell Flames, methinks I hear him crying out, saying; O Wretch that I am, why did I suffer Lazarus to starve at my Gate? for which I am shut in the Gates of Hell. Why did I not give Lazarus a crumb of bread? for which I cannot have here one drop of water to cool my tongue. Why did I shew Lazarus no mercy on Earth? for which no mercy is shewed to me in Hell. What shall I do? for I am tormented in this flame, I will cry unto Abraham, Abraham have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the top of his finger in water to cool my tongue. I am tormented here: Abraham, I am plagued and continually pained here; Abraham, here my purple rayment in flames of fire, my light is darkness, and my day night, my companions are Devils. O how they bale me! O how they pull me! O how they vex and torment me! Here my feet are scorched, my hands are seared, my heart is wounded, my eyes are blinded, my ears are dulled, my senses are confounded, my tongue is hot, it is very hot: send Lazarus therefore Abraham with a drop of water to comfort me; one drop, good Abraham, one drop of water.

But Abraham answered him: Thou damned wretch, once thou didst disdain Lazarus, once thou didst refuse Lazarus, once thou didst scorn Lazarus, now Lazarus shall disdain, refuse, and scorn thee; once thou stoppest thine ears from the cry of Lazarus, now he stops his ears from thy cry: once thou turnest thy face from Lazarus

now he turneth away his face from thee : once thou deny-
edst crumbs to Lazarus, now he denyeth water to thee,
not a spoonful, not a drop of water.

Oh Abraham, but now if I had my goods, I would
give Lazarus all for a drop of water : Now if I had a
million of gold, I would give it all for a drop of water,
now if I had a world of wealth, I would give it all to
Lazarus : therefore good Abraham, one drop ; But he
answered, No, not a drop.

Not a drop ; then cursed be the day wherein I was
born, and cursed be the night wherein I was conceived ;
cursed be my Father that begot me ; and cursed be my
Mother that bare me ; cursed be the place that kept me ;
cursed be the delicate Robes that clothed me, cursed
be the delicate meat that fed me : let me be most accursed
of all creatures both in Heaven and Earth.

Oh ! cursed, cursed, most accursed Soul,
Where am I now ? what Fiends are those that howl ?
They seize upon me, they torment me sore,
I Shriek with anguish, they in fury roar.

In Earths deep center ; dark and dreadful Cell,
Where only angry damned Spirits dwell
In grossest darkness, yet my sight so clear,
Most hideous Visions to the same appear.

In Hell, indred, where I indure that curse
Which shall not cease, but be hereafter worse
In fire infernal ; out of measure hot,
Which ever burns, and yet consumeth not.

I rave, I curse, and I accuse my fate,
As if such torments were unjust, too great ;
But Conscience nips me with, not so ; I try
To kill that worm, but oh ! it will not dye.

Most wretched I, besides the Woes I have;
 Merbinks I hear my bones within my Grave,
 (As troubled with some fatal Trumpets sound)
 Begin to shake and shiver in the ground.

Alas, alas, what shall of me become
 When wretched, go ye cursed is my doom.
 How shall my Soul and Body both affrighted,
 Then curse the hour they were again united.

How shall the Devils then with fury driven
 Seize me for Hell, when sentenc'd out of Heavens;
 And on me with much insultation rage,
 As if my torments might their own asswage.

Then with the hideous howling heard of Hell,
 I shall be thrown to that dreadful Cell,
 Where we in Flames that never fail shall burn;
 From whence we never, never shall return.

A fancyed Dialogue between Dives and Lazarus.

The Argument.

Dives contemns poor Lazarus's wretched state,
 Who humbly sues for crumbles at his gate,
 Deriding his advice, till in the close,
 One mounts to Heaven, the other to Hell goes.

Di. **H**ow kind has Fortune been to me, how
 am I made her Favourite, whilst with
 a lavish hand she heaps the worlds chief treasure on
 me; which makes me be admired, and sought un-
 to by all; the golden Goddesses charms them at the
 D d s; rate

rate, that still they warch my looks, and when I smile are overjoyed,—— But who is this that cries thus at my Gate ; —— Ha, a miserable wretch, an outcast of Fortune, whose miseries have made him loathsome, and contemptible an object, that offends mine eyes.

La. O why turn you from me, mighty Sir, consider that I am your fellow creature, made of the same mold, inspired by the same Breath of Life, and retain in me the self same faculties.

Di. Ha, ha, ha, canst thou boast thus, may make these comparisons, and but the meer shadow of a man, a skeleton, whom famine with her pressing hand has griped, and turned into a thing detestable to behold.

La. Dispise me not, great Sir, nor slight me for my miseries, 'tis in his power, whom I adore, to raise me to the heights of Honour, and depress your towering greatness.

Di. No, no, that ne're can be, my Chests are crammed too full of Gold, the precious Idol of man-kind.

La. Yet cannot your Riches in the least avail you, if he please to stretch out his hand against you ; nay granting you continue as you are, admired and courted by the crouding vulgar ; yet the wretched, the poor despicable thing thou seest is far happier.

Di. How ——happier——why now you make me smile, sure you but jest, for one more miserable I never yet could fix my eyes on.

Laz. It is not Riches, Pomp, nor high applause that makes men happy, but a mind armed with content to bear him through all sad misfortunes, and a faith and firm affiance in the Donor of all things that we can here, or in the world to come possess. O true content is an inestimable treasure.

Di. Content is an Eternal treasure ; why, what can more create contentment, than to have th
world

World at will? be waited on by crouds, and feed upon what ever Sea, Earth, or Air affords.

La. Yet this, without a conscience void of guilt, can yield you no felicity, a good Conscience is a continual feast.

Di. Conscience, why I never knew what Conscience balls, nor know I whether I have any; for when first she checkt me for laying my foundation upon Widdows and sad Orphans tears, I shook hands with her, and bid her trouble me no more, nor since that time has shee much molested me, or when she does, Musick and charming Beauties shall divert my cares, and hush her into silence.

La. Although at present she is still, yet there will come a day when she will cry as loud as thunder, and proclaim the wrong you have done her before the Judge of all the Earth, from whose dread Presence none can flee.

Di. Meer fables are they that you tell, think you to scare me from my Joyes with telling me what I will never believe; why, when I dye, I am no more, nor can ought trouble me, why should I not enjoy my self then whilest I live?

La. Yes, know deluded, that after death you must appear before the dread tremendous Majestic of Heaven, and answer for the smallest sin committed; know there is an everlasting Lake of burning Sulphur for all those that trust in vanitie, and joies unspeakable for such as tread the paths of uprightness.

Di. Pish, tell me no more of such vain dreams, the meer imagination of such as pretend Religion for a Trade, things all together unworthy of my great thoughts, nor will I stay to hear, but retire, and glut my self with pleasure.

La. Go and be fatted, for you shall laugh now your fill, that you may morn hereafter.

Conclusion.

The rich Man not believes, but slights till death
Seizes him, and rob him of his breath.

The poor Man likewise dyes, but now their state
Is different far, one Angel does translate
To Abrahams happy bosom, whilst the fiends
Snatch th' other where fierce Torments never
ends.

In vain is then his cry, no mercy is found,
He must indure, whilst t'other's with joy crown'd.

Luke 15. 17, 18, 19, 20, 21.

And when he came to himself, he said, how many
hired Servants of my Fathers have bread enough and
to spare, and I perish with hunger.

I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto
him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and be-
fore thee.

And am no more worthy to be called thy Son, make me
as one of thy hired Servants.

And he arose and came to his Father; but when he
was yet a great way off, his Father saw him, and had
compassion on him, and ran and fell on his neck, and
kissed him.

And the Son said unto him, Father, I have sinned a-
gainst Heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more wor-
thy to be called thy Son.

Take the Paraphrase upon the whole, as followeth,
Viz.

A certain Man had two Sons, one where-
of, and he the Eldest, continued always in his Fa-
mily, content with his provision, subject to his
Government, and in diligent Obedience to all his
Commands. But the other, *viz.* the Younger Bro-
ther, full of Juvenal heat and confidence, and at
the

'the Age of Discretion, grows impatient of Restraint
'and desirous of Liberty, especially fancying that
'he could live better to his own content, and every
'whit as well provide for himself; if he were
'at his own disposal: Therefore he desires his Father
'to set him out his share, and to put his Portion
'into his own hands, and leave him to his
'own conduct. The Father gratifies him in all
'his desires, gives him his Portion and his Liberty;
'which done, the Son, as if his Fathers presence or
'vicinage would put too great a restraint upon him,
'and give check to his freedom, he betakes himself
'to another Countrey; where being in the height
'of Jollity amongst his Harlots and lewd Companions
'methinks I hear him speak to his own Heart after
'this manner following, viz.

O! sweet, what rare felicity is here,
Where nought offends, where all things fit appear;
Where Natures shop full furnish'd with supply,
Stands alwaies open to the Passers by.

My thoughts, what think you of these Streams so clear?
My Senses, can you not suck Honey here?
Affections, can you here not feed desire
And with contentment to the Heart retire?

Here are the Beds where sweetest Roses grow,
Here are the Banks where purest Streams do flow,
Here are the only Instruments of Mirth,
Here are the only Jewels upon Earth.

My stragling thoughts then here set up your stays,
My striving Sences seek no richer prey;
Affections, here your Fancies may be quieted,
My pleased Heart then rest thou here delighted.

' But to proceed: This Prodigal being now out of
 ' his Fathers Eye; Reach and Controul; he indul-
 ' ges himself in the highest surfeit of Licentiousness,
 ' by which means in a short time (whilst he enjoys
 ' the present, took no care for the future) the
 ' the stock his Father allotted him, was utterly
 ' exhausted; and with that his pleasures also fail;
 ' the Roots that ministred to them being thus dyled
 ' up; and where his pleasures end, his cares begin:
 ' For now he hath leasure to look about him, and
 ' finds himself in a bad case, having no course left,
 ' but either to return to his Father, and confessing
 ' his Folly, and imploring his compassion; or to
 ' put himself a Servant to a Stranger; thereby to
 ' get a mean lively-hood; the former of these he
 ' was yet loath to come to; having not as he
 ' thought tryed sufficiently the folly of his own
 ' counsel, and to take to himself the shame of his
 ' own ill conduct, by so plain a retreat, was thought
 ' a sharper calamity than any he yet felt; therefore
 ' he resolved upon the latter; as if the severities
 ' of a stranger were more tollerable than the re-
 ' proaches of a Father: For he concluded a Man
 ' was not perfectly miserable that had no body to
 ' upbraid his Folly. And now being in a strange
 ' Country, he comforted himself with this; that if
 ' he should find none to pity him, he was sure there
 ' would be none could torture him with the g rating
 ' remembrance of what he was and might have been.
 ' Well, he becomes a Servant, and he that could not
 ' brook the grave restraint of paternal Authority,
 ' now feels the yoke of servile obedience; for he is
 ' put to the base drudgery of feeding Swine, and hath
 ' the coursest fair for his maintenance: the Swine and
 ' he feed alike upon Husks, only with this difference
 ' some body cares for the Hogs, but nobody for the
 ' Slave; and the former have enough of that which
 ' agrees with them, but the latter is pinched with
 hunger

‘hunger, having not allowance of that sordid diet
‘answerable to the importunity of his needs. Being
‘forely afflicted with this, he that formerly drea-
‘med of nothing but sweets of liberty, and the sur-
‘feits of voluptuousness, and never once thought of
‘those hungry Wolves, *Want* and *Necessity*, which
‘now stand at his door, after many a sad sigh, dis-
‘courses thus with himself: Ah fool that I was,
who knew not when I was well, that understood not
contentment without satisfaction, nor could take up
with the substance, but must grasp at shadows till I
lost both; that knew not what it was to be happy, but
by the sad experiment of becoming miserable, that
could not distinguish between the chastisements of a
Father, and the wounds of an Enemy, nor believe but
all yokes were equal, untill I was convinced by trial,
that could not brook the Government and restraints
of my Fathers Family, though endeared by the re-
verence of my relation, and sweetened by the benig-
nity of his countenance, and liberal provision for ne-
cessity and delight; nor be satisfied of my Fathers
wisdom, but by the effects of my own rashness and
folly. Time was when I had the respect and dignity
of a Son at home, wha now find the contempt of a
Servant abroad. I was then put to no drudgery, nor
had other task than to serve the honour and interest
of my Father, and in so doing I consulted also my
own; for my duty and my happiness were then uni-
ted, but I am now put to the basest office, to the
vilest employment, as if my drudgery were not so
much imposed in order to my Masters profit, as to
my own contumely. But that which comes nearer
to me yet, and pinches me very sore, is that whereas
in my Fathers House I could neither feel nor fear
want, I can now hope for nothing else, there the
meanest servant had bread, not only to the full, but
to superfluity; much less was any thing wanting to
me then a Son; now the case is sadly altered, I that
seldom

seldom had so much hunger as might serve for sauce to the plenty of my Fathers Table, feel now the difference between the liberal hand of a Father, and the evil and nigardly eye of a hard master. Oh the sweet fumes of *Plenty*, and the gnawing pains of *Wind* and *Emptiness* !

And here methinks I hear him speaking to Extravagant and head-strong Youth in the following manner, viz.

Ah ! *wanton Youth* take warning by my woes,
And see in me the summ of vain repose ;
Which like a Bud *Frost* bitten e're it blooms
Appears, but unto *no perfection* comes.

All Earthly Pleasures are but like a bubble,
Straight turn to nothing, which were rais'd with
trouble.

The fairest Faces soonest change their dye,
The sweetest Charmers are most apt to lye.

Thus *now'd* with sorrows I may tell the same,
And make the world take notice of my shame ;
But till I had experience of this woe,
No means could make me think *it would be so*.

But now I think upon my *Father* here,
Whose *Fore-sight* now I find exceeding clear ;
He often told me, and with many a *Tear*,
What would befall, but then *I would not hear*.

Ah fellow companions ! what would I give now for what I have formerly wasted or despised ! then I loathed wholsom food, and now feed upon husks ; how do I now envy the meanest Servant in my Fathers house : they have enough of all things, and I the want of all things ; they surfeit, I starve. But alas, it is to no purpose to complain here, the Swine I feed

feed cannot pity me, and the Master I serve will not : There is no other choice left me now, but I must return to my Father or perish ; little did I think what would come of it when I forsook him, and perhaps little does he think what I have suffered since : If my sufferings have brought down my proud heart and taught me submission, it may be, my deplorable condition may move his Bowels ; it is true, he cast me not out, but I forsook and abandoned him : My Youthful heat and folly precipitated me upon my own Ruine, but as he hath more Wisdom than I, so perhaps the affections of a Father are more strong than those of a Child ; and the more he sees my Foolishness, the more arguments he would find to shew me Mercy ; at least, I will make tryal of his Clemency, I will humbly prostrate my self before him, I'll embrace those knees that educated me, I'll lick the dust of that Threshold which I contemptuously forsook, I'll own my fault, and take shame to my self, and so both magnifie his Mercy if he receive me, and justifie his proceedings if he reject me.

I know my Father is subject or obnoxious to no body, who shall blame him for pardoning, or set li-mers to his mercy ? nay, who can tell the measure of a Fathers Bowels ? it may be too there is irresistible Eloquence in misery ; and the spectacle of a Sons adversity may have Rhetorick enough in it to carry a cause where the Father is Judge : Or if he, provoked by my Folly at first, and Extravagances since, will no more own me as a Son, perhaps he may receive me as a Servant ; for if my rebellion hath extinguished in him the peculiar affections of a Father, yet it hath not destroyed the common Passions of Humanity, Mercy, and Pity ; if he will receive me in that lower quality, I am now broken to the condition of a Servant, and shall think his Yoke easie hereafter, having been immured to so sharp and heavy an one ; I will chearfully submit my Ear
to

to be boared to his Door-post, and be his Servant for ever.

Or, *Lastly*, if he will not trust a Runnagate, nor believe he will ever prove a constant Servant that hath once deserted his station, let him be pleased to take me as a hired Servant, whom he may turn off at pleasure ; make tryal of me, and admit me only upon good behaviour. But if all fail, and he should utterly cast me off (which yet I hope he will not) I can but perish, and that I do however.

Well, this being resolved, he casts a longing look towards his Fathers House, and puts himself on his way thither : but no sooner was he on his way, (though yet a great way off) but his Father spies him. Those lean and wan Cheeks, and the hallow sunken Eyes his extremity had reduced him to, had not so disfigured him, nor those rags unable to cover his Nakedness, so disguised him, but his Father knew him ; and the memory of his former disobedience had not so cancelled the interest of a Son, or shut up the Bowels of a Father, but that the sight of his present misery kindled his Compassion. And whilst the Son, partly through that weakness which his Vices and his Sufferings had conspired to bring upon him, and partly through a Combination of shame and just fear of his Fathers indignation, with difficulty makes towards him ; the Father, prompted by Paternal affection, and transported between joy and Pity, runs to meet him, *falls on his Neck, and kisses him.*

And now see what entertainment his Father gives him being come into his presence. He calls for a Robe ; yea, the best Robe, and so cloaths him ; for a Ring to adorn and beautifie him ; for Shoes for his Feet, that stones might not annoy or hurt them ; for the fat Calf to feed and refresh him ; and whatsoever is wanting he bestows upon him. Now, had the Father fit time, and his Sons sins deserved it, that

that he should rip up unto him his former Faults, and call to remembrance the offences of his Youth, and welcom him home after this manner: *Ah, Sirrah, are you now come, is all spent amongst your Whores and Harlots? Return unto them, let them provide for you, come you no more within my doors.* But behold the love of this his Father, he useth no such thundring speeches, he threatneth not to cast him off, nor yet doth he cast him in the teeth with the former Courses; he Remembreth not old reckonings, the Offences of his Youth are not spoken of: But he (seeing this his Riotous and unthrifty Son return home with an humble Heart) presently offers himself to his Child, and before he had made an end of his Confession, or could beg a supply of things needful, his Father intercepts him by his hasty calling to his Servants, *Bring hither the best Robe, the Shoes, the Ring, let the fat Calf be killed, make a Feast, send for Musick, let all be forgotten that is past; let my Sons old Courses no more be remembered.*

And here further we may Fancy the joyful father thus bespeaking his returning Child, viz.

*Welcom my Son, thrice welcom, is't not meet
Thou shouldest be welcom'd by Embraces sweet?
Thou who wert lost, and now art found again;
Thou who wert dead, dost now alive remain,*

*Long have I long'd for this thy safe return,
Whereat my Bowels of compassion yern:
Why shak'st thou then, why blushest being poor?
Thy fear is past, thou shalt have Rags no more.*

*Revive, my Son, be chearful then, my Child,
And cease thy sorrows, I am reconcil'd:
Oh! let those Tears be taken from thine Eyes,
They stir the Fountain where Compassion lies.*

Come

*Come. tast my dainties, I have choicest Fare,
And sweetest musick to delight the Ear :
This is my Pleasure, I will have it done
In sight of Envy, for thou art my S O N.*

The Son, though astonished at this condescension, and surpris'd with the unexpected benignity of such a Reception, yet could not but remember what his Fathers Joy made him forget ; namely, his former Dis-ingenuity and Rebellion : and therefore humbly falls on his knees again, and with shame and remorse makes his contrite acknowledgement after this manner. *Father,* (for so this admirable goodness of yours gives me encouragement to call you, more than the Blood and Life which I derived from you) I have, I confess, forfeited all the interest the priviledges of my Birth might have afforded me in your Affection, having become Rebel both towards God and you, had I not first neglected him, I am sure I had never greiv'd you ; and having forsaken you, I have not only violated the greatest Obligation I had upon me (save that to his divine Majesty) but also despis'd and affronted a goodness like to his ; whatsoever therefore I have suffered was but the just demerit of my folly and contumacy, and whatsoever Sentence you shall pass upon me further, I will willingly submit to and here expect my doom from you : I condemn my self, as no more worthy to be called your Son, be pleas'd to admit me but into the condition of your meanest Servant, and I have more than my miseries give me reason to hope for.

Whilst the Son was going on at this rate, the Fathers Bowels yearned too earnestly to admit of long Apologies, and therefore chuses rather to interrupt him in his Discourse, than to adjourn his own Joys or the others comfort : and because he thought
words

not sufficient in this case, he makes his deeds the Interpreters of his mind, commanding his Servants forthwith to bring out the best Robe, and put it upon his Son, together with a Ring on his hand, and Shoes on his feet, i.e. in all points to habit him as his Son, and as a Son of such a Father; by all which he maketh the full demonstration of a perfect Reconciliation; and not content herewith, to give vent to his Joy, that it might not overpower him whilst he confined it to his own bosom, and perhaps those also who had shared with him in his sorrows for the loss of a beloved Son, might participate also in the joy of his Recovery; he goes on, *bring out also the fatted Calf, and kill it, and let us eat and be merry; for this my Son was dead, and is alive again, was lost and is found; and they began to be merry.*

In the midst of this extraordinary Jollity, it happens the elder Son, who had always continued in his Duty towards his Father, comes out of the Fields, where he had been Negotiating his Fathers Affairs, and wonders at this the unusual Jubilee: And when (demanding the occasion) they of the Family made him acquainted with the whole matter, he takes it ill, and interpreting this marvellous transport of joy at his Brothers return, to be in derogation from himself; as if his Father was too easie and inclinable towards him, but severe to himself, and unmindful of the long and faithful service he had done him, begins to expostulate the matter somewhat warmly with his Father; but the good Old Man mildly replies: Son, I am very sensible of, and set a just value upon the long course of your Obedience, and I have it both in my Power and in my will to reward you. 'Tis true, I have not hitherto made such solemn expressions of my Love to you, as I have now done upon this Occasion, for the case did not require it; you, as you have been alwayes dutiful to me, so you had my House

House and all I have constantly to accomodate you ; as you have never rebelled against me, so you have never felt the hardships your poor Brother has undergone by his foolishness ; and as you that have never offended me, never could distrust my Favour, nor need not such demonstrations of my Reconciliation, which this former Guilt and Extravagancies of your now penitent Brother renders necessary in his case ; so also was I never overwhelmed with Grief for you who were never lost ; but for as much as we have beyond all expectation received your brother again, whom we long since dispaired of, and had given up for lost ; you cannot wonder, and you must allow me this unusual transport ; for I say again, *This your Brother was lost, and is found, was dead, and is alive again.*

An Imagined Discourse between the Prodigal Son and his Father.

The Argument.

- *The Son return'd, relates the wretched state He underwent ; when absent does create A tenderness in his ag'd Sire, whose Love On his repentance ne're the less does prove.*

Son. **A** LAs dear Sir, my disobedience has bin so great, that without shame, I dare not lift my Eyes to look upon your aged Face, without confusion, and disordered countenance ; I cannot hear you speak thus kindly to the man that is unworthy to be called your Son, but merits more the name of slave.

Fa. Come to my Arms, my dear dear Child, I cannot see you stand thus cringing, nor can I permit you this range distance.

Son

Son. The more your kind indulgence shewes it self, the greater are my wretched Crimes, to leave so good a Father, leaving him in tears for my departure, nay to spend the substance he had gotten on the lewd profane debauches of the flattering world, whilst he was sighing for absence.

Fa. O! Name not what is past, but let your future care prevent the like revolt, the like extravagance.

Son. I dare not think I am forgiven; I am sure I could not well expect forgiveness from the man I had so much offended.

Fa. All, all's forgiven, whilst I sign this pardon with this kiss, this kind embrace, nay with my aged tears that spring from streams of joy.

Son. Thus low I bend to meet your blessing, and will henceforth be circumspect and cautious how I move, least I again, though unwittingly, offend such innate goodness, such a tender Father.

Fa. Arise my Son, and may ten thousand blessings and happinesses more than your aged Sire can wish, fall all you: but tell my Son, tell of the strange adventures that beset your absence.

Son. My Father shall be obeyed — Then know great Sir, that when I left your Mansion in my pompous Gaities, I soon betook my self to places of resort, and found the jovial crew that courted me to recreate my Fancy with delights made up of Pleasure; Riotting and Musick was our recreation for the most, though sometimes we dwelt upon a Harlots smile, and spent at other times the flying hours in gaming, or beholding some vain Pageantry, till in the end my stock being gone, I soon had lost my gay Companions, who studied then to shun me more, than they had done to court my Favour: when ashamed to return home, I wandered as a man forlorn and friendless over many a dewy Plain, and through a thousand devious Paths; till in the end I met a humane shape, though dreadful to behold, who

who seemed to take compassion on me, and used many subtil arguments to bring to his lure, till in the end I was content to yeild to his desire, Imagining what he pretended was real and substantial; but having got me in his power, he shackled me with Chains; and loaden with strong fetters sent me out to feed his swine, yet scarce would suffer me to feed upon the Husks; nor was Famine all, for still my Stripes were as grievous as my wants; which lamentable case made me begin to cast about and think from what a happiness I fell; bewailing sore my rashness, till in the end, inspired or prompted by some good Angel, I resolved to leave my Hellish Tyrant, and throw my self at the Feet of you my Father, and to try, if peradventure I might move you to compassionate your wretched Son.

F. In a blessed hour were your resolves, and more happy was the moment when I again received my much beloved Son, for whose return loud Instruments of Musick shall proclaim, and feasting for his sake last many a day; then let us in and order it.

Son. A thousand thanks your now obedient Son (if I dare own that name) returns, resolving for the Future to devote my cheif indeavours to deserve such favour.

Matth. 25. Vers. 34. & 41,

Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the Foundation of the world. Then shall he say also unto them on the left Hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the Devil and his Angels.

I Will begin here and speak something of this sentence to the ungodly, wherein every word speaks woe and wrath, fire and fury, death and damnation; and every syllable speaks the deepest Sorrow and dreadfullest Sufferings to wicked Pilgrims. *The Lord Chief*

Chief Justice of the whole World, the Judge of the Quick and Dead is now (as it were) in all his Robes and Royalty, with millions of glorious Attendants, in the Glory of his Father, with all his holy Angels, set on the Bench. The poor prisoner, whose trembling Soul is newly reunited to the loathsome Carcass of his Body, is drag'd to the Bar awaiting and expecting some doleful Doom. He is lately come from hell, to give an account of his Life on earth, and to receive his Sentence; and loath he is to go back to that place of torments, as knowing that the pain of his Body will be a new and grievous addition to his misery, when that shall burn in flames as his soul doth already in fury. Therefore he pleads.

Prisoner. Lord let me stay here (though poor wretch he hath his Hell about him in his accusing, affrighting Conscience) rather then go to that Dungeon of darkness. A sight of thy beautiful Face may possibly abate my Sorrows, and thy Presence may mitigate my Sufferings.

Judge. No, saith Christ, here is no abiding for thee, be gone hence. Thou mayst remember when my Presence was thy Torment, when thou didst bid me depart from thee, choosing my room before my company. Now my Absence shall be thy Terror, I like thee not so well to have thee nigh me. Depart, I say, from me.

Prisoner. Lord, If I must undergo so dreadful a doom, as to depart from thee, the Father of Lights, and Fountain of Life, yet bless me before I go; One good wish of thy Heart, one good word of thy Mouth will make me blessed where ever I go. Those whom thou blessest, are blessed indeed; Bless me, even me, O my Father: At this parting grant me thy blessing.

Judge. Sinner, be gone, and my Curse go along with thee. Thou hast many a time despised my Blessing when it hath been offered to thee, though I was

made a Curse to purchase it for thee; therefore, I say, depart from me, and the Curse of an angry Lord, and of a righteous Law accompany thee for ever. Depart, I say, *Thou cursed.*

Prisoner. Lord, if I must go, and thy Curse with me, send me to some good place, where I may find somewhat to refresh me under thy loss and curse. It's misery enough to lose thy presence, Good Lord command me to some good place.

Judge. No, Sinner, be gone with my Curse to that place which will torture and rack thee with extremity and universality of pains. The time hath been that thou hast wallowed in sensual pleasures, now thou must fry in intollerable flames. Depart thou cursed into fire.

Prisoner. Ah Lord, if I must go with thy Curse, and to so woful a place as fire, I beseech thee let me not stay there long. Alas, who can abide devouring flames one moment? material fires of man's kindling are terrible, but how intollerable are those flames which thy breath, like a stream of brimstone, hath kindled! I beseech thee, if I must go to it, let me pass swiftly through it, and not stay in it.

Judge. No, Sinner, depart, and my Curse with thee, to those extream Torments that admit of no ease and no end, where the worm never dieth, and the fire never goeth out? to the Lake that burneth with fire and brimstone for ever. Depart thou cursed into everlasting fire.

Prisoner. Lord, this is dismal and dreadful indeed to go from thee, who art all good, and to go to fire which hath in it extremity of all evil, and to lose thee, and fry in flames for ever, ever, ever; yet, Lord, if it is thy Will it should be so, hear me yet in one desire, let me have such society as may mitigate, at least such as may not aggravate my misery.

Judge. No, Sinner, thy Company must be such for ever as thou didst choose in thy life time. He who

who was thy Tempter shall be thy Tormentor. And they who led thee captive at their will, shall be bound with thee in chains of everlasting darkness, and faggoted up with thee together for unquenchable fire. Such fiery Serpents, gnawing Worms, stinging Adders, poisonous Toads, roaring and devouring Lions, hideous Monsters, frightful Fiends must be thy eternal Companions. *Depart from me thou cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the Devil and his Angels.*

But now, kind Readers, because particulars do usually most affect us, we may here again at this *General Judgment*, suppose we here the Judge crying out with a loud and angry voice, saying, *Bring now all the wicked Prisoners severally to my Bar*, that so they may all distinctly receive their Sentence, for those particular sins by which they have most offended my Justice;

And first, *Come forth all ye ignorant persons: who have not known the Father, nor me, nor the mysteries of salvation. Take them Devils, bind them hand and foot.*

2. *Come forth all ye slothful and unprofitable persons. Had not ye talents committed to you for my use and service, and what have you done with them? did you bury them in the earth? or lay them up in a napkin? what, could you lye down and slumber, when you had so much work to do? could you trifle away so many hours, when time was so precious and sweet? Take them Devils, bind them hand and foot.*

3. *Come forth all ye that have neglected Family worship, and never sought after God in your Closets; Were not you creatures, and did the law of Creation require no worship; were not you subjects, and should not you have shewn homage to your Sovereign? did not you live upon God's finding and bounty e-*

very day, and should not you have acknowledged your dependance; did not God bring you into your Family Relations, and did he require no duty? Did not he threaten to pour out his wrath upon irreligious Families? and yet would not you set up Religion in yours? **Take them Devils, bind them hand and foot.**

4. *Come forth all ye Sabbath-breakers,* you that have spent the day in sleeping, in eating and drinking to excess; who instead of holy meditations, have been thinking and contriving your worldly business, who instead of religious conferences, have discoursed only of earthly matters: instead of going to Church to worship God, have walked into the Fields and spent the time in Recreations. **Take them Devils, bind them hand and foot.**

5. *Come forth all ye Swearers, and Profaners of the Name of God;* did you never read or hear of the third Commandment, which forbade this sin? Did you never hear of my strict Injunction, that you should not swear at all in your discourses, but that your Communication should be yea and nay? were you never told that swearers would fall into Condemnation? was the great and dreadful name of God of so little regard, that you could not only use it irreverently, so frequently; but also even tear it in pieces by your Oaths? You call'd upon God some times to damn and sink you; can you speak in that language now, now damnation is so near you? **Take them Devils, bind them hand and foot.**

6. *Come forth all ye scoffers at Religion, and the zealous professors thereof;* who taught and spake of Religion, as if it had been a fable, and cunningly delisted Fables; and of the most holy, humble, and self-denying Christians, as if they were the most

mean spirited, foolish, and contemptible People upon Earth : and have used the name of a Saint in derision, and proverb of reproach. Have you the same mind now, that Religion was but a fancy ? Is your Resurrection and my appearance, but a fancy ? Is your punishment eternal in hell, like to be but a fancy ? Have you not a sure ground and bottom for your faith in the Scriptures ? Could you have desired more reasonable evidence of things done before your age ? Could you laugh at Scripture threatenings : And can you laugh now you are come to Execution ? Take them Devils, bind them hand and foot.

7. *Come forth all ye Persecutors of my Disciples ;* was it not enough for you to mock them ; but you must persecute them too ? Was it not enough for you to persecute them with the tongue, but you must persecute them with the hand ? What, could you betray them like *Judas* for a piece of money, or out of malice, which was worse ? Could you disturb them in their service and worship of me, when they were praying for your very Conversion and Salvation ? Take them Devils, bind them hand and foot.

8. *Come forth all ye intemperate and licentious persons ;* who have indulged your flesh, and laid no restraint upon your sensual appetite ; who have made provision for your flesh, to fulfill the lusts thereof ; but made no provision for my glory, and took no care to fulfill my commands ; did you never hear of such a duty as self-denial, which I required of all my Disciples and Followers ? Take them Devils, bind them hand and foot.

9. *Come forth all ye Gluttons,* who have prepared you flesh with delicious food, but never had the least regard to feed your souls. Take them Devils, bind them hand and foot. E e 3 *Come*

10. *Come forth all ye Drunkards*, who if ye have not overcharged your bellies with excessive eating, yet have often intoxicated your brains with the fumes of excessive drinking; what excuse can you find for this sin? were you inticed to it, and overtaken before you were aware? but who could entice you to drink a potion which would kill your bodies? and was not the death and damnation of your souls more to be avoided? Take them Devils, bind them hand and foot.

11. *Come forth all ye Adulterers*, you that have neighed like full-fed Horses after your neighbours Wives, and assembled by troops into Harlots houses; or if not so, have committed this sin in secret corners; was there no shame in you to keep you from this nasty filthy sin? Take them Devils, bind them hand and foot.

12. *Come forth all ye Covetous persons*, whose treasure and heart, hope, and confidence hath been in earthly things. Take them Devils, bind them hand and foot.

13. *Come forth all ye unmerciful persons*; whose bowels have been shut up against the poor and needy; who have spoken churlishly to the poor, and looked upon them afar off. Take them Devils, bind them hand and foot.

14. *Come forth all ye unrighteous persons*; who have wronged Widows and Orphans; who have overreached your neighbours in your dealings; who have heaped an estate together by unrighteous practices; who have squeezed and oppressed the poor, which have had no helper. Take them Devils, bind them hand and foot.

15. *Come forth all ye liars*; you who have taught and accustomed your selves to this sin; who have

not only reported lies, but also made them. Take them Devils, bind them hand and foot.

16. *Come forth all ye Slanderers and Back-biters*; who have walked about with slanders, and carried about tales unto the reproach and injury of your neighbours good name: Did you not know it was your duty to endeavour the preservation of your Neighbours Reputation as carefully as your own? Take them Devils, bind them hand and foot.

17. *Come forth all ye proud and ambitious persons*; you that have builded your nests on high; that have taken many dirty steps to get into the seat of honour, whose hearts have been lifted up with high towering imaginations and conceits of your own excellencies unto the scorning and contempt of others; who have had proud hearts, and proud looks, and proud speeches, and proud carriage towards others. Take them Devils, bind them hand and foot.

18. *Come forth all ye envious and malicious persons*; ye that have grieved at the good of others, which they have had, or done; that have grieved at the good Estates of others, or because they have thrived faster then you in the world. Take them Devils, bind them hand and foot.

19. *Come forth all ye wrathful and contentious persons*; ye that have had fiery spirits, and fiery tongues; whose tongue, have been like swords, wherewith ye have lashed and wounded others in your reproachful reviling speeches. Take them Devils, bind them hand and foot.

20. *Come forth all ye civil and moral persons*, who have had moral righteousness, and been upright in your dealings, but wholly strangers unto the power of godliness, who have observed some precepts of

the second Table of the Law in reference to your selves and others externally; but have grossly neglected the duties of the first Table. **Take them Devils, bind them hand and foot.**

21. *Come all ye Hypocrites*, who have made a shew of Holiness; and have borne the name of Zealous professors of Religion, but have been acted by carnal designs and principles, who have used Religion as a Cloak for your Covetousness, who followed me only for the Loaves; who have been hollow at the heart, rotten at the Core, painted-Sepulchers blazing-Comets, wandring and falling Stars, for whom the mist of darkness is reserved for ever. **Take them Devils, bind them hand and foot.**

22. *Come forth all ye Back-sliders and Apostates*, from me and my wayes; You that turned back to ways of prophaness, and open wickedness, after some time of profession, and joyning your selves with my People, was my service so burdensome that you could endure it no longer? was the way to heaven so unpleasant, that you would walk no longer therein, after some trial in shew of me, did you prefer and make choice of the Devil before me? **Take them Devils, bind them hand and foot.**

23. *Come forth all ye impenitent Persons and Unbelievers*, all ye that have not yielded obedience to the Gospel; were you not called to repentance by Ministers, and the Spirit in Ordinances? and when a stiller voice was not heard, were you not called louder by God in his judgments? did you not know, that except you repented you would certainly perish. **Take them Devils, bind them hand and foot.**

Zacharias.

Zacharias and Elizabeth. *An imaginary discourse.*

The Argument.

*The way preparing Prophet born, his Birth
O'rejoys his Parents, who with holy mirth
Return their thanks to Heavens eternal King,
The Maker, Giver, Author of each thing.*

Z. **W**Hat Wonders has God wrought?
how gracious has he been, in opening
thy barren Womb, and giving us a Son in our old
Age; nay, more, a Son that is a Prophet to pre-
pare the way of him on whom the happiness of
mankind does depend.

E. *My Heart is o'reflowed with joy, nor can my tongue
relate what I conceive; nor am I capable of rendring
sufficient praises to the Lord, who has been pleased to
visit his low hand-Maid, and took from her, & her toa-
thed reproach.*

Z. Had you but seen the glorious Vision, the
bright Messenger of Heaven, that brought the happy
news, that blest assurance of what is come to pass
you would have been the more transported.

E. *I dare beleive no less, yet you durst doubt
the truth of what his high Behest imported.*

Z. I did indeed, and had my punishment for so
much incredulity, the Organs of my voice denyed
their office, rendring me a Mute, till my aged Eyes
beheld the dear, the welcom, the thrice welcom
Babe sprung from the Womb of my Elizabeth.

E. *'Tis just with Heavens eternal King, who had
done such great things for you, that you were so punished,
and stand as an example to the dissident.*

Z. But since I am restored, I'll use my diligence
to make Attonement for my vile stupidity, apply r'
voice return'd in hyming him, and telling of his wor

ders ; nay more, that we may both be happier in our Son, let us observe ^{how} train him up as Heaven has given directions.

E. That, next to praising our great Benefactor, who with Mercies and choice Favours every way incompasses us, shall be my cheif care, but see the Sacrifices wait, you must now to the Temple.

Z. With joy I go to glorifie the God who does vouchsafe to dwell with his Inheritance.

E. Hast then whilst I retire, and offer up the Sacrifices of a contrite Heart, which God has promised never to reject.

Conclusion.

*Thus jay the blessed Pair in their success,
Whilst God, what e're they take in hand, does bless.*

A Dialogue between the three Kings of the East upon their return.

The Argument.

*The Scepter'd Monarchs that so lately came
To worship him that made the Glorious Frame
Of the whole Universe : Herod deceive
Of what he durst expect, and Juda leave
Unknown to him, which makes him storm and grieve.*

K. *W*ith what earnestness the bloody minded King of Juda made inquiry for the Heavenly Infant ; I then perceived his drift was but to get him once into his power ; for why, the prophecy concerning the all-glorious Babe, and our enquiry started him, and made him doubt his Empire.

2 King

2 K. It could no less to one who (blinded with the Guilt of such great crimes as he by his Tyranny has pulled upon himself) had no further sight of Sacred things: The Babe is born a Heavenly not an Earthly Prince, his Kingdom is above all heights transcendent, glorious, beautiful beyond expression.

3 K. 'Tis true, and we have seen a God on Earth, this, this is he of whom the Cybils did so darkly sing: The Child let down from Heaven in a bright burnish'd Chain of Gold, that should shut *Janus's* Temple, and invest the World with Peace.

1 K. Undoubtedly the same, and happy is the Jewish Nation, if they understood aright this blessing, this is the Star that should arise out of *Jacob*, this is the great Deliverer, the great Preserver of his People, this is he of whom the Prophets have so loudly told.

2 K. Nor are we less obliged to wise Omnipotence, that did vouchsafe to make us privy to so great a mystery, revealing to us what had happened, and disposing us to follow the bright Star hung low in the thin Region of the Air, that it might be our kind Conductor to the happy place.

3 K. Nor was the glittering Angel less careful of his Lord, when in our slumbers he forwarned us to return another way, and not as we determined, see the wicked King.

1 K. I can but think how *Herods* rage will rise, to find himself so much deluded.

2 K. Doubtless it will, but all his fury will be spent in vain, the end, for which the Glorious God came down, and was incarnate, must be accomplished ere he does ascend to seat himself upon his Sapphire Throne.

3 K. It must, so all the Prophets say, yet in the end, when as his glorious course is run, that is, when he has finished his great Fathers will, this Life must be a ransom for lost man.

1 King.

1 K. That indeed must be the result, but then triumphing over the Grave, he will in rayes of brightest Majesty ascend, and draw all those that love him, and adore his goodness after him.

2 K. No less do I conclude, but see we are arriv'd at a fair City, here let us repose this night, and contemplate on this wonder.

3 K. Agreed great King, we will be content to do as you have said.

Conclusion.

*Thus to their County the pleas'd Monarchs go,
And there whate'er they have heard and seen they show.*

A Dialogue between Herod and his chief Captain.

The Argument.

*The bloody minded Tyrant in a rage,
To kill him, whom the Prophets did presage
King of the Jews, in Bethlehem murders all
Neath two years old, that he i'th croud may fall.*

H. **A**M I then deluded by the Eastern Kings, say you are they departed to their own Abodes, and he that Fame has rumour'd must deprive me of my Scepter, is hid, past, finding out.

*'Tis so most Potent Monarch, the Kings are journeyed
through the Wilderness, and by this time have reached
their Native Lands; the Infant, though all diligent in-
quire has been made, is no where to be found.*

H. So to be served makes me all Fury, O! that it was not such a March over the vast Deserts to the
Lands

ands of those deluding Monarchs; Fire and Sword should speak my anger; what is in my power I'll do, to make my Title sure; Captain make hast, and draw up all my men of War, I have a great design in hand, which Labours in my Breast.

C. What means my Lord the King, what are his thoughts? thus low I beg to be made privy to the intentions of a Monarch.

H. You are my faithful Counsellor, and to your Care and Conduct, what your King intends shall be committed; all the male Infants in suspicious Beth-lehem, and throughout every Border appertaining to that City, are doom'd dead from two years old and under; that amongst them, him that I suspect, may fall, so that the madding People, who are ever fond of innovation, may be retained in their obedience.

C. 'Tis brave, though bloody, yet the King shall be obeyed before to morrow this time; not a Brat shall live beneath the Age you mention, no pity or remorse shall be of force to stay our Hands, to the cries of tender Mothers we will be deaf as Seas, and whilst the Younglings sprawl upon our Spears, our Hearts shall be as hard as Adamant, no lurking holes shall save them from our fury; death, death shall be their portion, from the tender breasts we will snatch them to untimely Graves.

H. Your resolution fits my purpose, and when put in execution, will quickly hush my fears; therefore about it strait, make no delay, whilst I retire, and with impatience expect a full account of your proceedings.

C. My Speed shall show my willingness in what I undertake, Death and Fury now inspire me for the blackest Murthers the bright Lamp of Day ever yet beheld.

Conclusion.

The Plot thus laid, in practice soon is put,
 The Throats of near six thousand Infants cut
 By Herods cruel Soldiers, whilst the cries
 Of tender Mothers, pierce the weeping Skies :
 But vain the Tyrant seeks the Life of him
 That wears the glorious starry Diadem ;
 For he to Egypt flies, but Rachel sore
 Laments her Sons, because they are no more.

*Imagined Discourse between Joseph and
 Mary upon their returning out of Egypt.*

The Argument.

*The blessed Pair admire Gods Providence,
 And glorifie his great Omnipotence,
 Who, murdering Herod struck with fearful Death,
 Bringing them safely to fair Nazareth.*

J. **T**He cruel Tyrant that late raged in slaughter,
 and dyed deep his hands in blood of Inno-
 cents, is tumbled in the dust, his bold Ambition is
 sunk beneath the Grave.

M. In vain he strove to rob us of our only Joy, in
 vain he plotted to surprize the Life of our dear Son and
 Lord.

J. All that Man does against the great decrees of
 Heaven, is unprosperous, no force nor policy can
 ever prevail against Omnipotence.

M. 'Tis true, but yet his murderous Swords have
 made some thousands childless.

Joseph

J. Although his cruelty, by Gods high sufferance, extended to the shedding of their blood; yet they are happy, falling for the sake of him who came to save them from eternal Death; and God that can make fruitful barren Wombs, can when he pleases give their Parents a supply.

M. With him 'tis true, there is nothing impossible, therefore how ought men to adore his sacred Name, and at an awful distance struck with admiration, contemplate his wonders.

J. They ought indeed with lowest reverence admire, and love such boundless goodness; nor shall my Tongue ever want praises for the Mercies he has shewed, nor will I spare to tell of all his loving kindness.

M. We will praise him in the Beauty of his Holiness and never cease to bow before the Foot-stool of his Throne of Grace, and with humility revere his tremendous Majesty.

J. 'Tis fit we should, but now Night hasts apace, and we must rest our selves awhile, and in this hospitable place refresh the blessed Infant, the sole care of Heaven.

M. 'Tis indeed convenient, that when the Sun, rising glorious in the East sends forth his Beams to cheer the Bosom of the Earth, we may reach the much desired Coast of Galilee, it not being yet safe for us to go to Bethlehem, because the Tyrants Son reigns in Judca.

Conclusion.

Thus out of Egypt did God call his Son,
Whom there he sent, the Tyrants rage to shun.

An imagined Discourse between Jarus and his Daughter, after her being raised from the dead.

D. **A** LAs my Father, why is it you suffered me to slumber thus unmeasurably.

F. *Slumber my dear Child, had not Heavens Favourite been propitious, it had been everlasting sleep.*

D. Indeed I could have been contented to have slept on, if I thought you'd not have chid me for my drowsiness, for I was much delighted with the pleasant Visions I beheld, or Fancy represented.

F. *Vision says my Child—Alas they were Visions, but must needs be strange ones.*

D. O me! I must confess they were something strange, for I remember whilst you and my Mother sat weeping by the Bed, that a blew mist came o're my Eyes, and doz'd my Senses; when methoughts a lovely Youth clad in a glorious Garb, stood by me, and with beaming Eyes so dazled me with rayes of Light, that I was much amazed; But long he pawz'd not, ere he snatched me from my bed, and with expanded Wings flew swift, as I thought, through many Regions paved with Stars, a shining with glittering Fires; where I beheld strange Shapes, and heard amazing voices, when mounting still, at last he brought me within sight of a most Glorious Mansion, whose out-side shone with such exceeding brightness, that I was obliged sometimes to shut mine eyes, as not capable of steady gazing: At the Gate, stood throngs of Glorious Forms, in Robes of purest White, with Crowns of Gold upon their Heads, Palms in their Hands, and Golden Harps, whereon they play melodious, and ravish'd all my Sences with their charming voices, seeming in their Songs to express much joy at our approach;
but

but being about to enter, methought I heard a voice as loud as thunder cry, return, when on a sudden down I sunk like Lightning, and starting at the supposed fall, I waked.

F. And do you fancy then you only slept.

D. What more, since what I saw, I wakening, find to be a dream, the meer representation of a roving Fancy.

F. Mistake not my dear Daughter, for to your Fathers grief, your Soul was separated by the hand of Death from its loved Mansion; this beauteous Form in which now streams warm blood, was some hours since a cold, pale, lifeless course.

D. How?—was I dead—How? dead, O speak.

F. Yes, Death had snatched thee from me, leaving me to mourn for so great a loss, and thou hadst been no more, had not the mighty Prophet by his word called back thy fleeting Soul.

D. How can it be that I should be dead? but if it be no more pain to dye than what I felt, I shall hereafter dread Death less; yet say, was that the Prophet that stood by me when I waked, methought he look'd most lovely.

F. It was the wonder-working Prophet, whose great Miracles astonish all man-kind; but since my joy again is full, in having my sole comfort by his power restored, and rescued from the Grave; let us hence, and publish the amazing news to our Relations, that they all may joyn with us in praising him, who has given back my Daughters Life.

D. My Father shall be in what he thinks fit, obeyed, and I for my part will addict my self to Virtues wayes, that when I dy, if dy I must again; I may enter at the glorious Gate I was, or fancied that I was so near.

Conclusion.

That there with those blest Spirits I may sing
Loud praises to the Glorious Heavenly King;

And

*And him adore who kindly brought me back
To Life again, for his dear Mercies sake.*

*A Dialogue between Herod and Herodias's
Daughter.*

The Argument.

*The nimble footed Virgin pleas'd the King
So well, that he commands her to ask any thing
That's in his power to give, the crafty Maid
Consults her Mother, and does ask the Head
Of John the Baptist, who for her must bleed.*

*H. H*As the beauteous Maid, whose nimble
feet in mystick order moving, so well
pleased a King, considered what to ask, that
as I promised, I may grow lavish to compleat her
wish.

*Dam. My Lord I have considered, and it is neither
Gold nor Silver I demand, no nor Gems, nor places of
high Honour, but——*

*H. But——What, speak out thou pretty charming
Creature, and be soon possess'd of whatsoever your
thoughts can form.*

Dam. It is but a trifle; My Lord, that I demand.

*H. A trifle, why were it half my Kingdom, 'tis
at your command; my Oath is past, and shall not
be recall'd; therefore let me soon know what it is
you long for.*

Dam. Then great King 'tis-- 'tis-- the—— Head——

H. The Head, what Head? speak boldly, come.

*Dam. Why, to be plain, the Head of John the
Baptist.*

*H. A trifle say you, O! that I had never past so
rash a Vow; this it is to trust a Woman with a
power unlimited.— But why is it you demand the
Head,*

Head of that good Man? you are young, and should not thus delight in cruelty.

Dam. Great Sir, he has displeased the Queen my Mother.

H. O are you thereabout — Cruel — Cruel Woman, could no revenge, but such as bears a horrid guilt even in its name, appease her fury.

Dam. She charged me on her blessing I should ask no other recompence, therefore the Guilt be upon your Queen, your Brother's once beloved Wife, and not on me; for so much crudelity is contrary to the soft Nature of a tender Virgin.

H. Although I much repent I trusted a Woman-kind with Vows unnamed, yet shall it never be said a Monarch broke his Oath — Go Executioner, and fetch the Head of him I dearly love, and give it her, to satiate the cruel eyes of her Blood-thirsty Mother, from this moment my much hated Queen.

Dam. Well great King, I'll wait its coming, though you are very angry, for I will assure you, I dare not return without it.

H. What would you more, have not I given command; though I must needs confess it was more for honours sake, than any kindness to my Queen, or you, whose Bold Petition has disturbed my rest; and may the blood return upon your Heads, whilst I retire, and mourn my unadvised concession.

Dam. How angry is my Father in Law — yet let him know I fear not all his Frowns, for well I am assured my Mother soon can smooth his wrinkled Front, and calm the tempest of his mind. — So, it is brought, and in a Charger; O! how wan it looks? how throb the Lips with dying murmurs; but however, I'll go bare it to my Mother as it is, that it may save her longing.

Conclusion.

Thus, thus the glorious Prophet fell
By Malice deep, as could be forg'd in Hell.

A wicked Woman and an easie King
 The stroke of Death to that great Prophet bring,
 Whose voice cry'd loud; he who was sent before,
 As Messenger to him we do adore.

An Imagined Dialogue between the five foolish Virgins.

The Argument.

*The foolish Virgins mourn their oversight,
 And grieve, their Lamps retain'd not Oyl to light
 The Bridegroom through the dark and gloomy Night.*

1 V. **O**! What has our Folly done? in what
 sad darkness are we left? how wretched!
 O how miserable!

2 V. Indeed we are, though we fear'd no such
 matter; alas, alas what shall we do? you see com-
 panions that we are shut out, not for a time, for
 then there was some hopes, but out for ever.

3 V. How! For ever! O Heart-breaking news, must
 we never see the Bridegroom then? no not see his
 Face.

4 V. No, he has withdrawn himself, the Gates
 are ever closed against us, and our knocking will be
 vain.

5 V. O! I am almost mad to think how foolishly
 we lost the happy opportunity, that would for ever
 have enabled us to stand in his bright presence.

1 V. Name, name no more our fatal oversight, least
 it add yet to our weighty Sorrow.

2 V. Yet methinks I cannot forget the happiness
 we lost, methinks the bright and dazzling Idea of
 the lov'd Bridegroom still represents it self to my
 well pleased Eyes.

3 V. And yet we never must behold him more, his Face is turned away, he knows us not, his Countenance so Amiable, so ravishing, and so transporting, will no more shine on us with Soul-inslightning Rayes, his Smiles most affable, we never more shall be delighted with.

4 V. Since it is so, let us retire and mourn the loss our Follies have occasioned, weep till our heads are water, and our eyes a Fountain of continual Tears.

5 V. Weep for our Folly, fill the world with grief, Since our condition is beyond relief, Torment the Air with sighs, and loudly cry For want of Oyl, though 'tis too late to buy.

A fancied Dialogue between Judas and the High Priest.

The Argument.

*Judas is tempted to betray his Lord
Taking the Coin the wicked Jews afford,
To mark him out, whilst he is seiz'd at last,
And into bonds the Lord of Glory cast.*

H. P. **C**OME, come, why boggle you? at what, when once recorded, will make you known in story, till the world shall be no more? why, who would not act a thing of such small moment, to have his name registred in the Rolls of Fame.

Ju. *What will that profit me? when it is but to my Infamy, my shame and everlasting blot; I shall be so exposed to after Ages.*

H. P. Have you not the protection of the great High Priest, Aarons successor, and expounder of the Law, to guard your Fame by countenancing what you undertake.

Judas

J. But yet my Conscience — Methinks something within informs me it is a horrid Crime, the basest of Ingratitude, to prove perfidious to so good a Master.

H. P. Pish — Let not such vain imaginations startle you; come, come, resolve to do it, nay I find what it is that you expect; here, here is the thing that must prevail above all arguments.

J. How! thirty Roman Pence — A Summ it is true would tempt a man to do a daring deed. But, —

H. P. But what — nay trifle not, see night comes on, the night that must be followed by the day, that must behold him that does stile himself the King of the Jews, in bonds.

J. Well waving further Ceremony, I'll stifle my upbraiding Conscience; sere it with all dark resolves, and desperately comply with your demands.

H. P. Pravelly spoke, our Guards shall instantly attend you; but what is the sign by which you will distinguish him.

J. With a Face as bold as Death, fraught with mischief, I will bare up to him, and with a treacherous kiss salute him, and then let those that have the charge, be sure to catch him.

H. P. No fairer token can you give, but it is no time now to delay the thing; come, come, let us about it, and secure him ere the Sun salutes the East; least the mad People, fond of innovation, should murmur, nay should mutiny upon such a seizure, which they will term an outrage; for we are not ignorant what fame his Miracles have won, and how he is beloved; see, see the Guards are ready, then along with them, whilst I retire to the consulting Sanadrim, and there contrive what shall be further done.

J. I go, though to perform the blackest deed that Hell ever put into the Heart of Man, yet I have promised, and I will perform, though Fate and Destiny does push me headlong into monstrous ruine.

Conclusion.

The Plot thus laid, the Lord of Life's betray'd,
 And bound before the Sanadrim is lead,
 Scorn'd and revil'd, scourg'd, and at last condemn'd
 Crown'd with sharp thorns, and impiouſly
 blaſphem'd.

Stretch'd on a Croſs, the Lord of glory dyes
 Who reigns in Heaven above the ſtarry Skies.

Peters Lamentation.

WRetch that I am, what have I done? how
 great

Is this black Crime, O where ſhall I retreat?
 To hide my Guilt, what bluſhes burn my Face,
 What Strings my Conſcience feel, what hiding place
 Can ſhelter him; from woes he cannot fly:
 No place can ſhroud me from his piercing eye,
 Who views at once Hells depth, and Heavens vaſt
 height;

To whom all gloomy darkneſs is as light.

Fool that I was to be ſo confident,
 So reſolutely, ſo preſumptuous bent
 Upon my ſtrength, when I'm at beſt but duſt,
 Frail man, too weak my own reſolves to truſt;
 But it is paſt—ſad thought—yet now in vain
 I would recall what I have done again.

All I can do is now to mourn the ſin,
 That I, preſumptuous I, have plunged in:
 O let my eyes then be a Stream, a Flood,
 Nay let me weep for tears, a ſtream of blood,
 Sighs and ſad Groans ſhall all my muſick be,
 Sobs and ſaments ſhall dwell, ſhall dwell with me;
 Lord look on me, me a wretched man,
 Who wanting thy Compaſſion, am undone.

O meroy, mercy ease my troubled mind,
 Let me, ingrateful me, some mercy find,
 Me that deny'd him, who first gave me breath,
 Me that deny'd him who's condemn'd to death.
 O pity me, my weakness Lord forgive,
 Without thy Pardon, Lord, I cannot live;
 My Soul's distracted, a fierce war's within
 Disturbs my rest, the bold, the shameful sin,
 Preys on my Spirits, and will give no rest:
 Then mercy show to him that is oppress'd:
 O let thy dear compassion take away
 The Sting of Conscience, ease me Lord, I pray:
 I cry aloud, cover'd with dust I lye
 Even at thy Feet, O pity, or I dy.
 Raise, raise a fullen Wretch, that he may be
 An object of thy saving Clemency.
 My Cries are heard, a calm o'respreads my Soul,
 No storms of trouble my free thoughts controul:
 O boundless, boundless is his goodness still,
 Therefore I'll strive henceforth to do his will.

The Swine possesst.

SEE, see how Satans Malice still is bent,
 He who was in a guilful Serpent pent;
 When he in *Eden* did seduce fair *Eve*,
 And her, to man-kind's misery, deceive:
 Rather then now he'll idle be, he'll joyn
 Infernal nature with the dirty Swine;
 Not sparing senseless Brutes, such is his hate
 To all, that God for his glory did create;
 Yet limited is his fierce wrath we see,
 It cannot without *Christs* permission be:
 But having leave, the spiteful Legion strait
 The grunting Herd with horrid cries amate,
 Who now grown wild, their Keepers put to flight,
 And all the Tribe with antick dancing fright.

Sometimes

Sometimes they stand an end, sometimes they roul,
Nay, bound aloft, and leap without controul,
E're all that does oppose them in their way;
No bars nor bounders their fierce course can stay,
Till like a torrent down the hills they scour
Into the Seas, which does them all devour.

*Considerations upon our Saviours compassion
to the Thief upon the Cross.*

HOW good, how great, how merciful, how just,
Is God to those who in him put their trust;
How is his Arms of mercy open wide
To those that in his saving Power confide;
See, see the Thief, who all his life had bin
A Drudge to Satan, slave to wretched sin;
At that sad time when Death look'd grimly dread,
And he of Life but a few moments had,
Repenting, is restor'd, nay more, is blest,
With joyes, that are with mans tongue exprest;
Barely acknowledging sins suffice
To raise his Soul above the lofty Skies,
Acknowledg'g his sin, and preaching thence
The Lord of glories perfect innocence:
His care was not for Earthly happiness,
But suddain zeal obleig'd him to exprest,
Remember me, Lord, when thou com'st into
A Kingdom that can only bee thy due,
But his compeer desirous still of Life,
Dreaming of Pleasures alwayes joynd with strife,
Forgot his Soul, and rail'd against the Lord
Who for his sake, did precious blood afford.
So that his Fellow chose the better part,
Whose woes once ended, swift as Parthia's Dart
Flies his deluding Soul to those blest joys,
Where Care nor fear no more man-kind annoys.

Judas his Dispair.

Wretch that I am, why do I view the light?
 Why sink I not in everlasting night?
 Why do not hottest lightnings strike me dead?
 Why fall not Bolts of Thunder on my head?
 Why yauns not Earth to suck me in? and why
 Find I not means my self with speed to dy?
 Why live I in these torments worse than death?
 In this sad torture, this sad Hell on Earth;
 O Wretch! what sting of Conscience do I feel?
 More sharp then all the force of fatal steel,
 More deadly than the poison stings of Asps:
 Dread horror my affrighted soul now clasps:
 Accursed Silver that could make me prove
 A Traytor to my Lord, who sacred love
 Beam'd on me oft, but I have cast it back,
 May it my ruine on the givers wrack,
 Whilst this fit Cord stops—thus my loathed breath,
 Whilst thus I seek some easement in my death.

*A Dialogue between Pilate and his Wife.**The Argument.*

*The virtuous Wife of Roman Pilate's griev'd,
 Because she was not as she ought believ'd,
 Telling now plainly what is her true sence,
 And let's him know his desperate offence.*

W. Unhappy are you to be over-rul'd by the mad
 rout; why would you yield to their rough
 clamours, to destroy the innocent?

P. I laboured to deliver that just man, but found it was
 in vain, for still no other cry than crucifie him, sounded
 through the Judgment-Hall.

W. Yet you might have used your high Authority
 to still the rout; who being set on by their malicious
 Rulers, knew not against whom they cry'd, nor what
 it was they did.

P. I dare beleive as much, but the sad deed is past
 recal, and all you argue now is vain.

W. As

W. As to retrieve the fact it is; but yet the glorious Prophet, whom the foolish People think now dead, if my Dreams inform me right, lives, lives Immortal, never more to dye.

P. How, lives! Then fear strikes me, horror chills me, and I tremble at what you relate.

W. It was no common man, that in that barbarous manner they have used; but one who in his Hands has power of Life and Death: A Power invincible, not to be subdued by Armies, had he not consented to lay down his Life.

P. Indeed his meekness melted me into Compassion, and made me labour to deliver him.

W. This, this was he of whom the Sibils sing in mistick numbers, this, this was that dear Prince of Peace, that should give Peace to the long waring World.

P. Then I am guilty of a horrid Crime, but now it's past, in vain it is to argue it; what I have done, in manner was compelled to do; therefore the Blood shed, be on the guilty Nation, as the clamorous Rout required.

*Whilst I go mourn to wash away the Guilt
Of Blood so precious, yet so vilely spilt.*

W. And I likewise retire with fear and dread
To worship him the foolish Jews think dead.

Zacheus in the Sycamore Tree.

A Prophet Risen, yes, a Prophet great,
Good, just, and wise, if Fame the truth relate,
His wonder-working power has rais'd in me
A wondrous longing his loved Face to see;
But still he is incompass'd with such crowds,
That each huge bulk the happy Object shrouds.
From my low stature, yet I heard men say,
He was to travel through a narrow way
Leading directly to my house, if so,
I'll add a height to what appears so low;

Upon the Branches of this shading Tree
 Little *Zacheus* shall advanced be :
 So—now I'm up, and hither flows the croud
 With shouts, with Praises, and *Hosannahs* loud ;
 'Tis, 'tis the Lord, now I shall see his Face ;
 O that I in his eyes may find some grace,
 How lovely looks he ? O ! How innocent,
 And now on me his radiant eyes are bent :
 Ha—see he beckons, I'll with speed descend,
 And on the wonder-working Lord attend.

Conclusion.

*Thus goes the faithful Man, and by command
 Goes entertain the Lord of Sea and Land,
 The King of all the Glorious Heavenly Band.*

Nicodemus his Considerations, form'd into a Dialogue between him and the World.

The Argument.

*By night the Ruler comes, resolv'd to bear
 The sacred Doctrine, 'cause the Panick fear
 He had of misbelieving Judas aw'd,
 More than the wrath of an incensed God.*

W. **S**Trange it is you should neglect my motion
 at this rate, and pine away with Imagina-
 tions of you know not what.

N. *Be still loud clamouring Folly, something within
 commands me to obey its dictates, and fly with speed to
 the Physitian.*

W. To the physitian, why ? are you diseased,
 then if so, it is sure I have a thousand Cordials to
 give you ease, made up of rich ingredients, such as
 seldom fail man-kind.

Ni-

N. *Alas, too oft they do, and are at best but luscious Poison, which may be antidoted for a time, but in the end destroys the Patient.*

W. *How—why sure the Man on whom I have bestowed so many Favours, cannot be so much ingrateful to reject my kind advice.*

N. *Forbear to trouble me, since it is not in your power to give me ease, a wounded Soul you cannot cure, but by applying make it worse.*

W. *Is that the thing that thus disturbs my darling, Alas if that be all, it is but being jovial for a day or two, but feasting your dull Senses with delight, and all your cares will vanish.*

N. *In vain you urge it, therefore urge no more, from this day I renounce you and your gilded vanities; my Honours, Treasures, or whatever you name; a solid good shall henceforth be no more the solace of my mind, but Virtue, that essential happiness, shall be my dear companion.*

W. *And will you then cast off your Grandure, Gaiety, lay by your awful Robes, and leave your sumptuous Fare, to pine and languish, to be fed with tears and sighs, as those that do forsake me are; will you, I say, fall under sad reproach, contempt, and scorn.*

N. *This and much more I'll do for everlasting Life: nor will I argue longer, lest the happy motion that disposes me to happiness, should fail; but with swift feet, whilst darkness maniles in the World, fly to the Fountain of all joys,*

W. *But thither I will follow thee, and pull thee back, if possible.*

I'll stagger your belief, and strive to blind your Sense, That you shall dimly see true Excellence.

*A Memento to Hypocrites, or an Imagined
Dialogue between Ananias and Saphira.*

The Argument.

*The Plot's contriv'd, they would have Heaven, and yet
Too great a price they would not give for it,
But purchase at a rate themselves think fit.*

SEE how the crowding People flow to hear the
new sprung Doctrine, and bring dayly
Gifts to those that teach it.

A. *It is true, nor must we be behind hand, since we
have embrac'd it.*

S. *It is true, but if we sell our poor inheritance,
and part with all the price, how shall we afterwards
subsist; Indeed I'de willingly partake of the joys the
Teachers' promise; yet methinks I would not be
poor, for that will render us contemptible.*

A. *Take no care for that, we'll give, and yet we will
save enough to keep us from contempt.*

S. *But how if the fraud should be discovered.*

A. *O fear it not, what Mortal can discover it? he
that bought it, knows not our intention, or if he does,
will never inquire how we bestow the coin.*

S. *I dare beleive as much, therefore go you, and
lay a part of it at the great Teachers Feet, whilst I
secure the rest, and then I will follow for my Be-
nediction.*

A. *I'll do as you advise, and hope to be as well ac-
cepted as those who part with all they have.*

S. *But if you should be asked, if what you bring,
is the total Summ, where are you then.*

A. *Why thinkest thou, he that has devised, cannot
without a blush, affirm it is the whole? nor let your
affirmation be less, least we should differ, and by that
means be detected.*

Sa-

S. The warrant you Ple have my lesson, therefore
be concerned no further, but about it.

Conclusion.

*Thus is the project laid; though all in vain;
Yet such an one as might deceive meer man;
But good St. Peter fill'd with holy fire,
Sees through the thin device, and as their hire
Gives them to death, by whose hard hand they dy,
That to the holy Ghost durst boldly ly.*

*A Dialogue between Satan and Simon Ma-
gus.*

The Arguments.

*The Prince of darkness angry that his power
Is baffled by Gods sacred Words; a shower
Of wrath designs to rain, but can't devoure.*

S. **H**OW now my Vice-roy, wherefore is it you
give ground? have not I furnished you with
Miracles, and sealed you with my mighty wonders.

Si. Great Prince of darkness, whom I still admire,
It cannot be that you are ignorant of all the wonders that
of late have overspread the Coast, Miracles so far ex-
ceeding what is in my power, that now whatever I doe,
but dimly shines, my Fame is quite eclipsed, and all my
Reputation is lost.

Sa. Ha — Can such a thing ever be, when I use
such transcendent diligence to make you dreaded
throughout every Coast; what Miracles unheard of
hast thou wrought? when once assisted by my fla-
ming Legions; what storms have risen at thy bid-
ding? What loud thundrings roar'd, and lightnings
seem'd to burn the World? how has the trem-

bling Earth been tost? and how the ocean still'd and stirr'd; what Mackins hast thou reared by Magick power to please the eyes of Princes? how at thy voice have swiftest Rivers stay'd? and when you pleas'd, the standing pools raved like the Ocean; how have you turned clear Waters into Blood? and formed dire serpents, from whose threatening stings amazed man-kind fled, and is it possible that you should be out-done.

Si. It is, and all my Magick Power is vanished, nor can you be ignorant of whose command I am utterly disabled.

Sa. It is true, I am not, yet I will do what is in my Power, to overthrow the Power set up against my Kingdom, nor must you be wanting, as an instrument in my Fierce hand; all my dread Legions shall be set on work to raise up Enemies against them and inspire my Servants with revenge to shed the blood of those I hate; and such a storm I will raise, that they shall soon be sensible against what power they strive; be diligent then, and expect to be protected, if my force and stratagems do not deceive me, whilst I descend and muster up my Legions.

Si. I wish I were well rid of this dire slavery, O what a Wretch is he that is bound to such a Master! But I'll strive, although I think it vain, To cast his bellish yoke, and break his chain. To those blest men I'll go, that do subdue Infernal powers, and humbly to them sue That they'll confer on me a power that may Oblige my wicked Master to obey.

A Dialalogue imagined between the dispossessed Damsel and her Master, when Paul and Silas were released out of Prison.

The Argument.

*The Mutineer's rebuked, and grieves to find
His wickedness so vainly was design'd.*

Dam. Cruel man, how durst you raise an accusation against those who have commission from the highest God, even him that rules all things and fills all places.

Ma. Was there not a cause, since they have dispossest me of my profit, that was daily wont to accrue to me by your strange divination, when to purchase you of your aged Parents, I was obliged to sell my dear Inheritance.

Dam. That was not cause sufficient, but if it was, you see your purpose is quite frustrated; I knew them who they were, and therefore cryed on purpose to be thus released, to be delivered from the struggling Fiend that laboured in my Breast, and see 'tis come to pass as I could wish.

M. It is so, and by it I am undone for ever; O! how rich should I have been, had not these Men unhappily arrived; but yet they went not hence unpunished.

D. Yet wo to them, whose wicked hands have done so cursed a deed; better it was they never had viewed the light: It plain appears how much their God was angry, when he shuck the Earths foundation, that the tottering World seemed to un-hinge; his presence too was seen in the amazing brightness that filled all the place, 'twas he that loosed them from their bands, and stay'd the Gobblers rash design, he bowed the hearts of those proud Magistrates, and made them tremble at what they had done.

M. 'Tis all mysterious, and methinks I am smitten with remorse, but tell me are you pleased now as heretofore, when your admired breast was held the Cabinet of Fate, to tell things admirable, and unridle darkest Mysteries, proclaim what future Ages should produce, and well presage the sure events of Peace and War.

D. Pleased infinitely more, for now instead of a damned fury that inebriated all my Senses, whilst he yell'd his horrid stories, divine rayes of saving Grace enlighten my dark Soul, O blessed change.

M. You tell me stories strange, but yet I must believe them true, and henceforth make it my endeavours to be-wail my crime.

That I may scape the Fury of that God,
That shook the Earth, unfixing its vast load.

D. 'Tis well if you repent you of your sin,
E're his fierce wrath to fall on you begin;
And ask a pardon where you did offend,
Least Cataracts of flame on you descend.

A Supposed Dialogue between Demetrius and his Fellow.

D. S^EE you not Fellow Labourer, how great Diana's Name is almost sunk, since this new Doctrine has overspread our Coast, none now regard her Shrines as heretofore.

F. 'Tis true, we see it but too plain, how her neglected Altar stands; no crowds of Grecians now rest her Fane, but listening to new Doctrines, are become regardless.

D. Our trade you see is lost thereby, and we reduced to poverty, therefore give counsel what course we must take to unobscure the Goddess' name, and settle the giddy Multitude to their old devotion.

Fellow.

F. No better way, than by insinuating the dangerous consequence of this new doctrine, to set the rout a madding, raise tumults, and whilst each gabbles out he knows not what, put all into confusion.

D. But what would be the effect of such disorder, should we raise it?

E. O! *slow of apprehension*, why in the uproar, these Teachers, ten to one, will fall a Sacrifice to the unruly Fury of the vulgar, who in their beat triumph in mischief, that when cool they sadly lament.

D. Let us toise no time then; but disperse ourselves amongst them, and proclaim the wonders great Diana has already done, and tell what more she is like to do, and clamour loud, great is Diana of the Ephesians.

F. We will instantly put this in practice, that your trade may be restored; come, come about it.

Conclusion.

Thus boldly they presume, for gain, to do,
A wickedness, and madness does insue,
Unheard of insolence, the senseless rout
Haling the blest Apostles, who past doubt
Had there been slain, had not the Town Clerk
stood by but had he not
Their Friend, and sav'd the shedding of their
blood.

Euticus his considerations after his being
raised from the dead.

O Fatal number! Satans gilded bait;
Our Souls, of Gods most powerful word, to cheat.
O dismal drowiness! in such a place,
Could I nor give attention for a space;
No, the temptation was grown strong, and I

For not resisting it, deserv'd to dy :
 Dy, yes, why dead I was, and dead I might,
 Have plunged by this time into eternal night,
 Had not the great Apostle taken care,
 In *Christ's* dread Name, e're my Soul stragled far,
 From its leſſe Corps, to call it back again,
 And by his word reſtor'd it without pain :
 Reſcued thus from the hands of cruel death,
 Who had already ſeiz'd upon my breath.
 I live a monument to glorify
 The Lord of Hoſt, whoſe dwelling is on high;
 And henceforth will not dare offend my God,
 Who in his mercy is to me ſo good.

*A Dialogue between the Mariners, after
 St. Pauls ſhipwrack.*

The Argument.

*The Mariner's now ſafe at land, admire
 The great Apoſtle, who from Seas dread ire
 Preserved them ſafe, and Heavens hot darling fire.*

1 M. **O** What a Tempeſt have we ſcaped !
 how the rough winds aſſailed from all
 their quarters our diſtreſſed Bark, and yet ſtrong ſhe
 laboured with the waves.

2 M. 'Tis true, the flaming Skies ſent fire upon
 us in ſuch dreadful ſort, that every moment I ex-
 pected we ſhould be a blaze.

3 M. 'Tis wonderful that none of us ſhould periſh
 in ſo great a danger.

1 M. We might have prevented this ſad ruine,
 had we taken the good Priſoners word, who told us
 what would come to paſs.

2 M. Sure he is ſome Angel, that was ſent to ſave
 ſave, for I never thought we could have weathered
 ſuch a Tempeſt, to have brought our Ship into
 the Harbour.

3 Mar.

3 M. He is a Heavenly Man past doubt, some man protected by a power divine, or else the Viper would have killed him.

1 M. Nay the wicked Soldiers were about to do it, and we should have perished for his blood.

2 M. I wonder what he is sent to *Cesar* for?

3 M. They say about his Doctrine, If so, I doubt not but he will come off, for all he speaks is Heavenly, and I hear him ever.

1 M. Nay of us admire ; but now night calls us, and we must to our apartments, and for the future, if we get another Vessel, I kope our Master will regard him more, and give good heed to all he says.

2 M. He ought to do it, and no doubt when *Cesar* hears of what has passed, he will not frown upon a Man, for whose sake, Heaven has spared our lives ; but come for this time let us hence.

Conclusion.

*Thus far the great Apostle is arriv'd,
In vain is all, his Foes have yet contriv'd ;
To Rome he next proceeds, and wins applause
In pleading his dear masters sacred cause :
Strengthening the weak, confirming those that stand,
Converting many, and has great command
O're Hearts of men, till monstrous Nero, stir'd
By Satans Malice, kills him with a Sword.*

On the Infancy of our Saviour.

HAil blessed Virgin, full of Heavenly Grace,
Blest above all that sprang from humane race,
Whose Heaven saluted Womb brought forth in One
A blessed Saviour, and a blessed Son.
O! what a ravishment had been to see
Thy little Saviour perking on thy Knee
To see him nuzzel in thy Virgin Breast :

His

His milk-white Body all unclad, undrest!
 To see thy busie Fingers close and wrap
 His spreading limbs in thy indulgent Lap!
 To see his desprate Eyes, with childish grace
 Smiling upon his smiling Mothers face!
 And when his forward strength began to bloom,
 To see him *diddle* up and down the Room!
 O, who would think so sweet a Babe as this,
 Should e're be slain by a false-hearted Kiss!
 Had I a Rag, if sure thy body wore it,
 Pardon, sweet Babe, I think, I should adore it:
 Till then, O grant this Boon (a Boon far dearer)
 The Weed not being, I may adore the wearer.

On the Young man in the Gospel.

HOW well our Saviour and the landed Youth
 Agreed a little while? And, to say truth,
 Had he had will and power in his hand,
 To keep the Law, but as he kept his Land;
 No doubt, his Soul had found the sweet fruition
 Of his own choise desires without petition:
 But he must Sell and Follow, or else not
 Obtain his Heaven; O now, his Heaven's too hot;
 He cannot stay, he has no business there:
 He'll rather miss, than buy his Heav'n so dear:
*When broth's too hot for hasty Hounds, how they
 Will lick their scalded lips, and sneak away!*

On Peter's Cock.

THE Cock crow'd once, and Peter's careless ear
 Could hear it, but his eye nor spied a tear:
 The Cock crow'd twice, Peter began to creep
 To th' Fire side, but Peter could not weep:
 The Cock crow'd thrice, O our Saviour turn'd about
 And look on Peter, now his tears best out.

Twass.

'Twas not the Cook, it was our Saviour's Eye,
Till he shall give us tears, we cannot cry.

On the Penny.

HE that endur'd the tyranny of Heat,
The Morning sorrow, and the Mid-day sweat,
The Evening toil, and burthen of the day,
Had but his promis'd Penny for his pay:
Others, that loyter'd all the Morning, stood
I'th' Idle Market, whose unpractis'd blood
Scarce felt the warmth of labour, nor could show
A blush of action: had his penny too:
What Wages can we merit, as our own:
Slaves that are bought with price can challenge none,
But only Stripes: alas, if Servants could
Do more, than bid, they do but what they should:
When man endeavours, and when Heav'n engages
Himself by Promise, they are Gifts, not Wages,
He must expect: we must not look to obtain
Because we Run: nor do we run in vain.
Our running shows the effect, produces none:
The Penny's given alike to every one
That works i'th' Vineyard; Equal price was shar'd
T' unequal Workers; therefore no Reward
Lord, set my hands to work; I will not serve
For Wages, least thou give what I deserve.

On Ananias.

THe Land was his, the Land was his alone
'Twas told, and now the money was his own;
The Power remain'd in the Possessors hand
To keep his money, or have kept his Land:
But once devoted to the Churches good,
And then conceal'd, it cost his life, his blood.
If those that give may not resume agin,
Without a Punishment, without a Sin.

What

What shall become of those whose unjust power
 Despoils the *widowed* Temple of her *Dower* ?
 Who takes her profits, and instead of giving
Encrease to her revenues, makes a living
 Upon her ruins, growing plump and full
 Upon her wants, being cloathed in her *Wool* :
 While she sustains th' extreams of cold and hunger,
 To pamper up the fat *Advowson-munger* ;
 To thrust their *Flesh-hooks*, and their thirsty Pot,
 And only leave her, what they value not,
 And whilst her sacred *Priests* that daily tread
 Their slighted *Corn*, must beg their early *Bread* ;
 Or else, be forc'd to purchase easie shares
 With that dear *price* of their ungranted *Prayers* :
 Let such turn back their *Sacrilegious* eyes,
 And see how breathless *Ananias* lies,
 Behold the Wages that his sin procures,
 That was a *Mole-hill*, to these *Alps* of yours :
 He took it from the *Church*, did but conceal
 Some parts he gave : But your false fingers steal
 Her main *Inheritance*, her own *Possession* :
 His was but bare *deceit*, yours bold *Oppression* :
 O, if no less than the *first death* was due
 To him, what *death* d'ye think's prepar'd for you ?
 So often as your pamper'd eyes shall look
 On your *Estates*, think on the *Flying-Book*,

There

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